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THE
MONTHLY REVIEW,

FROM

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER INCLUSIVE.

1834.

VOL. III.

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

LONDON:

G. HENDERSON, 2, OLD BAILEY,

LUDGATE-HILL.

1834.

J. HENDERSON, PRINTER,

WHITE-FRIARS.

ERRATA.

Page 43, line 17, for *ascend* read *ascended*

— 46, — 1, for *which* read *on which*

— 85, — 7, from the bottom, for *T* " *he read* " " *The*

— 279, — 6, for *instruction; on this side of the channel Dear*, read *construction on this side of the channel; " Dear*

— 279, — 11, for *themselves. read themselves.*"

— 288, — 29, for *being Jamie read lecin' Jamie*

— 293, — 27, for *Keplen read Kepler.*

BP313.3

~~P277.6~~

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1834.

ART. I.—*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia ;—Biography ;—Naval History of England.* By ROBERT SOUTHEY. Vol. 3. London: Longman & Co. 1834.

THE three volumes, that have been published of this work, bring the naval history of Britain down from the invasion of Cæsar to the year 1606, embracing therefore the whole of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The most brilliant period of our maritime glory was accordingly yet to come. Indeed, until Elizabeth's accession, naval affairs had not assumed such a decided importance as to deserve a distinct arrangement in national policy. Till then, the military and naval services were considered as the same, or at least not separated. Dr. Southey, therefore down to that period, has done, what we believe some of his predecessors, who have written works upon the same subject have done—he gives us an account, till Elizabeth's accession, in a continuous and generalizing form, following the course of events that distinguished the country, as respects her maritime relations or exploits. But, from that period, he thinks it better to give the history by a biographical arrangement, which adds a much deeper interest to the matter; for thus the agents who have become important, as well as the actions, are distinctly kept before the eye, lending to the history, which is general and public in the result, the attraction that never fails to accompany a well-written life.

We shall find that the illustrious naval commanders during Elizabeth's reign were distinguished by one general feature from the celebrated admirals of more modern times, which attaches to their lives a special sort of interest. They were signalized rather as privateers than public servants. The love of enterprise, or the hope of plunder, was their grand motive. It is true, that the queen and her sapient ministers had more enlarged and nobler views than simply countenance such licensed sea rovers. They looked to the discovery of distant countries, the opening a trade with them by just and peaceful means, and even the establishment of perfect

discipline on sea as well as land. They desired a wider range for enterprize than our own immediate seas, or the adjacent shores, till at length the British fleets have no rival. The great figure indeed which we make in the world as a nation, is due to our naval strength and achievements: and the diffusion of British fame and freedom are the glorious trophies of our maritime empire.

To preserve an unbroken and complete detail of the long series of daring adventures and encounters, of those wonderful victories—by which this mighty empire has been obtained, is highly worthy of an able historian. The matter itself is in magnitude and importance deserving a distinct form from the general history of England. How valuable must such a work be to islanders, who owe their very existence to navigation, and their chief renown to navies! Above all, the subject is of unrivalled importance to a commercial people, who send away their commodities to the most distant parts of the globe, and bring back whatever is esteemed for its singularity or its intrinsic value. A clear and becoming history of all these things must also cherish and keep alive a heroic spirit, which is the source of gallant actions, especially when represented in the lives of individual heroes. And although Dr. Southey does not wish to induce any youth to betake himself to the service, as he tells us, yet to those so inclined, such a manual as he has furnished must be valuable, whence both warnings and examples may be drawn; nor could we wish any other hand to have been employed in this work than the one which wrote that model of biography, the life of Nelson.

The naval history of Great Britain is a gratifying subject to her sons. How the heart exults, how the very bearing of every one assumes a lofty confidence and magnanimous superiority, when he finds his country named in connection with her fleets! The mind has found out the happiest appellations for this unrivalled power; and one delights to find himself uttering, “The wooden walls of Old England!” Dr. Southey says, that, according to the Welsh Triads, the earliest name by which the island was known was *Clas Merddin*, “the sea-defended green spot,” which seems to have been a prophetic designation; but, as he somewhat quaintly adds, “the sea defends no people who cannot defend themselves!” But have Britons not done so in the most illustrious style? Buona-parte with all the ports of the continent in his possession, and all its navies at his command, in vain opposed us. The sea between Dover and France, narrow though it be, was found impassable, by this most ambitious, most powerful, and most inveterate enemy.

Of the three volumes that have been published of this work, we shall confine ourselves to the last. The second ended with an account of the disasters and discomfortures attendant on the Spanish Invincible Armada, which took place in 1588, and the third therefore goes on with the lives of those sea adventurers and com-

manders, that continued to pour England's vengeance on the dominions of the gloomy Philip, who impiously had put his trust in an unwieldy fleet, and vainly imagined to quench the spirit and freedom of England. The lives of George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Francis Drake, Thomas Cavendish, Sir Richard Hawkins, and Sir Richard Greenville, are before us; and we may say, every page of the volume presents extractable and entertaining matter.

Of all who distinguished Elizabeth's reign, the Earl of Northumberland was the most chivalrous naval adventurer. He was not by vocation a sailor, but took to the seas from mere choice, "in the spirit of a northern sea king;" building ships, and defraying his own expenses in a princely style. He had borne his part as a volunteer in the defeat of the armada, helping to "win that honour that no sea can drown, no age wear out." But still it was, as a licensed rover, that he adventured so much and in numerous voyages, so that the many losses and difficulties he and others, following a like course in those times, encountered, do not affect our hearts so deeply as the fate of enlightened and philanthropic heroes naturally would. His last, and we believe, his ninth expedition was upon a scale that no single individual, not possessed of sovereign power, ever had attempted at his own cost. The force of his fleets was no less than eighteen sail, and his design not merely "to take, destroy, or any way else impoverish and impeach the king of Spain or his subjects; but to intercept the outward-bound East Indiamen, as soon as they should sail from the Tagus; and, if this should fail, to make an attempt with his land forces upon some island or town, that would yield him wealth and riches, these being the end of his undertaking. What an undertaking for a man of his noble and wealthy line! It appears, however, that while the earl managed to annoy and injure deeply those against whom he went, little advantage accrued to himself. The biographer has given many passages in the words of eye witnesses and other chroniclers, which are highly characteristic, not merely of the general state of feeling and moral principles then prevalent in England, but of the prodigality of the earl himself: we refer our readers to one passage alone, where the Doctor sums up the nobleman's character:—

"No other subject ever undertook so many at his own cost; and Fuller gives him the distinction of being 'the first born Englishman that ever hazarded himself in that kind;' adding, that his fleets were 'bound for no other harbour than the port of Honour, though touching at the port of Profit in passage thereunto; I say *touching* (says the old worthy), for his design was not to enrich himself, but impoverish the enemy.—He was as merciful as valiant, (the best metal bows best), and left impressions of both in all places he came.' Fuller eulogizes him as 'a person wholly composed of true honour and valour. There were some other ingredients in his character; and when the Earl of Cumberland bore 'next to his paternal coats three murdering chain shots,' such

an addition to his armorial bearings was more significant than he intended it. The desire of gain must have influenced him in his privateering speculations as much as the desire of honour; for a prodigal expenditure, and losses in horse-racing (which species of gambling had in his days begun to be one of the follies of the great), had embarrassed his affairs. Next to his voyages, this passion and the display which he made at tilts, and in all other expensive sports, 'were the great occasion of his selling land;' and he is said to have 'consumed more than any one of his ancestors*.' The large expenditure which his station required his own ample means could amply have supported; but no means are adequate to the demands of prodigality."—p. 65.

Of the earl's issue, only one daughter survived him: "This daughter, by her second marriage, Countess of Pembroke, was one of the most high-minded and remarkable women of her age: and seems to have been the last person in England by whom the old baronial dignity of feudal times was supported. All the good connected with it was manifested without any of the evil. Daniel was her tutor: and she had the honour of erecting Spencer's monument."

We next come to the life of Sir John Hawkins, the son of a sea captain that Henry VIII. had much esteemed. He was the first Englishman who engaged in the slave trade; and he seems to have entered upon this department of business with as much indifference or satisfaction as a keen sportsman goes to hunt, fish or fowl: countenanced and encouraged, too, by a number of the principal citizens of London. Nay, he dealt with this species of prey with as much sang froid as any member of the British senate within these last fifty years could have desired. It will doubtless be a marvel to generations that have not seen the light in this country, what sort of men those were, even to the external eye, that advocated in behalf of slavery; and, unless it be taught them that one and not the slightest of its evils was the brutalizing the whites, while it put and kept in bondage the blacks, they never can be able to understand how men, otherwise estimable, and who professed Christianity, could approve of such revolting practices as slavery demanded. We never lost our composure so completely as when its advocates would, with a vile perversion of ideas, ground their defence of the system upon humane principles, and maintain, sometimes truly, no doubt, that many of the West Indian slaves were better off than the labourers in England. How rational it was to make men *happy* against their will! or to trust to any individual fact that was in the face of great and fundamental principles! thus permitting a fallacious appearance to perpetuate a monstrous wrong. But honour to the ministry that washed away for the future this foul blot upon Britons and professed Christians! It was worth partaking in the national depression of late years, to live when slavery received its death-blow in our colonies. Still the

* Hist. of Westmoreland, 290.

wonder will be, how civilized men could ever be trained to look with composure, and complacency too, upon such a forbidding and heinous evil:—

‘It is now no honour to have been the first Englishman who engaged in the slave trade. But it is not generally known how so iniquitous a trade grew up without being regarded as in the slightest degree repugnant either to natural justice, or to the principles of Christianity. At a time when European warfare had been mitigated by the courtesies of chivalry, and by the frequent changes of political relations, more than by any growing sense of humanity, the wars between Mahomedan and Christian were carried on with as much ferocity as in the days of *Cœur de Lion*; only where the contending parties, as in Spain, were continually opposed to each other, such unrelenting butchery was disused by mutual though tacit consent, because it would have reduced the land to a desert; and there, those who fell into the hands of their enemies were made slaves. The Portuguese, having cleared their own territory, invaded the Moors in Barbary; the same system was there pursued with the same people. Their first discoveries were made as much in the spirit of conquest as of adventure; and the same treatment which usage had allotted to the captured Moors was extended, as of course, to the negroes who were taken along the same line of coast. To so great an extent did this prevail, that negro slavery was almost as common in Portugal in the early part of the sixteenth century as it afterwards became in the sugar islands. And so entirely were all persons possessed with the opinion that slavery was the condition to which this unhappy race was destined, that La Casas, when he proposed the substitution of negro for Indian slavery, as a measure of humanity, never suspected himself of acting inconsistently, nor dreamed that the injustice and cruelty were as great to the one race as to the other.”—pp. 68, 69.

We remember that Drake was one of the names that took hold of our memory in our early greediness after the marvellous by flood and field. His mean parentage bespoke our romantic favour; the story of the first sight he obtained of the South Sea, from the top of a high tree on the Isthmus of Darien, was enough to establish a lasting warmth of heart towards him. It was from this height, we are told, he had a full view of the ocean, concerning which he had heard such golden reports: and here it was, he besought God to grant him “life and leave once to sail an English ship in those seas!” It was years after this, however, when the following boast was made by him:—

“Drake having lost his pinnace was driven still farther south, ran in again among the islands, and at length ‘fell in with the uttermost part of the land towards the south pole,—without which there is no main nor island to be seen to the southward; but the Atlantic Ocean and the South Sea meet in a large and free scope.’ The storm, which with little intermission had continued fifty-one days, ceased: they found an anchoring place at the southern extremity of the land, since called Cape Horn; and to all the islands which lay without, and to the south of the strait, Drake gave the name of the Elizabethides. He had thus accidentally

discovered Cape Horn, and by that displaced the old *terra incognita* from a large portion of the space which it occupied in the map: 'we altered the name,' says Mr. Fletcher, 'to *terra nunc bene cognita*.' Drake went ashore, and, sailor like, leaning over a promontory, as far as he safely could, came back, and told his people that he had been farther south than any man living."—pp. 141, 142.

"Sailor-like," says Doctor Southey: and a more descriptive epithet is not to be found in any language. 'This appellation, or that of a "British tar," points out to the apprehension of every one more in its simple utterance, than a lengthened delineation by any other medium could do; and the reason for this must lay not only in one style of features being prevalent in the class, which their peculiar calling naturally begets, but their being the very frequent object of our intense and partial observation. Their vices are as characteristic as their virtues, nor do we well know sometimes whether to arrange parts of their conduct under the one head or the other. Their recklessness and their generosity strangely mingle and alternate. One thing may be declared of sailors, that their many privations, their self-denial, strict obedience, carelessness of dangers in the face of death, cannot leave them unchanged; and he who has to encounter all these, must either be brutalized or exalted by their operation upon his mind. We have a short but fine summing up of the romantic Drake's character and appearance:—

"He was of low stature, but well set; his chest broad, his hair a fine brown, his beard full and comely, his head remarkably round, his eyes large and clear, his complexion fair, and the expression of his fresh and cheerful countenance open and engaging. His temper was quick, and he is said to have been 'hard to be reconciled;' but the same strength of feeling made him constant in friendship. The gift of eloquence he possessed in a remarkable degree, and was fond of displaying it. One who served under him says, that he was ambitious to a fault; and the vanities which usually accompanies that sin laid him open to flattery: but he encouraged and preferred merit wherever he found it; and his affable manners gave him a sure hold upon the affections of his men, while they had the most perfect confidence in his unrivalled skill as a seaman, and his never-failing promptitude in all cases of emergency. At all times he was a willing hearer of every man's opinion; but for the most part—as a truly great man for the most part must be—a follower of his own."—pp. 241, 242.

In Cavendish's life, who was one of the most successful adventurers that followed in the tract of Sir Francis Drake, we extract the following story. The matter described happened at Guatulco, in the South Seas.

"Cavendish burned the church here as he had done at Puna. He might have known that, by burning a church, he excited among the Spaniards greater horror and hatred against England than was felt there when the Spaniards burned an Englishman; sacrilege being a crime less frequent in the one country than cruelty in the other, and a

crime by which even criminals were shocked. Advantage was made of this feeling at Guatulco in another way. There was a wooden cross there five fathoms in height, which the Spaniards say Cavendish's men pulled down, and smeared it with pitch, piled dried reeds around it, and then endeavoured to consume it by fire. The reeds burned and the pitch,—not so the cross: more and more combustibles were thrown on; and when the invaders reembarked, after three days' tarriance, during all which time they had continued their vain endeavours, they left it under a heap of ashes and burning brands unconsumed. And when the Spaniards returned to their ruined dwellings, they found it brightened and beautified by its fiery trial, and were consoled for their own injuries by seeing that Heaven had manifested itself in the protection of the holy rood. The cross, before it underwent this assay, had been in good odour; it was made of a fragrant wood which was not known to grow within forty leagues of that place: it had been presumed that one of the apostles had planted it there, and that one was supposed to have been St. Andrew. Now, however, when it had merits enough of its own, the likelier opinion was preferred that it had been erected when Cortes built some ships there for a voyage of discovery. The report of its miraculous preservation spread far and wide; and from all parts devotees who could walk came to visit it, and to carry away fragments, the smallest splinter of which, if cast into the sea, stilled a tempest; if thrown into a fire quenched the flames; and if put in water, changed it into a sovereign medicine. This waste of its substance was not miraculously supplied; and when about a fifth part only was left, the bishop of Antiquera removed it to his city, built a chapel for it, and enshrined it there with all possible honours upon a holyday appointed for the occasion. There its history continued to be told to the reproach of the English name."—pp. 263, 264.

We are not attempting to give any outline of the lives contained in this volume, nor to make it appear that our quotations are the most striking parts of the work. Every page as we have above said, presents good matter for extracting; where the daring, the cruelty, or the noble virtues of strong-hearted men are singularly apparent. Here is, in Sir Richard Hawkins's biography, a lively and somewhat homely picture:—

"After distinguishing himself in what was then called (in Spanish idiom) the journey against the Spanish armada, he, who with his father's counsel, consent and help, had resolved upon a voyage for the islands of Japan, of the Philippines, and Moluccas, and the kingdoms of China and the East Indies, by the way of the Straits of Magellan and the South Sea, caused a ship to be built for it on the Thames, of between 300 and 400 tons. The work was finished to his entire content; 'for she was pleasing to the eye, profitable for stowage, good of sail, and well conditioned.'—'The day of her launching,' he says, 'being appointed, the lady Hawkins, my mother-in-law, craved the naming of the ship, which was easily granted her; and she, knowing what voyage was pretended to be undertaken, named her the *Repentance*. What her thoughts were was kept secret to herself; and although many times I expostulated with her to declare the reason for giving her that uncouth name, I could never have any other satisfaction than that 'Repentance was the safest ship

we could sail in to purchase the haven of Heaven.' Well I knew she was no prophetess, though a religious and most virtuous lady, and of a very good understanding. Yet too prophetic it fell out by God's secret judgments, and was sufficient for the present to cause me to desist from the enterprise, and leave the ship to my father, who willingly took her, and paid the entire charge of the building and furnishing of her, which I had concerted or paid. And this I did, not for any superstition I have in names, or for that I think them able to further or hinder any thing; for that all immediately dependeth upon the providence of Almighty God, and is disposed by him alone. Yet advise I all persons ever (near as they can) by all means, and on all occasions, to presage unto themselves the good they can.'

"It chanced, however, that when the *Repentance* had been 'put in perfection,' and was riding at Deptford, the queen passing by on her way to the palace of Greenwich, 'commanded her bargemen to row round about her, and viewing her from post to stem disliked nothing but her name, and said she would christen her anew, and that thenceforth she should be called the *Dainty*.' Under that name she made many prosperous voyages in the queen's services; and when her owner, Sir John, resolved to sell her, though with some loss, because 'she never brought but cost, trouble, and care to him,' his son, Sir Richard, whose forebodings concerning her had been removed when she was anabaptized, and who ever had had 'a particular love unto her, and a desire that she should continue in the family,' repurchased her from him, with all her furniture, at the price for which he had formerly disposed of her. And having 'waged a competent number of men,' and purchased sufficient stores for his journey, 'so often talked of, and so much desired,' he was ready at the beginning of April, 1553, to sail from Blackwall to Plymouth, there to join the other two vessels destined for this expedition, the one a ship of 100 tons, the other a pinnace of 60, both his own. An expectation that the lord high admiral with Sir Robert Cecil, principal secretary to the queen, and Sir Walter Raleigh, would honour him and his ship with their presence and farewell, detained him some days. But rain and 'untemperate' weather deprived him of the favour which he hoped to have received at their hands; and the wind serving, according to his wish, he caused the pilot to 'wayle down to Gravesend, took an unhappy last leave of his father, and followed in his barge.'"—pp. 285—287.

We shall only gratify our readers with one other extract; and one concluding remark, which is this, that Dr. Southey seems to possess, in an eminent degree, that sagacity which fully appreciates the sailor's character, together with a true English enthusiasm, enriched by the most highly cultured taste, and sanctified by the purest religion. On such grounds, this work possesses the best recommendations to young readers, and also to scholars. As a specimen of the fine and full perception of an English sailor's spirit, take the last scene in Sir Richard Greenville's life, after a display of desperate valour, when the English squadron had been surprised by the Spanish fleet at Flores, and his ship separated from the squadron:—

“ Sir Richard finding himself in this distress, the *Revenge* not able to move one way or the other, but as she rolled with the waves, called upon the company to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else, and commanded the master gunner, whom he knew for a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, ‘that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards. The gunner readily consented, but the captain and the master were of another opinion; the enemy, they said, would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were to offer it; there were many brave men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, who might live to do their country and their prince acceptable service; they besought Sir Richard to have some consideration for them: and told him, that as for any triumph which the Spaniards could have in taking one of her majesty’s ships, she was so much injured that they could not save her from sinking, and there was at this time six feet water in the hold. Sir Richard continued obstinate in his purpose. Leaving the captain, therefore, to use his influence with the men, and prevent him from affecting it, the master went on board the Spanish general, and easily obtained from a noble enemy that all their lives should be saved, and the company sent to England, the better sort paying such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear; and in the mean season to be free from the galleys or imprisonment. The gunner, finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, was only by force withheld from killing himself; and many of the people fearing Sir Richard’s disposition, ‘shot away’ aboard the Spanish ships.

“ Don Alonso Bazan, brother to the Marquis of Santa Cruz, was the general of this fleet. He granted the more readily the terms which were asked, for the great desire he had to save Sir Richard, ‘whom, for his notable valour, he seemed greatly to admire,’ and he sent for him into his own ship the *St. Paul*, the *Revenge* ‘being filled with blood, and slain and wounded men, like a slaughter-house.’ Sir Richard said the general might do with his body what he listed; and fainting as he was carried out, when he was brought to himself, he desired the company to pray for him. His wounds were immediately dressed by the Spanish surgeons. Don Alonso did not come near him; but the other captains and men of rank came to visit and comfort him in his misfortune, wondering at his steadfastness and stout heart, for he showed no sign of faintness nor any change of countenance; and feeling that his death was at hand, he spake these memorable words in Spanish, that all who heard them might bear witness to their tenour:—‘Here die I, Richard Greenville, with a joyful and a quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a good soldier ought to do, who has fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour. Wherefore my soul joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a true soldier, who hath done his duty as he was bound to do. But the others of my company have done as traitors and dogs, for which they shall be reproached all their lives, and leave a shameful name for ever.’ He died on the second or third day after his capture.

“ Though Sir Richard Greenville cannot be justified for entering into the action in which he lost his life, he supported it so bravely, that he raised the character of the British navy, and thereby well entitled himself to the place which he continues to hold in its annals. His death-scene stamped his character in the minds of his contemporaries and of posterity; so great is the effect of any one virtue, when displayed in an eminent

degree, even though it be that virtue which is the commonest, as belonging sometime wholly, and generally in great part, to our animal nature, and which may exist with little to ennoble, and nothing to adorn it. At that time, too, a better moral feeling began to prevail between Spain and England. As soon as it was open war between the two countries, the feeling of hatred gradually softened into that of hostility. On the part of the English it was no longer a private quarrel, in which individuals engaged for the strong desire of plunder, or the stronger appetite for revenge; and on the part of the Spaniards it was felt that they were not now engaged with pirates, but with national enemies, 'who were entitled to the usages of fair warfare. On both sides it became a public quarrel and a public cause. And though there was still too much opportunity and scope for the exercise of evil passions, generous feelings also were called into action; and each nation learnt to respect the characteristic virtues of the other.'—pp. 336—339.

ART. II.—*The Library of Entertaining Knowledge.—History of British Costume.* London: Charles Knight. 1834.

THE history of costume is as important a branch of antiquarian research as that of architecture, or any other order of ancient things; because it is as illustrative of all that is valuable in the past. Our eyes have dwelt and fed on, an old warrior's moth-eaten coat, with a more insatiable wonder and anxiety, than fain would behold and know all that he was in face, figure, and bearing, than ever they did upon the apartment in which he died. The shape, and the material of the garment, in some measure present an immediate and living picture of the departed. We embody it so to speak, with his identical person, and when we touch it, it is as if we expected the substance to be warm, and responsive to the freedom. It is with such feelings that we have frequently gazed upon Lord Nelson's threadbare coat, that is carefully preserved in the Picture Gallery of Greenwich Hospital. We have gazed upon it, till it seemed to move with the heavings and pantings of the hidden body; and we have unconsciously ceased to speak, half afraid of disturbing the ideal personage.

We maintain, that, independent of antiquarian associations, apparel is universally looked upon as the closest representative of him who wore it. We have known a parent, who was a pattern of manly virtues and sentiments, preserve his composure in the most trying and alarming moments, connected with the sudden death of his only son, till the removal of the young man's clothes (now no more to be used by their accustomed wearer) from their wonted familiar place, was set about, when the swollen tide of anguish burst forth, breaking down all the strong holds of a warm and lofty nature. In the hurry of domestic affairs, during the young man's short illness, there had not been time, and it would have been unseemly, to have interfered with his little matters; but now all was over—he was no more; his fishing-rod and gun, must

needs be carefully laid out of the way, and his apparel, by a dying injunction to be given to a poor boy in the neighbourhood, whenever they should suit, were to be folded and locked up. The fishing-rod and the gun, the bereaved father handled freely;—but it was the sight of the cloaths that overwhelmed him, and mastered his heart. And perhaps there have been few finer and more affecting domestic scenes than were witnessed twice in the year afterwards, when his father sunned the bequeathed apparel; the simple act established periodically a mournful and solemn day of commemoration in that family.

But not to be too grave, we maintain, that a knowledge and a taste in dress, to speak only of contemporary fashions, are worthy of cultivation, inasmuch as these will be pursued with a corresponding advancement in much higher departments. It is, therefore, that dress affords a good index to general character. All the world looks to such an index, whatever pretended despisers may say, especially in the case of a young man: and without longer keeping apart from the contents of the work before us, we declare, after forty years' experience of the thronging world, that the best fellows in England, generally speaking, are those whom the vulgar or the envious call puppies, merely from a remarkable nicety in the cut and the colour of their garments.

It is, however, as a type or mirror of the times, that the knowledge of costume, therewith connected, becomes chiefly valuable. How our ancestors dressed may in itself be a curious rather than useful inquiry, but the subject when used as a handle, evidence, or groundwork, becomes as important and serious as are any or all of the facts that can be thereon fixed or built. A slight attention to the matter will convince any one, that not merely the painter, poet, and historian are concerned, but the philosopher, the manufacturer and tradesman, are deeply interested in investigations of the sort, which the work before us, in a condensed, lucid, beautiful and delightful manner, has elucidated.

The author goes back to the remotest periods of British history for his materials, and comes down to the present generation, giving a separate but short account of the national costumes of Scotland and Ireland. He also, throughout, affords much light upon the armour of our ancestors, which indeed is a branch so necessarily interwoven with the costume of every warlike people, that it is impossible to describe the one without the other. The numerous woodcuts that embellish the volume enable the reader at once to go along with the author in his narrative and enthusiasm, and we therefore strongly recommend the work to every one who is desirous of having a lively conception of English history.

The first extract we give is from the reign of William the Conqueror. Here are suggestions for the modern professors that operate upon the chin:—

“ The degenerate and sensual Saxons imitated the fashions of their neighbours, but were incapable of copying their virtues, and we, therefore, find the general civil costume of the Normans consisting, like the Anglo-Saxon, of the short tunic, the cloak, the drawers, with long stockings, or pantaloons with feet to them, called by the Normans ‘ *Chaussés*,’ by which term we beg our readers to observe they will be henceforth designated throughout the work, as the use of modern names for ancient habits or weapons creates considerable confusion in dates as well as ideas. Shoes and leg-bandages are worn as before. Short boots are also common towards the close of the reign; and a flat round cap, like a Scotch bonnet, and another, which appears little more than a coif, are the general head coverings of unarmed persons. In state dresses the tunic reaches to the ankle, and the mantle is ample and flowing to correspond. The crown of the monarch is scarcely distinguishable upon his seal, but appears to resemble that of the Confessor. Wace, in his ‘ *Roman de Rou*,’ describes William as lacing and untying his cloak repeatedly in his agitation and anger, on the news being brought him of Harold’s accession to the throne of England; and cords and tassels are now seen attached to the mantles of distinguished personages. We have observed them already in the drawing of Canute.

“ The Normans not only shaved the face *entirely*, in contradistinction to the Anglo-Saxons, who left, at any rate, the upper lip unshorn, but before the time of the Conquest had adopted the Aquitanian fashion of shaving the back of the head also, which occasioned the spies of Harold to report that they had seen no soldiers, but an army of priests? This anecdote has been quoted by all the historians, as proving only the absence of beard and moustache amongst the Normans, as they say it was considered indecent in priests to wear them; but clerical personages are, notwithstanding, continually represented at this period with *both*, and the absence of them, therefore, would not have borne out the reports of the spies, but for the other singularity, which is distinctly represented in the Bayeux tapestry, and one of the strongest proofs of its authenticity. William and his Normans are therein distinguished by the *backs of their heads being closely shaven*, so as really to give them a monkish appearance, while the Saxons are represented with hair as usually worn, and moustaches, as described by William of Malmesbury, and a few with comely beards.—pp. 54—56.

In the reign of Henry II. a new and most valuable source of information opens. Monumental effigies of the illustrious dead from that period remain. That of the above-named monarch in the Abbey of Fontevraud, in Normandy, has frequently been described. It was the custom to sculpture them in their habits as they lived, and in a style far more correct than could have been expected in an age so dark. They were sometimes most elaborately coloured and gilt, and all of the full size; and sometimes in habit exactly the same as they lay in state. Matthew Paris says, that Henry II, “was arrayed in the royal investments, having a golden crown on the head, and gloves on the hands, boots wrought with gold on the feet, and spurs, a great ring on the finger, and a sceptre in the hand, and girt with a sword; he lay with his face uncovered.”

Thus he lay in state, and it would appear that thus his effigy was habited.

The costume during the reigns of Richard I. and John continued much the same as in their father's time. There were some striking novelties introduced however in the military habits; especially, the helmet lost its lofty cone, and subsided into a flat-topped steel cap; the shield was emblazoned with heraldic bearings; customs originating probably with the Crusaders. Here follows our author's account of the female costumes of that period:—

“The female costume of this century presents the same general appearance as that of its predecessors. The robe has, however, lost its extravagant cuffs, and the sleeves are made tight and terminate at the wrist. A rich girdle loosely encircles the waist, and Berengaria, queen of Richard I., is represented with a small pouch called an *aulmonière*, and in form like a modern reticule, depending from it on the left side.

“Green appears to have been the prevailing colour of this garment in the reign of John. We have the king's warrant for making two robes for the queen, each of them to consist of five ells of cloth, and one of them to be of green and the other of brunet. Du Cange cites a cotemporary register to prove that a green robe, lined with cendal, was estimated at sixty shillings; and Matthew Paris, and other ancient historians, speaking of the flight of Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, states that he disguised himself in a woman's tunic of green, with a capa (the Norman mantle with a capuchon) of the same colour.

“State robes and mantles appear to have been splendidly embroidered. The effigy of Eleanor, queen of Henry II., exhibits a robe and mantle covered with golden crescents. We have just spoken of a similar one in the possession of her son, Richard I. Her crown, like that of her royal husband, has been broken. Montfaucon's representation of it is therefore placed above the figure, but that of Queen Berengaria, which has escaped with less damage, would be perhaps the better guide for its restoration. Montfaucon's copies are lamentably incorrect.

“Pelisses (*pelices*, *pelissons*), richly furred (whence their name), were worn in winter under the mantle or capa. King John orders a grey pelisson, with nine bars of fur, to be made for the queen. It appears to have been a dress fitting close to the body. A garment called *bliant* or *blians*, which appears to have been only another name for the surcoat or supertunic, as we find it worn also by knights over their armour, is also frequently mentioned as lined with fur for the winter. The wimple is first mentioned in the reign of John. It appears to have been sometimes but another name for the veil or kerchief, at others a separate article of attire worn under the veil, as in the conventual costume to this day, which is in all but colour the usual dress of the thirteenth century. The wimple, properly so called, wrapped round the head and the chin, and was bound on the forehead by a golden or jewelled fillet amongst the wealthy, by a plain single one amongst the humbler classes. Wimples and fillets of silk were forbidden to the nuns, who wore them then, as now, of white linen.

“Short boots were worn, as well as shoes, by the ladies. King John orders four pair of women's boots, one of them to be *fretatus de gris*, embroidered with circles, and several instances occur of similarly em-

brothered boots at this period, but the robe was worn so long that little but the tips of the toes are to be seen in the effigies or illuminations, and the colour of as much as is visible in the latter is generally black.

"Gloves seem not to have been generally worn by ladies of the twelfth century."—pp. 88—90.

The *habits* of the clergy during the same era are thus alluded to:—

"The habits of the clergy continued exceedingly sumptuous. The princely splendour of Becket occasioned the French rustics to exclaim, during his progress to Paris, 'What a wonderful personage the King of England must be, if his Chancellor can travel in such state!' and the accounts of his magnificence in that city are so extraordinary, that Lord Littleton, in his History of Henry II., declares them to be incredible. The story of Henry's struggle with Becket in the open street, when the monarch pulled the new scarlet capa, lined with rich furs, from the back of the priest, to give to the shivering beggar beside him, is told by every historian; but these are only notices of his secular garments. In the sacred vestments of the clergy of this period, the principal novelty is the approach of the mitre to the form with which we are familiar."—pp. 90, 91.

And in the reign of Henry III. this further notice is given:—

"The richly embroidered garments of the clergy at this period occasioned Innocent IV. to exclaim, 'O England, thou garden of delights, thou art truly an inexhaustible fountain of riches! From thy abundance much may be exacted!' and he forthwith proceeded to exact as much as he could, by forwarding bulls to several English prelates, enjoining them to send a certain quantity of such embroidered vestments to Rome for the use of the clergy there. Some of these sacerdotal habits were nearly covered with gold and precious stones, and others were exquisitely embroidered with figures of animals and flowers. The red hat is said to have been first given to the cardinals by Pope Innocent at the Council of Lyons in 1245; and, according to De Curbio, they wore it for the first time in 1246, on occasion of an interview between the Pope and Louis IX. of France."—pp. 101, 102.

The author's notice of Edward I. is very just. That monarch was indeed both chivalrous and temperate; hostile, from all we can judge, to preposterous fashions and foppery. He studied simplicity of dress, and though there is no monumental effigy of him, we can perhaps form a very correct notion of the man; and not the less so, from the circumstance just mentioned, following out by a sort of contrariety, a determinate class of ideas, supported by the facts that came to light on the opening of his tomb in Westminster, in the year 1774. His corpse was then discovered, we are told, arranged in a dalmatica or tunic of red silk damask, and a mantle of crimson satin fastened on the shoulder, with a gilt buckle or clasp four inches in length, and decorated with imitative gems and pearls. The sceptre was in his hand; but the regal ornaments were all of metal gilt, and the stones and pearls false.

Edward II. had a troublesome reign, but luxury increased. From his effigy, it appears that he cherished and curled his beard; and it is related of him, that he had to endure the indignity of having it shaved with cold and dirty water by the road-side on his way to Carnarvon Castle. The principal event in the history of British costume connected with this reign, is that lawyers begin to be distinguished by their habits. "They were originally priests, and of course wore the tonsure, but when the clergy were forbidden to intermeddle with secular affairs, the lay lawyers continued the practice of shaving the head, and wore the coil for distinction sake. It was at first made of linen, and afterwards of white silk. The serjeant-at-law's habit anciently was a long priest-like robe lined with fur, and a white linen coif."

In the following reign important alterations took place in dress.

"The reign of Edward III. is one of the most important eras in the history of costume. The complete changes that take place in every habit, civil or military, render its effigies and illuminations more distinctly conspicuous than those perhaps of any other period, from the Conquest to the days of Elizabeth. The effigy of this great monarch is remarkable for its noble simplicity. The number of the royal vestments does not exceed that of his predecessors, but their form is rather different. The dalmatica is lower in the neck and shorter in the sleeves than the under tunic, and the sleeves of the latter come lower than the wrist, and are decorated by a closely-set row of very small buttons, the continuation of a fashion of the reign of Edward I. His shoes or buskins are richly embroidered, and his hair and beard are patriarchal. He bears the remains of a sceptre in each hand; the crown has been removed or lost from the effigy.

"In the thirty-seventh year of his reign, A.D. 1363, the Commons exhibited a complaint in Parliament against the general usage of expensive apparel not suited either to the degree or income of the people; and an act was passed by which the following regulations were insisted upon:

"Furs of ermine and lettice, and embellishments of pearls, excepting for a head-dress, were strictly forbidden to any but the royal family, and nobles possessing upwards of one thousand pounds per annum.

"Cloths of gold and silver, and habits embroidered with jewellery, lined with pure miniver and other expensive furs, were permitted only to knights and ladies whose incomes exceeded four hundred marks yearly.

"Knights whose income exceeded two hundred marks, or squires possessing two hundred pounds in lands or tenements, were permitted to wear cloth of silver, with ribands, girdles, &c., reasonably embellished with silver, and woollen cloth, of the value of six marks the whole piece; but all persons under the rank of knighthood, or of less property than the last mentioned, were confined to the use of cloth not exceeding four marks the whole piece, and were prohibited wearing silks and embroidered garments of any sort, or embellishing their apparel with any kind of ornaments of gold, silver, or jewellery. Rings, buckles, ouches, girdles, and ribands, were all forbidden decorations to them, and the penalty annexed to the infringement of this statute was the forfeiture of the dress or ornament so made or worn.

“ The Scots had a rhyme about this period, which ran thus :—

‘ Long beirde hertiless,
Peynted hoods witless,
Gay cotes graceless,
Maketh Englonde thriftless ;’

And we accordingly find the beard worn long and pointed; and capuchons, with long peaks, tails, or tippets, as they were called, hanging behind, and closely buttoned up to the chin in front. The ‘gay cotes graceless’ are the splendidly embroidered *cotehardies* already described, and which it was considered by the graver and older nobility as foppish and degrading to wear.”—pp. 127—131.

We are not attempting by any means to follow the author regularly or minutely in the progress of changes, throughout the successive reigns of England’s monarchs. We only fix therefore on the most remarkable alterations or innovations. Of the ladies’ habits, one thing generally may be said, that they were exceedingly extravagant and sumptuous, and that many of their modes, as represented by the author, would be well worth the notice of the inventors of novelties in these modern times, when racking their brains how best to deck the fair.

The author has taken notice, at considerable length, of the long-disputed origin of the famous “Prince of Wales feathers,” and the no less famous epithet of “Black Prince,” by which the hero of Cressy and Poitiers was distinguished. It would appear that there is much uncertainty on these matters; and the German motto “Ich dien,” generally rendered “I serve,” has not tended to elucidate any part of the subject. The absurdity is, in absence of undoubted authority, the seeking for marvellous or mighty origins for things, “that caprice, some most trifling circumstance, or quaint conceit,” may after all have alone suggested. The popular tradition which assigns the motto, “Honi soit qui mal y pense,” to the gallant indignation of the monarch, when sneered at by his courtiers, on account of his attention to the fall of a lady’s garter, is equally destitute of evidence. High authorities consider the garter as a symbol of union, and to this or something else, then, should be attributed the popular version of the motto of the most noble Order of the Garter, which was instituted in the twenty-second year of Edward the Third’s reign. The author, however, mentions one ascertained and particular costume of this period.

“ Mourning habits first appeared in monuments and illuminations of this reign; and the earliest mention of them also seems to be by Chaucer and Froissart, both writers of this period. Chaucer, in his ‘Knight’s Tale,’ speaks of Palamon’s appearing at Arcite’s funeral

“ ‘ In clothes *black* dropped all with tears ;’

and in his ‘Troilus and Cresedye’ he describes his heroine

“ ‘ In widdowe’s habit large of samite *brown* ;’

and in another place says,

“ ‘ Creysede was in widdowe’s habit *blacke* ;’

and in another, when separating from Troylus, he makes her say,

“ ‘ ————my clothes evereh one
Shall *blacke* ben in tolequyn (token,) herte swete,
That I am as oute of this worlde agone.’ ”

Froissart tells us, that the Earl of Foix, on hearing of the death of his son Gaston, sent for his barber, and was close shaved, and clothed himself and all his household in black. At the funeral of the Earl of Flanders, he says, all the nobles and attendants wore black gowns; and on the death of John, King of France, the King of Cyprus clothed himself in black mourning, by which distinction it would seem that some other colours were occasionally worn, such as the ‘samite brown’ of Chaucer’s *Cresseide*. The figures on the tomb of Sir Roger de Kerdeston, who died A. D. 1337, represent the relations of the deceased knight, and wear their own coloured clothes under the mourning cloak.”—p. 148.

In Richard II.’s reign foppery made a great figure, he himself taking the lead; his coat was estimated at thirty thousand marks. The common people imitated the vanity of the rich. The effigy of Henry IV. is the most splendid, we are told, of our regal series. He enacted sumptuary laws, in the fourth year of his sovereignty, limiting and directing the ornaments and dresses to be worn by particular classes. But these laws, as had been found under his predecessors, were of little avail. In Henry V.’s reign no important alterations took place in dress. The next king’s history was distinguished by disorder in the state, and no less irregularity in the fashions. But in this reign the invention of cannon led to most important changes in warfare, and ultimately to as great alterations in various other departments. For our sporting readers who can kill right and left, we quote an account of the hand-cannon.

“ The first token of a most important change in warfare became visible during the reign of Henry VI. The invention of cannon had suggested to the Italians the use that might be made of a piece of ordnance small enough to be portable, and the hand-cannon or *gonne*, a simple iron tube with trunnions at its sides, and a touch-hole atop, was fixed in a stock of wood about a cubit and a half in length, and called the frame of the gun. It was soon however discovered that, while the touch-hole remained atop, the priming was likely to fall off or be blown away before the match could be applied; the perforation was consequently transferred to the side, and a small pan put under it to hold the powder. A cover for the pan was next invented to turn off and on by means of a pivot, and in this stage it was used in England, certainly as early as 1446, as appears from a roll of purchases for the castle on Holy Island, in the county of Durham, of that date.

“ A hand-cannon of the earliest sort with the touch-hole atop, and a battle-axe with a hand-gun united and the touch hole placed above a pan at the side, are in the armoury at Goodrich Court.”—p. 197.

We hasten forward, and at once come to Henry VII.

“ At length we have emerged into the broad light of day. The pencils of Holbein, of Rubens, and Vandyke will henceforth speak volumes to the

eye, and lighten the labours of the pen. With this reign we bid adieu to monumental effigies and illuminated MSS. Not without gratitude, however, for the services they have rendered us through ages of darkness and difficulty—through scenes of barbaric magnificence, which, however dimly they have been shadowed forth, have yet considerably illustrated the periods of their action, and which must either have remained in ‘total eclipse—no sun, no moon’ existing—no gleam but the imperfect and perplexing one of written description, or rather accidental allusion in obscure and obsolete language, frequently capable of twenty different interpretations.

“ The elegant fashion of slashing makes its appearance about this time, and the opening of the sleeve at the elbow, first observable in the costumes of the reign of Edward IV., has introduced another curious fancy, the complete division of the sleeve into two or more pieces, and their attachment to each other by means of points or laces through which the shirt is seen puffed and protruding.

“ The hood is now rapidly disappearing. Broad felt hats or caps, and bonnets of velvet, fur, and other materials, with a profusion of party-coloured plumes projecting sideways, or drooping in graceful negligence over the shoulder, have become general towards the close of this reign amongst the great and gay. These hats and caps, many of them with embattled or scalloped edges, are worn so much on one side as to discover on the other a considerable portion of an under cap of gold network, or embroidered velvet, fitting close to the head. The large plumed cap is frequently slung behind the back as an ornament, and the head surmounted, for we cannot say covered, by one about the size of a blue-coat boy’s, or by the gold net before mentioned. One cap, peculiar to this period, is still visible upon the heads of the knaves in our playing cards; and a pack of cards in the possession of Francis Douce, Esq., F.S.A., engraved and printed about this period, probably by Marten Schoen, a celebrated German artist, who died in 1523, exhibits some curious and elegant costume of the close of the fifteenth century.

“ The shoes were now worn as absurdly broad at the toes as they were previously peaked or pointed. The new fashion is said to have commenced in Flanders about 1470. Paradin says that the two-feet long poulaines were succeeded by shoes denominated duck-bills, the toes being so shaped, but still four or five fingers in length; and that afterwards they assumed a contrary fashion, wearing slippers so very broad in front as to exceed the measure of a good foot.

“ The hair was worn enormously long and flowing—a return, in fact, to the fashion of Henry I.’s time. The face was still closely shaved, soldiers and old men only wearing moustaches or beards.”—pp. 219—223.

Every one knows the images of “ Bluff King Hal,” and his son Edward; nor, as the author tells us, can we be at a loss to know the style of female costume at any period of Henry’s reign, since he married six wives, prints of whom are now abundant.

“ Hall the chronicler, who revels in the description of the splendid shows and pageants of all ages, and describes with as much minuteness and confidence those which took place in the fourteenth as he does those of which he was an eye-witness in the sixteenth century, may be trusted

respecting the latter, at least as far as suits our purpose. At a banquet given in the first year of Henry's reign, upon Shrove-Sunday, in the parliament-chamber at Westminster, he speaks of six ladies who formed part of a show towards the close of the evening, 'whereof two were appareyled in crimson satyn and purpull, embrowdered with golde, and by vynettes ran floure de lices of golde, with marvellous ryche and strange tires on their heads: other two ladies in crimosyn and purpull, made like long slops, embroudered and fretted with golde after the antique fascion, and over the slop was a shorte garment of clothe of golde, scant to the knee, facioned like a tabard, all over with small double rolles, all of flatte golde, of damask fret and fringed golde, and on their heads skaynes (scarfs), and wrappers of damaske golde with flatte pypes, that strange it was to beholde; the other two ladies were in kirtles of crymosyne and purpull satyn, embroudered with a vynet of pomegranattes of golde; all the garments cut compass-wise, having demy sleeves, and naked down from the elbows'—(the first appearance of bare arms since the time of the ancient Britons)—'and over their garments were vochettes of plesaunces rolled with crymsyne velvet and set with letters of golde like caractes (query characters?). Their heades rouled in pleasauntes and typpets like the Egipcians, embroudered with golde; their faces, necks, arms, and handes covered in fine plesaunce black; some call it lumberdynes, which is marveylous thinne; so the same ladies seemed to be nigrost or blackmores.' What are the descriptions of the court-newsman in our days to this? What joy for 'the Morning Post' or the 'Court Journal' to have their columns filled with a report of the dresses worn at such a fancy ball as this given at Westminster in 1509, 'for all the ambassadours which were here out of diverse realmes and countries.'"—pp. 247, 248.

Our readers will easily take up the description of certain parts of dress, fashionable during the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, from the following allusions:—

"The reigns of Edward VI. and Mary introduce us to the small flat round bonnet worn on one side the head, and preserved to this day in the caps of the boys of Christ's Hospital, whose whole dress is indeed the costume of the citizens of London at the time of the foundation of that charity by the young and amiable Edward. Blue coats were the common habit of apprentices and serving-men, and yellow stockings were very generally worn at this period. The jackets of our firemen and watermen are also of this date, the badge being made in metal and placed on the sleeve in the sixteenth century, instead of embroidered on the breast or back of the garment itself as previously. Minstrels, players, and all retainers of the nobility were thus attired."—pp. 251, 252.

But a nobler subject is at hand, and as the author says, "the great ruff of good Queen Bess rises up indignantly at the bare idea of being unknown or forgotten."

"About the middle of this reign the great change took place that gave the female costume of the sixteenth century its remarkable character. The body was imprisoned in whalebonet, the hips: the partelet, which covered the neck to the chin, was removed, and an enormous ruff, rising gradually from the front of the shoulders to nearly the height of the head

behind, encircled the wearer like the nimbus or glory of a saint. From the bosom, now partially discovered, descended an interminable stomacher, on each side of which jutted out horizontally the enormous *vardingale*, the prototype of that modern-antique, the hoop, which has been so lately banished the court, to the great joy of all classes of his majesty's subjects saving only the metropolitan dressmakers. The cap or coif was occasionally exchanged for a round bonnet like that of the men, or the hair dressed in countless curls, and adorned with ropes and stars of jewels, and at the close of the reign (for the first time) with feathers."—pp. 256, 257.

We are told by the author, that, in 1564, Mistress Dingham Vander Plasse, a Fleming, came to London with her husband, and followed the profession of a starcher of ruffs. She met with the greatest encouragement from the higher orders, and taught publicly her art, her price being four or five pounds for each scholar, and twenty shillings in addition for teaching them how to seethe or make the starch. But our readers must have the following treat, as served up by the author himself.

"Stubb falls foul of this 'liquid matter which they call starch,' wherein he says 'the devil hath learned them to wash and dive their ruffs, which being dry will then stand stiff and inflexible about their necks.' It was made he tells us of wheat flour, bran, or other grains, sometimes of roots and other things, and of all colours and hues, as white, red, blue, purple, and the like. He mentions also a certain device made of wires, crested for the purpose, and whipped all over either with gold, thread, silver, or silk,' for supporting these ruffs, and called a 'suppertasse or under-proper.' These 'great ruffs or neckerchers, made of hollande, lawne, cambric, and such cloth,' so delicate that the greatest thread in them 'shall not be so big as the least hair that is,' starched, streaked, dried, patted, and under-propped by the suppertasses, 'the stately arches of pride,' sometimes overshadowed three or four orders of minor ruffs placed gradatim one beneath the other, and all under 'the master-devil ruff,' which was itself clogged with gold, silver, or silk lace of stately price, wrought all over with needle-work, speckled and sparkled here and there with the sun, the moon, the stars, and many other antiques strange to behold: some are wrought with open work down to the midst of the ruff and further; some with close work; some with purlid lace and other gegaws, so clogged, so pestered, that the ruff is the least part of itself. Sometimes they are pinned up to their ears, and sometimes they are suffered to hang over the shoulders like flags or windmill sails fluttering in the air.

"Their gowns, continues the satirist, be no less famous than the rest, for some are of silk, some of velvet, some of *grograin*, some of taffata, some of scarlet, and some of fine cloth, of ten, twenty, or forty shillings the yard; but if the whole garment be not of silk or velvet, then the same must be layed with lace two or three fingers broad all over the gown; or if lace is not fine enough for them, he says they must be decorated with broad gardes of velvet edged with costly lace. The fashions too of the gown were as various as its colours, and 'changing with the moon; for some be of the new fashion, and some of the olde; some with sleeves hanging down to the skirts trailing on the ground, and cast over their shoulders like cow-tails; some have sleeves much shorter, cut up the arm,

drawn out with sundry colours, and pointed with silk ribbands, and very gallantly tied with love knots, for so they call them.' Some had capes reaching down to the middle of their backs faced with velvet or fine taffata, and 'fringed about very bravely;' others were plaited and crested down the back 'wonderfully, with more knacks' than he can express.

" Their petticoats, he says, were of the best cloth and the finest die, and even of silk, grograin, &c., fringed about the skirts with silk of a changeable colour. 'But what is more vain,' he adds, 'of whatever the petticoat be, yet must they have *kirtles*, for so they call them, of silk, velvet, grograin, taffata, satin, or scarlet, bordered with gards, lace, fringe, and I cannot tell what.' Here the kirtle is again distinguished from the gown and petticoat, and is evidently the garment worn immediately under the gown, and at this time completely discovered by it, the skirt or train of the gown or robe being only just visible on each side of the figure.

" The nether stocks or stockings, we are told, were of silk, jarnsey, worsted, cruel, or the finest yarn, thread or cloth that could possibly be had; and they were 'not ashamed to wear hose of all kinds of changeable colours, as green, red, white, russet, tawney, and else what not'—'cunningly knit' too, and 'curiously indented in every point with quirks, clocks, open seams, and every thing else accordingly.' "—pp. 258—260.

We dare not indulge our friends with more of this quaint satirist's matter; for ere he reached the lords of the creation, he is allowed by our author to say something more of the ladies of Elizabeth's time. We jump at once to the reign of Charles I., and give the following extract chiefly for the judicious criticism contained in it.

" The reign of Charles I., 1625—1648, introduces us to the most elegant and picturesque costume ever worn in England, and, from the circumstance of its being the habit of the time in which Vandyke painted, it has acquired the appellation of the Vandyke dress. It has been familiarized to us not only by the numberless prints from the works of that great master, but through the medium of theatrical representations, being, of all costumes, perhaps the best adapted for the stage, and therefore generally selected for such plays as are not fixed by their subject to some other particular era. For the same reason, with pardonable licence, plays founded on incidents of the reign of Charles II. are acted in costumes of the reign of Charles I.; but the point was rather strained by the late Mr. Kemble, who formed out of the habits of the three reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles a conventional costume for the whole of Shakspeare's historical plays, from King John to Henry VIII. The intention was, however, a laudable one. Mr. Garrick had broken ground, by assuming a fancy dress for the part of Richard III., but he played Macbeth to the last in a court suit of sky-blue and scarlet laced with gold. Mr. Kemble's good sense and determined spirit induced him to reform this altogether; and though, to the antiquary, it was as ridiculous to see the 'gracious Duncan' in trunk-hose as in velvet breeches and silk stockings, the absurdity was not so striking to the million, and stage effect was infinitely heightened by the change. Of late years the taste for spectacle has at least had the good effect of inducing managers and actors to pay stricter attention to these matters, and two or three of Shakspeare's plays were revived a few seasons back at Covent Garden Theatre, with their costume corrected by

the writer of this work, under the sanction of Mr. Charles Kemble."—pp. 282, 283.

Contrast the descriptions in the two paragraphs that we now present.

"At the commencement of the civil war, when the royalist party began to be denominated Cavaliers, and the republican Round-Heads, the costume of England was as divided as its opinions; but the dress of the Cavalier was gallant and picturesque in the extreme. It consisted of a doublet of silk, satin, or velvet, with large loose sleeves, slashed up the front; the collar covered by a falling band of the richest point lace, with that peculiar edging now called Vandyke; a short cloak was worn carelessly on one shoulder. The long breeches, fringed or pointed, as we have already mentioned, met the tops of the wide boots, which were also ruffled with lace or lawn. A broad-leaved Flemish beaver hat, with a rich hatband and plume of feathers, was set on one side the head, and a Spanish rapier hung from a most magnificent baldrick or sword-belt, worn sashwise over the right shoulder. The doublet of silk or velvet was frequently exchanged in these troublesome times for a buff coat, which was richly laced, and sometimes embroidered with gold or silver, and encircled by a broad silk or satin scarf tied in a large bow, either behind or over the hip, in which case the short cloak was perhaps dispensed with. In some instances a buff jerkin, without sleeves, was worn over the doublet. Allusions are frequent in the old plays of this period to these defensive garments. Charles I., in the twelfth year of his reign, determined to restore the mantle of the order of the garter to its original colour, and it was accordingly worn, on the installation of the Prince of Wales, of a rich celestial blue; the surcoat and humerale remained crimson; the hat was of black velvet as before. As early as the second year of his reign he had ordered the badge of the order (the cross surrounded by the garter) to be worn by the knights on their daily dresses, and in 1629 it was formed into a star by surrounding it with rays as it is at present."—pp. 284, 285.

Sir Philip Warwick is the authority for what follows; he is speaking of Oliver Cromwell.

" 'The first time that I ever took notice of him,' says that gentleman, 'was in the beginning of the Parliament held in November, 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman, for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes. I came one mourning into the house well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar; his hat was without a hatband; his stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side.' "—pp. 285, 286.

We had proposed to ourselves to have gone along with the author into the monstrosities which distinguished the earlier part of George III.'s reign, in the matter of dress curls, powder and hoops, and then into the more picturesque fields presented by the sister

kingdoms. But we must, instead of doing so, recommend every one who has a taste for national antiquities, pleasantly and ably developed within a small compass, to have recourse to the work upon which we have been now engaged. And though those antiquities be confined to the matters of dress in the field, or only by the fire-side, they will be found, as here treated, highly worthy the study of the sagacious, as well as instructive and delightful to the young.

ART. III.—*Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal.* By the Author of *Vathek*, 2 vols., London: Bentley, 1834.

Every year some half dozen or so of tours in Germany, Italy, or other parts of the continent are laid upon our table, all courteously to bespeak our favourable judgment of their contents, which we generally very good naturedly accord to them. For besides the kindness of our disposition, we are of the erratic class; and know that it would be very difficult for any one who set out to wander for months from city to city, and kingdom to kingdom, resolved to note every thing that particularly engaged his attention, not to furnish an entertaining volume or two. To be sure it might be supposed that Germany, Italy, and so forth, were by this time worn almost threadbare, were we merely to count the number of cockneys that have fatigued themselves therewith. But we are not of that way of thinking, we believe that a field or path cannot be soon too much beaten, provided every new traveller be accomplished and discerning enough for the department he enters on provided he, without affectation, employs his own original powers in marking and characterising what comes before him. We therefore do not complain of the taste of any tourist, who lays his observations before us merely on the ground that nothing was left for him to say or see anew, even although such should be the fact, which however will seldom occur; for it is the most attractive of all things to watch and distinguish the variety of modes in which different spectators look upon one thing, surpassing the sight of a great variety of novel scenes, presented by one spectator. In the former instance, the marvellous phenomena exhibited are the workings and diversities of mind; in the latter, it is but one mind to an immense number of scenes and subjects. A better exemplification of our doctrine cannot well be found, than in the field which the work before us occupies at considerable length. Nor shall we require to do more to make ourselves understood than refer to the objects taken up in common by the author and Mrs. Trollope, as may be at once perceived by turning back to our last number. We could mention a number of other late works where comparisons and parallels might be drawn; but the instance cited is sufficient for our purpose. Nor do we doubt, that another batch of English tourists to the same countries is

even this summer ardently preparing themselves for our review ere twelvemonths have fled over us from the present date.

We think, however, that there is a line for travellers, not yet very often, and still more rarely well followed out, where the materials to be found would furnish for the appetite that greedily craves for novelties, abundant pleasure and profit; we mean the odd, the bye, and the sequestered—if you will, the humble ways of life. In short, the peasantry, of the continent, not in their picturesque or romantic positions but in their homely and every day character, have not hitherto been sufficiently depicted. There have been pedestrian tours, but we have never found in them much more than the sketchy drawings of an amateur in the fine arts, or the fabulous accounts of caterers for a circulating library. And yet the peasantry of any country are alone the faithful custodiers and portraits of nationalities. All large towns are necessarily much alike; the difference between one hotel and another can never give the fresh truth as regards original peculiarities of character, descriptive of any country. But did the tourist we have in our mind's eye, with all the leisure and composure of an observant and judicious traveller, who cared not how long a minute study of the domestic manners of a people took, set himself abroad amongst a peasantry, the variety of knowledge obtained of domestic economy and discipline, of rural arts and practices, would be eminently useful and delightful. We would have such a tourist avoid all formal routes, and be prepared to go and to follow out every thing as the wind, so to speak, blew him; but no longer to tarry at the threshold. How imperfect must our acquaintance have been with the national character of the Scotch, had it alone been derived from the fashionable ladies and gentlemen who have of late years posted from town to town, seldom leaving his Majesty's macadamized highways; or from the pencil-men, who have been in raptures about mountains, tartan, and whisky? He of the kilt, or the still more worthy subject of study, he of the blue bonnet, might, in spite of all these efforts, have remained till this hour as inadequately understood as do the serfs of Russia.

But be all this as it may, no doubt need be entertained of what the author of *Vathek* can do, set him down any where; especially if Italy be the principal field of excursion to which he is destined. And more especially will he recommend himself to any one's notice, should it be understood, that, as he declares, the work has lain dormant for many years; 1780, being the date he prefixed to his letters from the continent. Our duty however is to open the book, and let our readers judge of its merits. They will do more; they cannot but be gratified with the fare light, lively and highly seasoned as it uniformly is.

The author treats Ostend, Ghent, and Antwerp very cursorily. He tells us that "quiet and content" are the two Deities that have especially taken Flanders under their protection, and he pleases to be sarcastic upon them. We will hasten on with him to Cologne,

where a celebrated Shrine, that cost Mrs. Trollope a deal of marvel and reverence, is thus treated :

“ July 10th.—Clouds of dust hindered my making any remarks on the exterior of this famous city ; but if its appearance be not more beautiful from without than within, I defy the most courteous compiler of geographical dictionaries to launch forth very warmly in its praise. But of what avail are stately palaces, broad streets, or airy markets, to a town which can boast of such a treasure as the bodies of those three wise sovereigns who were started to Bethlehem ? Is not this circumstance enough to procure it every kind of respect ? I really believe so, from the pious and dignified contentment of its inhabitants. They care not a hair of an ass’s ear whether their houses be gloomy and ill-contrived, their pavement overgrown with weeds, and their shops half choked up with filthiness, provided the carcasses of Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar might be preserved with proper decorum. Nothing, to be sure, can be richer than the shrine which contains these precious relics. I paid my devotions before it the moment I arrived ; this step was inevitable : had I omitted it, not a soul in Cologne but would have cursed me for a Pagan. Do you not wonder at hearing of those venerable bodies so far from their native country ? I thought them snug under some Arabian cupola, ten feet deep in spice ; but who can tell what is to become of one a few ages hence ? Who knows but the Emperor of Morocco may be canonized some future day in Lapland ? I asked, of course, how in the name of miracles they came hither ? but found no story of a supernatural conveyance. It seems that great collectress of relics, the holy Empress Helena, first routed them out : then they were packed off to Rome ; King Alaric, having no grace, bundled them down to Milan ; where they remained till it pleased heaven to inspire an ancient archbishop with the fervent wish of depositing them at Cologne ; there these skeletons were taken into the most especial consideration, crowned with jewels, and filagreed with gold. Never were skulls more elegantly mounted ; and I doubt whether Odin’s beaufet could exhibit so fine an assortment. The chapel containing these beautiful bones is placed in a dark extremity of the cathedral. Several golden lamps gleam along the polished marbles with which it is adorned, and afford just light enough to read the following monkish inscription :—*Corpora sanctorum recubant hic terna magorum : ex his sublatum nihil est alibive locatum.*”—pp. 42—44.

He sets off for Bonn, the roadside being lined he tells us with beggarly children, high convent walls, and scarecrow crucifixes, lubberly monks, dejected peasants, and all the delights of Catholicism. From Bonn to Andernach, he describes the picturesque borders of the Rhine ; and the road sometimes as being like a cornice suspended above the waters, at other times, it winds behind lofty steeps and broken acclivities, shaded by woods, and clothed with an endless variety of plants and flowers. The contrast of the objects that bordered his path were therefore not unworthy of observation. Ems, famous in mineral story, Ulm, and the Danube sweeping majestically along, and the renowned city of Augsburg, have all a touch from his pencil, which is not uniformly sparing or

flattering. "Joy to the electors of Bavaria!" exclaims he, for preserving such extensive woods of fir in their dominions, as shade over the chief part of the road from Augsburg to Munich. The stagnate pools and the regaling dunghills near the last-mentioned city, serving for a kind of contrariety, he is not unwilling to introduce into his sketches. Our readers will enjoy the picture, or rather variety of pictures, that follow:—

"July 23.—We were driven in the evening to Nynphenburg, the Elector's country palace, the bosquets, jets d'eau, and parterres of which are the pride of the Bavarians. The principal platform is all of a glitter, with gilded Cupids and shining serpents spouting at every pore. Beds of poppies, hollyhocks, scarlet lychins, and other flame-coloured flowers, border the edge of the walls, which extend till the perspective appears to meet and swarm with ladies and gentlemen in party-coloured raiment. The Queen of Golconda's gardens in a French opera are scarcely more gaudy and artificial. Unluckily, too, the evening was fine, and the sun so powerful, that we were half-wasted before we could cross the great avenue and enter the thickets which barely conceal a very splendid hermitage, where we joined Mr. and Mrs. Trevor and a party of fashionable Bavarians. Amongst the ladies was Madame la Contesse—I forget who, a production of the venerable Haslang, with daughter, Madame de Baumgarten, who has the honour of leading the Elector in her chains. These goddesses, stepping into a car, vulgarly called a curricule, the mortals followed and explored alley after alley, and pavilion after pavilion. Then, having viewed Pagodenberg, which is, as they told me, all Chinese; and Marienburg, which is most assuredly all tinsel, we paraded, by a variety of fountains in full squirt, and though they certainly did their best, (for many were set going on purpose), I cannot say I greatly admired them.

"The ladies were very gaily attired, and the gentlemen, as smart as swords, bags, and pretty clothes could make them, looked exactly like the fine people one sees represented on Dresden porcelain. Thus we kept walking about the orangery till the carriage drew up and conveyed us to Mr. Trevor's. Immediately after supper, we drove once more out of town, to a garden and tea-room, where all degrees and ages dance jovially till morning. Whilst one party wheel briskly away in the waltz, another amuse themselves in a corner with cold meat and rhenish. That despatched, out they whisk amongst the dancers, with an impetuosity and liveliness I little expected to have found in Bavaria. After turning round and round, with a rapidity that is quite astounding to an English dancer, the music changes to a slower movement, and then follows a succession of zig-zag minuets, performed by old and young, straight and crooked, noble and plebeian, all at once, from one end of the room to the other. Tallow candles snuffing and stinking, dishes changing, at the risk of showering down upon you their savoury contents, heads scratching, and all sorts of performances going on at the same moment, the flutes, oboes, and bassoons snorting, grunting, and whining with peculiar emphasis: now fast, now slow, just as Variety commands, who seems to rule the ceremonial of this motley assembly, where every distinction of rank and privilege is totally forgotten. Once a week,—on Sundays, that is to say, the rooms are open, and Monday is generally far advanced before they are deserted. If good humour and coarse merri-

ment are all that people desire, here they are to be found in perfection." —pp. 64—67.

The author, it will be observed, is partial to high colouring. We remember that Mrs. Trollope, to whom we have already alluded, in her Belgian and German tour, was every now and then so over head and ears in admiration of churches, shrines and relics, as to be totally regardless of any more sacred principles than those recognised in the pursuit of an artist or antiquarian. But the present author says to his correspondent, "if you are as much tired with reading my voluminous descriptions, as I was with the continual repetition of altars and reliquaries, the Lord have mercy upon you!" a feeling fully as rational, in our estimation, as the other: and yet expressed, we have no doubt, to give a richer effect to his descriptions of such things. The following passages will show, that the author is not only studiously ornate, but not unwilling to recur to religious, or, if you choose, superstitious observances. He is now at a hamlet called Mittenwald, in the Tyrol.

"Our inn had long airy galleries, with pleasant balconies fronting the mountains; in one of these we dined upon trout, fresh from the rills, and cherries, just culled from the orchards that cover the slopes above. The clouds were dispersing, and the topmost peaks half visible, before we ended our repast, every moment discovering some inaccessible cliff or summit shining through the mists, and tinted by the sun with pale golden colours. These appearances filled me with such delight, and with such a train of romantic associations, that I left the table and ran to an open field beyond the huts and gardens, to gaze in solitude and catch the vision before it dissolved away. You, if any human being is able, may conceive true ideas of the glowing vapours sailing over the pointed rocks, and brightening them in their passage with amber light. When all was faded and lost in the blue ether, I had time to look around me and notice the mead on which I was standing. Here clover covered its surface; there, crops of grain; further on, beds of herbs and the sweetest flowers. An amphitheatre of hills and rocks, broken into a variety of glens and precipices, open a course for several clear rivulets, which, after gurgling amidst loose stones and fragments, fall down the steeps and are concealed and quieted in the herbage of the vale. A cottage or two peep out of the woods that hang over the water-falls; on the brow of the hills above appears a series of eleven little chapels, uniformly built. I followed the narrow path that leads to them, on the edge of the eminences, and met a troop of beautiful peasants, all of the name of Anna (for it was St. Anna's day), going to pay their devotions severally at these neat white fanes. There were faces that Guercino would not have disdained copying, with braids of hair the softest and most luxuriant I ever beheld. Some had wreathed it simply with flowers, others with rolls of thin linen (manufactured in the neighbourhood), and disposed it with a degree of elegance one should not have expected on the cliffs of the Tyrol.

"Being arrived, they knelt all together at the first chapel, on the steps, a minute or two, whispered a short prayer, and then dispersed each to her own fane. Every little building had now its fair worshipper, and

you may well conceive how much such figures scattered about the landscape increased its charms. Notwithstanding the fervour of adoration, (for at intervals they sighed, and beat their white bosoms with energy,) several bewitching profane glances were cast at me as I passed by. Do not be surprised, then, if I became a convert to idolatry in so amiable a form, and worshipped St. Anna on the score of her namesakes."—pp. 76—79.

But now for Italy, and on to Venice, the city of Gondolas, Galleries, Serenades, and Carnivals: we give two short extracts, descriptive of Venetian manners and character:—

"Many of the noble Venetians have a little suite of apartments in some out-of-the-way corner, near the grand piazza, of which their families are totally ignorant. To these they skulk in the dusk, and revel undisturbed with the companions of their pleasures. Jealousy itself cannot discover the alleys, the winding passages, the unsuspected doors, by which these retreats are accessible. Many an unhappy lover, whose mistress disappears on a sudden with some fortunate rival, has searched her haunts in vain. The gondoliers themselves, though the prime managers of *intrigue*, are often unacquainted with interior cabinets. When a gallant has a mind to pursue his adventures with mystery, he rows to the piazza, orders his bark to wait, meets his goddess in the crowd, and vanishes from all beholders. Surely, Venice is the city in the universe best calculated for giving scope to the observations of a devil on two sticks. What a variety of lurking-places would one stroke of his crutch uncover!"—p. 118.

"I wonder a lively people can endure such monotony, for I have been told the Venetians are remarkably spirited, and so eager in the pursuit of amusement as hardly to allow themselves any sleep. Some, for instance, after declaiming in the Senate, walking an hour in the square, fidgetting about from one casino to another till morning dawns, will get into a gondola, row across the Lagunes, take post to Mestre or Pusina, and jumble over craggy pavements to Treviso, breakfast in haste, and rattle back again as if the devil was charioteer: by eleven the party is restored to Venice, resumes robe and perriwig, and goes to counsel.

"This may be very true, and yet I will never cite the Venetians as examples of vivacity. Their nerves unstrung by early debaucheries, allow no natural flow of lively spirits, and at best but a few moments of a false and feverish activity. The approaches of sleep, forced back by an immoderate use of coffee, render them weak and listless, and the facility of being wafted from place to place in a gondola, adds not a little to their indolence. In short, I can scarcely regard their Eastern neighbours in a more lazy light, who, thanks to their opium and their harems, pass their lives in one perpetual doze."—pp. 121, 122.

Every page of the chapters on Venice abounds with delightful reading, and, did our limits permit, would afford matter for a distinct extract. The only fault we find in it is, that every here and there the author thinks it necessary to tell us of his abstractions and reveries, as if we were to suppose he was habitually soaring in imagination far above the grossnesses and common places on earth; whilst, after all, his real merit consists in being a close and accurate

observer, though, no doubt, a describer too ambitious of effect and point. Let us prove from his own lips our averment:—

“ The splendour of the rising sun for once in my life drew little of my attention. I was too deeply plunged in my reveries to notice the landscape which lay before me, and the walls of Padua presented themselves sometime ere I was aware. At any another moment how sensibly should I have been affected with their appearance ! How many ideas of Antenor and his Trojans would have thronged into my memory ! but now I regarded the scene with indifference, and passed many a palace and many a woody garden, with my eyes rivetted to the ground. The first object that appeared upon lifting them up was a confused pile of spires and cupolas dedicated to blessed Saint Anthony, one of whose most eloquent sermons the great Addison has translated *con amore*, and in his very best manner. You are too well apprised of the veneration I have always entertained for this inspired preacher to doubt that I immediately repaired to his shrine. Mine was a disturbed spirit, and required all the balm of Saint Anthony’s kindness to appease it.”—pp. 149, 150.

Now, there is a deal of *stuff* in this, which we could only excuse by supposing the writer fresh from college ; but this is a most unnecessary defence, when we consider the real knowledge that distinguishes every chapter of the work. The author was at Padua, when this alarming reverie held him. He is at the same place master of a sturdier style of sentiment:—

“ Immediately after breakfast we went to St. Justina’s. Both extremities of the cross aisles are terminated by altar tombs of very remote antiquity, adorned with uncouth sculptures of the evangelists, supported by wreathed columns of alabaster, round which, to my no small astonishment, four or five gawky fellows were waddling on their knees, persuaded, it seems, that this strange devotion would cure the rheumatism, or any other aches with which they were afflicted. You can have no conception of the ridiculous attitudes into which they threw themselves : nor the difficulty with which they squeezed along between the middle columns of the tomb and those which surround it. No criminal in the pillory ever exhibited a more rueful appearance, no swine ever scrubbed itself more fervently, than those infatuated lubbers.”—pp. 153, 154.

We go forward to Florence, where he visits and worships the Venus de Medicis, only [deforming the detail with too much of himself. He rushes on to the famous gallery, determined to find the goddess, and resolved or rather prepared to be pleased even to wonderment. We have only here to remark, that though we are not highly skilled in the liberal arts, and never were at Florence, it is an idea countenanced by the authority of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that Fame often bespeaks all the taste as well as admiration that is lavished upon particular pictures or statues. A good deal of the author’s flourish we take it is attributable to this principle, both at Florence and elsewhere. At the same time, the Venus de Medicis, we are thoroughly persuaded, would command the gaze and the marvel of a coal-heaver, though he had never heard either of

the goddess or her representation. We cannot afford room for an extract till we come to Rome, and therefore we pass over Pisa, Leghorn, and Sienna without a notice. We transcribe the first paragraphs relating to the queen of cities :—

“ Rome, October 29th, 1780.

“ We set out in the dark. Morning dawned over the Lago di Vico; its waters of a deep ultramarine blue, and its surrounding forests catching the rays of the rising sun. It was in vain I looked for the cupola of St. Peter's upon descending the mountains beyond Viterba. Nothing but a sea of vapours was visible.

“ At length they rolled away, and the spacious plains began to show themselves, in which the most warlike of nations reared their seat of empire. On the left, afar off, rises the rugged chain of the Apennines, and, on the other sides, a shining expanse of ocean terminates the view. It was upon this vast surface so many illustrious actions were performed, and I know not where a mighty people could have chosen a grander theatre. Here was space for the march of armies, and verge enough for encampment; level for martial games, and room for that variety of roads and causeways that lead from the capital to Ostia. How many triumphant legions have trodden these pavements! how many captive kings! What throngs of cars and chariots once glittered on their surface! savage animals dragged from the interior of Africa: and the ambassadors of Indian princes, followed by their exotic train, hastening to implore the favour of the senate. During many ages, this eminence commanded every day such illustrious scenes; but all are vanished; the splendid tumult is passed away: silence and desolation remain. Dreary flats thinly scattered over with ilex, and barren hillocks crowded by solitary towers, were the only objects we perceived for several miles. Now and then we passed a few black ill-favoured sheep, straggling by the way's side, near a ruined sepulchre, just such animals as an ancient would have sacrificed to the manes. Sometimes we crossed a brook, whose ripplings were the only sounds which broke the general stillness, and observed the shepherds' huts on its banks, propped up with broken pedestals and marble friezes. I entered one of them, whose owner was abroad tending his herds, and began writing upon the sand and murmuring a melancholy song. Perhaps the dead listened to me from their narrow cells. The living I can answer for; they were far enough removed.

“ ‘ When you gain the summit of yonder hill, you will discover Rome,’ said one of the postillions: up we dragged: no city appeared.

“ ‘ From the next,’ cried out a second; and so on from height to height did they amuse my expectations. I thought Rome fled before us, such was my impatience, till at last we perceived a cluster of hills with green pastures on their summits, inclosed by thickets and shaded by flourishing ilex. Here and there a white house built in the antique style, with open porticoes, that received a faint gleam of the evening sun, just emerged from the clouds and tinting the meads below. Now domes and towers began to discover themselves in the valley, and St. Peter's to rise above the magnificent roofs of the Vatican. Every step we advanced the scene extended: ‘ till winding suddenly round the hill, all Rome opened to our view.’ ”—pp. 230—234.

The author tells us that St. Peter's appeared so fresh in its preservation, as to suggest the idea of having been erected within

the same year. And, after too much about his sensations and ecstasies, we have the following happily expressed passage, which, whatever be the name he chooses to affix to the person with whom he corresponded, we believe and hope was addressed to his *loved one* at home:

October 30th, 1834.

“Immediately after breakfast I repaired again to St. Peter’s, which even exceeded the height of my expectations. I could hardly quit it. I wish his Holiness would allow me to erect a little tabernacle within this glorious temple. I should desire no other prospect during the winter: no other sky than the vast arches glowing with golden ornaments, so lofty as to lose all glitter or gaudiness. But I cannot say I should be perfectly contented, unless I could obtain another tabernacle for you. Thus established, we would take our evening on the field of marble; for is not the pavement vast enough for the extravagance of the appellation? Sometimes instead of climbing a mountain, we should ascend the cupola, and look down on our little encampment below. At night I should wish for a constellation of lamps dispersed about in clusters, and so contrived as to diffuse a mild and equal light. Music should not be wanting: at one time to breathe in the subterraneous chapels, at another to echo through the dome. The doors should be closed, and not a mortal admitted. No priests, no cardinals, God forbid! We would have all the space to ourselves, and to beings of our own visionary persuasion.”—pp. 236, 237.

The author describes his entrance into Naples to have been amid the torrents and howlings of a great storm; and all night the waves roaring round the rocky foundations of a fortress beneath the windows of the inn where he took up his habitation, and the lightning playing clear in his eyes.

But the second volume has yet to be opened, and we have not reached the end of the first, the tenth of a tithe of which has not been even adverted to.

There are a great many pages devoted to the Grande Chartreux to a delineation of the woods clouded with darkness, the torrents rushing with violence down to the gloomiest caverns, and to the wild grandeur of a scene hung midway between the base and the summit of the most fearful cliffs connected with that august spot. But of such grandeur we despair of giving any thing like an adequate idea, by any extracts we can introduce; and therefore we pass forward to more intelligible and important matter—we mean the morality of Genevese society. The author is describing himself as just having arrived under the walls at night, a little before ten o’clock, when he knew the gates had to be opened for the convenience of those returning from the *Comedie*. He goes on to say—

“The *Comedie* is become of wonderful importance; but a few years ago the very name of a play was held in such abhorrence by the spiritual consistency of Geneva and its obsequious servants, which then included the best part of the republic, that the partakers and the abettors of such diver-

sions were esteemed on the high road to eternal perdition. Though God knows, I am unconcious of any extreme partiality for Calvin, I cannot help thinking his severe discipline is wisely adapted to the moral constitution of this starch bit of republic which he took to his grim embraces. But these days of rigidity and plainness are completely gone by; the soft spirit of toleration, so eloquently insinuated by Voltaire, has removed all thorny fences, familiarized his numerous admirers with every innovation, and laughed the scrupulous of every nation to scorn. Voltaire, indeed, may justly be styled the architect of that gay well-ornamented bridge, by which free-thinking and immorality have been smuggled into the republic under the mask of philosophy and liberality and sentiment. These monsters, like the Sin and Death of Milton, have made speedy and irreparable havoc. To facilitate their operations rose the genius of 'Rentes Viagères' at his bidding, tawdry villas with their little pert groves of poplar and horse-chesnut start-up—his power enables Madame C. D., the bookseller's lady, to amuse the D. of G. with assemblies, set Parisian cabriolets and English phaetons rolling from one fair's table to another, and launches innumerable pleasure parties with banners and pop-guns on the lake, drumming and trumpeting away their time from morn till evening. I recollect, not many years past, how seldom the echoes of the mountains were profaned by such noises, and how rarely the drones of Geneva, if any there were in that once industrious city, had opportunities of displaying their idleness; but now dissipation reigns triumphant, and, to pay the tribute she exacts, every fool runs headlong to throw his scrapings into the voracious whirlpool of annuities; little caring, provided he feeds high and lolls in his carriage, what becomes of his posterity. I had ample time to make these reflections, as the *Comedie* lasted longer than usual.—pp. 368—370.

On entering upon the second volume of Mr. Beckford's work, we have a few observations to offer, which we purposely abstained from at the commencement of this article. We thought it proper to let our readers have a taste of the exquisite fare provided for them, that they might the more heartily go along with us now. For it is no every day occurrence to find such a production, whether we regard it upon its own intrinsic merits, or in connexion with various associated facts. Mr. Beckford's *Vathek* appeared above fifty years ago, which obtained for him a high name; and these travels are about as old; yet till now they have lain dormant, nor has the author, so far as we know, been heard of, through any intervening production, during these long fifty years. He still lives however to listen to the voice of fame, which within these few late weeks has been loud and continual in his favour. These are remarkable circumstances of themselves. It would appear, however, that for years past there has been a whisper among the literary circles, that Byron and other illustrious writers had pilfered largely from Mr. Beckford's travels without acknowledgment, the work, either from an impression privately distributed to a few friends, or otherwise shewn, having been the victim of the great dons of modern poetry; and the surmise receives strong support from Mr. Beckford's modest and polite preface. But our taste neither

relishes scandal nor rancour; and we proceed to notice one great charm that surrounds the work, which owes none of its strength to surmises or individual unfairness; we allude to the wondrous change the numerous revolutions that have marked the face, it may almost literally be said, of the countries he travelled, within these fifty years. Think of what has befallen Italy, and still more of the history of Portugal and Spain, since the years 1780 and 1785! It is one of the strongest and most affecting circumstances to be presented with a book published but yesterday, that yet was written by a living author, and describes scenes and events witnessed ere the present order or disorder of things was dreamt of—even before Buonaparte, who made some of the countries described, the field of his renown and also discomfitures, was heard of.

But after all, it is the talent, the intrinsic merit, of these volumes that we are chiefly concerned with, and by which they will continue to be known. The author was of course, from what is stated, at the time they were written young and enthusiastic; he was highly educated and accomplished as they show; and, it may be added, he was deeply skilled in the ways of the world, which must have been owing to his quick and accurate discernment, rather than the length of his experience. The lands he travelled were exactly suited to his classic and ideal fancy; and, besides all this, he had the command of fortune, influence, and every tasteful luxury that can be imagined to facilitate his view: with their powers and advantages, he made what may be truly called a poetic tour; sketching characters and scenes as the impulse of the moment prompted; sometimes disposing of a people and a city in one sentence, an anecdote or a sarcasm; at other times, as at Venice for instance, lavishing the riches of his imagination, and ever with a reckless and masterly profusion.

We have no wish to recur and dwell upon the tiresome and ineffective manner in which he often tells us of his enthusiasm. We shall only repeat, that, to us, it is a blemish in these delectable volumes; and a practice very youthful—quite unlike the energy and scornful manliness, as well as graceful tact, that generally distinguish him. We much rather hasten back to the work itself, more especially, as we like the second better than the first volume; not that there is more genius displayed, but because instead of things we have men, as the principal theme; instead of still, we have animated and active life.

Mr. Beckford is detained by contrary winds in Cornwall; and our readers may not dislike to hear what he has to say of some things at home, before crossing to Portugal. Here is description for you. The town spoken of is Falmouth.

“Just out of the town, in a sheltered recess of the bay, lies a grove of tall elms, forming several avenues carpeted with turf. In the central point rises a stone pyramid about thirty feet high, well designed and constructed, but quite plain, without any inscription; between the stems of

the trees one discovers a low white house, built in and out in a very capricious manner, with oriel windows and porches, shaded by bushes of prosperous bay. Several rose-coloured cabbages, with leaves as crisped and curled as those of the acanthus, decorate a little grass plat, neatly swept before the door. Over the roof of this snug habitation I spied the skeleton of a gothic mansion, so completely robed with thick ivy, as to appear like one of those castles of clipped box I have often seen in a Dutch garden.

"Yesterday evening, the winds being still and the sun gleaming warm for a moment or two, I visited this spot to examine the ruin, hear birds chirp, and scent wall-flowers.

"Two young girls, beautifully shaped, and dressed with a sort of romantic provincial elegance, were walking up and down the grove by the pyramid. There was something so lovelorn in their gestures, that I have no doubt they were sighing out their souls to each other. As a decided amateur of this sort of *confidential promenade*, I would have given my ears to have heard their *confessions*."—pp. 6, 7.

The next mornings occupation affords another specimen:—

"Scott came this morning and took me to see the consolidated mines in the parish of Gwynnay; they are situated in a bleak desert, rendered still more doleful by the unhealthy appearance of its inhabitants. At every step one stumbles upon ladders that lead into utter darkness, or funnels that exhale warm copperous vapours. All around these openings the ore is piled up in heaps waiting for purchasers. I saw it drawn reeking out of the mine by the help of a machine called a whim, put in motion by mules, which in their turn are stimulated by impish children hanging over the poor brutes, and flogging them round without respite. This dismal scene of *whims*, suffering mules, and hillocks of cinders, extends for miles. Huge iron engines creaking and groaning, invented by Watt, and tall chimneys smoking and flaming, that seem to belong to old Nicholas's abode, diversify the prospect.

"Two strange-looking Cornish beings, dressed in ghostly white, conducted me about, and very kindly proposed a descent into the bowels of the earth, but I declined initiation. These mystagogues occupy a tolerable house, with four sash windows, where the inspectors of the mine hold their meetings, and regale upon beef, pudding, and brandy."—pp. 8, 9.

We must not at the very outset of the volume however be too lavish with our extracts; for, truly, were every particularly fine paragraph to be quoted, more than half the work would figure in our pages. His description of the Cornish miners is singularly graphic. Notwithstanding their pale looks, he tells us that they are far from being poor or unhealthy; that "their wives, dressed out in tawdry silks, oft flaunt away in alehouses between rows of obedient, fiddlers". But this was in the year 1789; since that time we believe great changes have come over this class of labourers—and now for his first notice of Lisbon, which is capital:—

"Lisbon is the place in the world best calculated to make one cry out

'Hide me from thy day's garish eye;'

but where to hide is not so easy. Here are no thickets of pine as in the classic Italian villas, none of those quivering poplars and leafy chesnuts which cover the plains of Lombardy. The groves in the immediate environs of this capital are composed of—with alas! but few exceptions—dwarfish orange-trees and cinder-coloured olives. Under their branches repose neither shepherds nor shepherdesses, but whitening, bones, scraps of leather, broken pantiles, and passengers not unfrequently attended by monkeys, who, I have been told, are let out for the purpose of picking up a livelihood. Those who cannot afford this apish luxury have their bushy poles untenanted by affectionate relations, for yesterday just under my window I saw two blessed babies rendering this good office to their aged parent.

“I had determined not to have stirred beyond the shade of my awning; however, towards eve, the extreme fervour of the sun being a little abated, Old Horne (who has yet a colt’s tooth) prevailed upon me to walk in the Botanic Gardens, where not unfrequently are to be found certain youthful animals of the female gender, called *Açafatas* in Portuguese; a species between a bedchamber woman and a maid of honour. The Queen has kindly taken the ugliest with her to the Caldas: those who remain have large black eyes sparkling with the true spirit of adventure, an exuberant flow of dark hair, and pouting lips of the colour and size of full-blown roses.

“All this, you will tell me, does not compose a perfect beauty. I never meant to convey such a notion: I only wish you to understand that the nymphs we have just quitted are the flowers of the Queen’s flock, and that she has, at least, four or five dozen more in attendance upon her sacred person, with larger mouths, smaller eyes, and swarthier complexions.”—pp. 29—31.

The contrast between the present distracted and declined state of Portugal, and of the courtly times the author describes, is remarkable. He was invited to the royal convent of the *Necessidades*, to see the ceremony of consecrating a bishop, where there was a mighty glitter of crosses, censers, mitres and crosiers continually in motion, as several bishops assisted in all their pomp. The floor being covered with rich Persian carpets and velvet cushions, “it was pretty good kneeling.” There was a crowd of *grandees* present in shining raiment, who put on most woeful contrite countenances, “and thumped their breast, seeming to think themselves, as most of them are, miserable sinners.” He soon after goes to the *Mari-alva*-place to pay the grand prior a visit, who seemed to have a decided taste for clocks, compasses and time-pieces. Here he meets the Count of V——, Viceroy of Algarve, who, though straddling and making wry faces, was in a most gracious mood. The conversation “was limpingly carried on in a great variety of broken languages; Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, French and English had each their turn in rapid succession. The subject of all this poly-glottery was the glories and piety of John the Fifth, regret for the extinction of the Jesuits, and the reverse for the death of Pombal.” We must not garble the witchery of delineation that follows:—

* To escape the long-winded narrations which were pouring warm

into my ear, I took refuge near a harpsichord, where Policarpio, one of the first tenors in the queen's chapel was singing and accompanying himself. The curtains of the door of an adjoining dark apartment being half drawn, gave me a transient glimpse of Donna Henriqueta de L——, Don Pedro's sister, advancing one moment and retiring the next, eager to approach and examine us exotic beings, but not venturing to enter the saloon during her mother's absence. She appeared to me a most interesting girl, with eyes full of bewitching langour;—but of what do I talk, I only saw her pale and evanescent, as one fancies one sees objects in a dream. A group of lovely children (her sisters, I believe) sat at her feet upon the ground, resembling genii partially concealed by folds of drapery in some grand allegorical picture by Rubens or Paul Veronese.

“Night approaching, lights glimmered on the turrets, terraces, and every part of the strange huddle of buildings of which this morisco-looking palace is composed; half the family were engaged in reciting the litanies of saints, the other in freaks and frolics, perhaps of no very edifying nature: the monotonous staccato of the guitar, accompanied by the low soothing murmur of female voices singing *modinhas*, formed altogether a strange though not unpleasant combination of sounds.”—pp. 39, 40.

We have next some splendid paragraphs devoted to the old Marquis of M——, the patriarch of the Marialvas, with whom Mr. Beckford partook of a collation. Not less than fifty servants were in waiting—wax torches and tapers, intermingled with silver brasiers and cassolettes, adding to the charm of the scene:—

“I found the master of all this magnificence most courteous, affable, and engaging. There is an urbanity and good-humour in his looks, gestures, and tone of voice that prepossesses instantaneously in his favour, and justifies the universal popularity he enjoys, and the affectionate name of father, by which the queen and royal family often address him. All the favours of the crown have been heaped upon him by the present and preceding sovereigns, a tide of prosperity uninterrupted even during the grand vizariat of Pombal. ‘Act as you judge wisest with the rest of my nobility,’ used to say the King Don Joseph to this redoubted minister; ‘but beware how you interfere with the Marquis of Marialva.’

“In consequence of this decided predilection, the Marialva Palace became in many cases a sort of rallying point, an asylum for the oppressed; and its master, in more than one instance, a shield against the thunderbolts of a too powerful minister. The recollections of these times seem still to be kept alive; for the heart-felt respect, the filial adoration, I saw paid the old Marquis, was indeed most remarkable; his slightest glances were obeyed, and the person on whom they fell seemed gratified and animated; his sons, the Marquis of Tancos and Don José de Meneses, never approached to offer him anything without bending the knee; and the Condé de Villaverde, the heir of the great house of Anjeja, as well as the Viceroy of Algarve, stood in the circle which was formed around him, receiving a kind or gracious word with the same thankful earnestness as courtiers who hang upon the smiles and favour of their sovereign. I shall long remember the grateful sensations with which this scene of reciprocal kindness filled me; it appeared an interchange of amiable sentiments; beneficence diffused without guile or affectation, and protection received without sullen or abject servility.

"How preferable is patriarchal government of this nature to the cold theories pedantic sophists would establish, and which, should success attend their selfish atheistical ravings, bid fair to undermine the best and surest props of society. When parents cease to be honoured by their children, and the feelings of grateful subordination in those of helpless age or condition are unknown, kings will soon cease to reign, and republics to be governed by experience; anarchy, rapine, and massacre will walk the earth, and the abode of dæmons be transformed from hell to our unfortunate planet."—pp. 44—46.

We every where meet and admire the finest display of polished language, shewing how perfectly natural it is to the author, and no doubt but a sample of his daily and habitual phraseology. He must in truth have been, even when young, an ornament to the aristocracy. It will be long before radicalism render us any substitute that practically will be found of equal value to such an ornament; not to speak of the grander matters of life and experience. But the scenes he describes were under the reign of Donna Maria the First, of mild and beneficent memory;—there have been other things since that day enacted and displayed in Lisbon. Time will prove how another Donna Maria will be spoken of by strangers and travellers.

Here is a dinner, and a personage or two hit off in a few lines to perfection. Seldom does a five act drama draw the portraits of its characters half so well.

"To-day we were engaged to dine in the country at a villa belonging to a gentleman, whose volley of names, when pronounced with the true Portuguese twang, sounds like an expectoration—José Street-Arriaga-Brum da Silveira. Our hospitable host is of Irish extraction, boasts a stature of six feet, proportionable breadth, a ruddy countenance, herculean legs, and all the exterior attributes, at least, of that enterprising race who often have the luck of marrying great fortunes. About a year or two ago he bore off a wealthy Brazilian heiress, and is now master of a large estate and a fubsical, squat wife, with a head not unlike that of Holofernes in old tapestry, and shoulders that act the part of a platter with rather too much exactitude. Poor soul! to be sure, she is neither a Venus nor a Hebe, has a rough lip, and a manly voice, and I fear is somewhat inclined to be dropsical; but her smiles are frequent and fondling, and she cleaves to her husband with great perseverance.

"He is an odd character, will accept of no employment, civil or military, and affects a bullying frankness, that I should think must displease very much in this country, where independence either in fortune or sentiment is a crime seldom if ever tolerated.

"Mr. S—— likes a display, and the repast he gave us was magnificent; sixty dishes at least, eight smoking roasts, and every ragout, French, English and Portuguese, that could be thought of. The dessert appeared like the model of a fortification. The principal cake-tower measured, I dare say, three feet perpendicular in height. The company was not equal either in number or consequence to the splendour of the entertainment."—pp. 51, 52.

We have many admirable sketches of priestly character and bigotted people, as sarcastic as they are striking. Behold a dignitary of the church:—

“The Archbishop Confessor displayed his goodly person at one of the balconies; from a clown, this now most important personage became a common soldier, from a common soldier a corporal, from a corporal a monk, in which station he gave so many proofs of toleration and good-humour, that Pombal, who happened to stumble upon him by one of those chances which set all calculation at defiance, judged him sufficiently shrewd, jovial, and ignorant, to make a very harmless and comfortable confessor to her majesty, then princess of Brazil: since her accession to the throne, he is become ~~archbishop~~, *in partibus*, grand inquisitor, and the first spring in the present government of Portugal. I never saw a sturdier fellow. He seems to anoint himself with the oil of gladness, to laugh and grow fat in spite of the critical situation of affairs in this kingdom, and the just fears all its true patriots entertain of seeing it once more relapse into a Spanish province.”—pp. 72, 73.

These volumes are nothing less than poetry in prose. After one short extract or two more, we must no longer remain in Lisbon, although about half through his description of the city. The music he is speaking of is Brazilian Modinas:—

“Those who have never heard this original sort of music, must and will remain ignorant of the most bewitching melodies that ever existed since the days of the Sybarites. They consist of languid interrupted measures, as if the breadth was gone with excess of rapture, and the soul panting to meet the kindred soul of some beloved object. With a childish carelessness they steal into the heart, before it has time to arm itself against their enervating influence; you fancy you are swallowing milk, and are admitting the poison of voluptuousness into the closest recesses of your existence. At least, such beings as feel the power of harmonious sounds are doing so; I won’t answer for hard-eared, phlegmatic northern animals.”—p. 74.

The account of a cheerful funeral at Cintra must not be passed over. The deceased was an old Englishwoman, who had been converted from the protestant heresy, and great were the rejoicings on the occasion:—

“There was such a bustle in the interior apartment, where the wretched corpse was deposited, such a chaunting and praying, for not a tongue was idle, that my head swam round, and I took refuge by the grand prior. He by no means relished the party, and kept shrugging up his shoulders, and saying that it was very edifying—very edifying indeed, and that Acciaoli had been extremely alert, and deserved great commendation, but that so much fuss might as well have been spared.

By some hints that dropped, I won’t say from whom, I discovered the innocent now on the high road to eternal felicity by no means to have suffered the cup of joy to pass by untasted in this existence, and to have lived many years on a very easy footing, not only with a stout English bachelor, but with several others, married and unmarried, of his particular acquaintance. However, she had taken a sudden tack upon finding

himself driven apace down the tide of a rapid consumption, and had been fairly towed into port by the joint efforts of the Irish hostess and the monsignori Mascarenhas and Acciaoli.

“ ‘Thrice happy Englishwoman,’ exclaimed M—a, ‘what luck is thine! In the next world immediate admission to Paradise, and in this thy body will have the proud distinction of being borne to the grave by men of the highest rank. Was there ever such felicity?’—pp. 151—153.

Mr. Beckford’s eminent station in society, wealth and talents obtained for him admission and even admiration among the higher orders of the nobility and churchmen; and he deals with them as freely, and sketches off their manners as easily, as any familiar acquaintanceship could enable a portrait painter to do. One truth is clear from the whole of his delineations, that, whatever be the grade of society whose principles and feelings are depicted, the same features; the same virtues, vices and failings are seen uniformly to prevail—the field of display only being of a different character. Of the Grandees of Portugal, as described by the author, a rather good impression is conveyed: bigotry and priestcraft colouring and controlling every other exhibition of their common nature. Immediately before Mr. Beckford left Lisbon and Portugal, which he did with regret and with the kindest feelings, he was present at the performance of the dead mass at the church of Martyrs. The grandeur of the exhibition could not surpass the felicity of his description of it.

“ I went to the church of the Martyrs to hear the matins of Perez and the dead mass of Jomelli performed by all the principal musicians of the royal chapel for the repose of the souls of their deceased predecessors. Such august, such affecting music I never heard, and perhaps may never hear again; for the flame of devout enthusiasm burns dim in almost every part of Europe, and threatens total extinction in a very few years. As yet it glows at Lisbon, and produced this day the most striking musical effect.

“ Every individual present seemed penetrated with the spirit of those awful words which Perez and Jomelli have set with tremendous sublimity. Not only the music, but the serious demeanour of the performers, of the officiating priests, and indeed of the whole congregation, was calculated to impress a solemn, pious terror of the world beyond the grave. The splendid decoration of the church was changed into mourning, the tribunes hung with black, and a veil of gold and purple thrown over the high altar. In the midst of the choir stood a catafalque surrounded with tapers in lofty candelabra, a row of priests motionless on each side. There was an awful silence for several minutes, and then began the solemn service of the dead. The singers turned pale as they sang, ‘*Timor mortis me conturbat.*’

“ After the requiem, the high mass of Jomelli, in commemoration of the deceased, was performed; that famous composition which begins with a movement imitative of the tolling of bells,

‘Swinging slow with sullen roar.’

These deep, majestic sounds, mingled with others like the cries for mercy of unhappy beings, around whom the shadows of death and the pains of

bell were gathering, shook every nerve in my frame, and called up in my recollection so many affecting images, that I could not refrain from tears.

"I scarcely knew how I was conveyed to the palace, where Marialva expected my coming with the utmost impatience. Our conversation took a most serious turn. He entreated me not to forget Portugal, to meditate upon the awful service I had been hearing, and to remember he should not die in peace unless I was present to close his eyes."—pp. 253—255.

But we must part with Mr. Beckford at Madrid, and leave him in the Escorial, a suitable part to take a farewell of these fine brilliant and imaginative volumes. We string part of two chapters together.

"The Escorial, though overhung by melancholy mountains, is placed itself on a very considerable eminence, up which we were full half an hour toiling, the late rains having washed this part of the road into utter confusion. There is something most severely impressive in the façade of this regal convent, which, like the palace of Persepolis, is overshadowed by the adjoining mountain; nor did I pass through a vaulted cloister into the court before the church, solid as if hewn out of a rock, without experiencing a sort of shudder, to which no doubt the vivid recollection of the black and blood-stained days of our gloomy queen Mary's husband not slightly contributed. The sun being again overcast, the porches of the church surmounted by grim statues, appeared so dark and cavern-like, that I thought myself about to enter a subterraneous temple set apart for the service of some mysterious and terrible religion. And when I saw the high altar, in all its pomp of jasper steps, ranks of columns one above the other, and paintings filling up every interstice, full before me, I felt completely awed."

"The prior, who is not easily pleased, seemed to have suspicions that the seriousness of my demeanour was not entirely orthodox; I overheard him saying to Roxas, 'shall I shew him the Angel's feather? you know we do not display this our most-valued, incomparable relic to every body, nor unless upon special occasions.—' The occasion is sufficiently special,' answered my partial friend: 'the letters I brought to you are your warrant, and I beseech your reverence to let us look at this gift of heaven, which I am extremely anxious myself to adore and venerate.'

"Forth stalked the prior, and drawing out from a remarkably large cabinet, an equally capacious sliding shelf—the source, I conjecture, of the potent odour I complained of—displayed, lying stretched out upon a quilted silken mattress, the most glorious specimen of plumage ever beheld in terrestrial regions—a feather from the wing of the Archangel Gabriel, full three feet long, and of a blushing hue more soft and delicate than that of the loveliest rose. I longed to ask at what precise moment this treasure had been dropped—whether from the air—on the open ground, or within the walls of the humble tenement at Nazareth; but I repressed all questions of an indiscreet tendency—the why and wherefore, the when and how, for what and to whom such a palpable manifestation of archangelic beauty and wingedness had been vouchsafed.

"He led the way through a labyrinth of cloisters, gloomy as the grave; till ordering a grated door to be thrown open, the light of our flambeaux fell upon a flight of most beautiful marble steps, polished as a mirror, leading down between walls of the rarest jaspers to a portal of no great

size, but enriched with balusters of rich bronze, sculptured architraves, and tablets of inscriptions, in a style of the greatest magnificence.

“As I descended the steps, a gurgling sound, like that of a rivulet, caught my ear. ‘What means this?’ said I. ‘It means,’ answered the monk, ‘that the sepulchral cave on the left of the stairs, where repose the bodies of many of our queens and infantas, is properly ventilated, running water being excellent for that purpose.’ I went on, not lulled by these rippling murmurs, but chilled when I reflected through what precincts flows this river of death.

“Arrived at the bottom of the stairs, we passed through the portal just mentioned, and entered a circular saloon, not more than five-and-thirty feet in diameter, characterized by extreme elegance, not stern solemnity. The regal sarcophagi, rich in golden ornaments, ranged one above the other, forming panels of the most decorative kind; the lustre of exquisitely sculptured bronze, the pavement of mottled alabaster; in short, this graceful tomb, covered with scrolls of the most delicate foliage, appeared to the eye of my imagination more like a subterraneous boudoir, prepared by some gallant young magician for the reception of an enchanted and enchanting princess, than a temple consecrated to the king of terrors.”—pp. 316—327.

ART. IV.—*Discoveries in Asia Minor, including a Description of the Ruins of several ancient Cities.* By the Rev. F. V. J. ARUNDELL. 2 Vols. 8vo. London; Bentley. 1834.

IF Mr. Arundell has been tempted, by the success and popularity which has lately attended the publication of several of the numerous travels into the eastern parts of the world, with which Europeans have hitherto been very imperfectly acquainted, he has presumed too much upon his own exertions and the good nature of the reading public. We must say, the work before us is very unsatisfactory. The *discoveries* he makes are meagre; the manner in which he proceeded to work, imperfect and injudicious; and the time he took in performing the duty he allotted himself, quite inadequate. That he has added to our geographical knowledge considerably cannot be denied. The discovery of the precise site of Antioch of Pisidia is an important particular, not merely on account of the eminent character it had in ancient times, but as a key to the geography and topography of the adjacent countries. But this, and all else that he has done, is quite disproportioned to what one would desire to find in such a field of ancient renown as Lesser Asia; and, we must add, to the size of the goodly volumes, that announce themselves as containing *discoveries*.

The manner of his procedure, and the taste displayed in narrating it, are not much better. In our perusal of the work, we have more than once put the question to ourselves what would Lieutenant Burnes, whose travels into Bokhara we had not long ago occasion to read, have done in such a prolific territory as Lesser Asia. That manly, judicious, and enterprising gentleman would have kept up, and in a great measure satisfied, the earnest and solemn

longings of the heart, regarding the land and the cities which the persecuted and mighty St. Paul has consecrated with an unparalleled interest, instead of blunting our eagerness, and quenching our religious enthusiasm, as the work before us, has in some measure done. But we must come to the immediate duty imposed upon us, and give our readers as deep an insight as our limits will permit, respecting Mr. Arundell's discoveries, which we will attempt to do, by accompanying him on his way.

In October 1833, the author, along with Mr. Dethier, the accredited agent of the Belgian government, left Smyrna with some other attendants, and proceeded by Nymphi and Cassaba to Sardis. Between the two last named towns, a spectacle presented itself, which the author tells us is frequently to be seen since the destruction of the Janissaries and the establishment of regular troops. This was a number of lads, few of them above fifteen years of age, who were tied together with strong ropes, like a caravan of camels guarded by Turks. The boys did not seem reluctant; but one poor woman followed them, evidently the mother of one of them, in all the agony of despair. "But where is the difference, says our author, between those recruits and the conscripts of civilized France, or the victims of a pressgang in enlightened and religious England?" For some distance after this, they encountered nothing "more remarkable than several caravans of camels, having a horse for their leader, instead of their usual *conducteur*, an ass! And this on the very plains where Cyrus owed his victory over Croesus, chiefly to the horror which the horses of that day had for the gentleman of the hunch-back." Upon this last sentence, we have only to remark, that such is the sort of witticism the reverend gentleman is much in the habit of using in the course of these volumes. Whether the display, be natural light, and pungent, or forced and unbecoming, is left to our readers. The author, however, who seems to be an amiable religious man, though too frequently sickly in taste, as he is (and we are sorry to learn it) in body, is brought into our favour by the following passages, and indeed throughout the work, by similar proofs of zeal and seriousness :—

"A much more interesting object was now the Acropolis of Sardis rising before us, and presenting a striking resemblance to the mountain above the town of Zante, and the soft sand-stone rock distorted and rent in the same extraordinary manner, and perhaps by the same agency, of earthquakes.

"With our eyes fixed on this crumbling monument of the grandeur and nothingness of man, and looking in vain for the city, whose multitudes lie under the countless sepulchral hillocks on the other side of the Hermus, we arrived at what was once the metropolis of Lydia.

"If I should be asked what impresses the mind most strongly, on beholding Sardis, I should say, its indescribable *solitude*, like the darkness in Egypt, darkness that could be *felt*. So the deep *solitude* of the spot, once the '*lady of kingdoms*,' produces a corresponding feeling of *desolate abandonment* in the mind, which can never be forgotten.

“Connect this feeling with the message of Apocalypse the church of Sardis :—‘Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art *dead*; I will come on thee as a thief; and thou shalt not know at what hour I will come upon thee;’—and then look round and ask, where are the churches, where are the Christians of Sardis? The tumuli beyond the Hermus reply, “*All dead!*” suffering the infliction of the threatened judgment of God for the abuse of their privileges. Let the unbeliever then be asked, is there no truth in prophecy? no reality in religion?”—pp. 27, 28.

The travellers arrive at Koola, after passing, in their approach to the town, through the midst of lava, the ground being covered with small volcanic stones. Koola contains about fifteen hundred houses, one-tenth of which are Greek. It is supposed by Colonel Leake to stand on the site of the ancient Mæonia, though this is at variance with Pliny’s account. The women of this town are described as very beautiful. The ridges of lava are numerous all around, and the road, which passes through the once melted and burning stones, rough, and frequently steep. They ascend what he is assured was the Acropolis of the town of Tabala, but found nothing more indicative of what such a city had been than fragments of walls, cisterns, and houses. The country increased every step, they now took, in interest for the geologist; and on various grounds, the author thinks that the sea had at one time reached to those parts. But we cannot enter upon his conjectures and reasoning. We go on to the village of Achmatia, where the travellers are lodged at an Oda, a charitable and hospitable place of entertainment and protection, well worth a notice :—

“It was not till the present journey that I was aware of the precise nature of these Odas, and of their universality throughout Asia Minor. They are not endowed or supported by the government, but are entirely private charities. One at least is to be found in every village throughout the country, and often several in a small village. The original founder charges his estate, be it great or little, with the perpetual maintenance of the Oda; and it seems in most cases to be the tenure by which the estate is held. Nor is this confined to the wealthy; it as frequently happens that even a poor man, whose little spot of ground is barely sufficient, after paying the Aga’s decimes, &c. to find bread for his children, charges them to keep a chamber (perhaps the whole house has only two) as an Oda for the stranger. No questions are asked of this stranger whether he be a disciple of the prophet, a Christian, or a Jew—it is enough that he is a stranger, and needs the rights of hospitality. He is provided gratuitously with food, and fuel, and lodging, and even the liberality is extended to his beast.

“We abuse the Turk, and call him a barbarian; but where is the country in civilized Europe, that a poor, distressed traveller, faint and sinking under his privations, and without a farthing to procure a bit of bread, or a shed to shelter him from the winter’s storm—where is that country?—let the abusers of the uncivilized Turk answer the question—where is that country in which such a poor wretch will find from village to village a warm-hearted reception, lodging, and food?”—pp. 72, 73.

A few hours after leaving Achmatla, they come to the neighbourhood of the ruins of a place called Suleiman, hitherto wholly unknown to Europeans, an important part of their projected tour. On ascending the Acropolis, they discovered extensive and magnificent ruins, which are minutely described, and all around innumerable tombs, many of which are converted into capital houses for buffaloes, being excavated in the mountain, the summit of which is crowned with the ruins alluded to. The account given of these is much too long to be here quoted. The author, however, conjectures that this place is *Clanudda*, which name, he tells us, occurs in the Roman Itinerary, called the *Pentinger Tables*. We can afford only as much as to show the magnitude of prostrate grandeur, which, Mr. Arundell says, would afford them ample scope for a month's research; the tombs, as he thinks, containing treasures, and probably many curious specimens of ancient paintings:—

“The road leading round the east or south-east side brought us first to the theatre, of which the remains of seats are few, though enough of the basement of the proscenium remains to determine its form; the breadth being about ninety-feet.

“Beyond and above this, the wall of the acropolis is seen extending a considerable way; and, entering through a ruined doorway, we came to what at first appeared to be the stadium, a long and narrow hollow with remains of entrances on the north side; but we changed our opinions afterwards—it may have been a portico.

“Near this is an arch more than half buried, and a few yards beyond, towards the north or north-east, are the considerable remains of a large gateway of yellow stone, with some fragments of an earlier date.

“Arrived here, we could perceive that we were on a tongue of land or isthmus; the acropolis on three sides being nearly a precipice, and on the north, or fourth, defended by the city wall, of which this gateway formed the entrance, at the neck of the isthmus, being here only about seventy-feet-wide.

“Passing through the gate and without the walls, on a narrow terrace, overlooking a valley of great depth, are the basement and members of a temple of white sculptured marble; a little beyond which, the prostrate remains of another temple; which, from the beautiful Ionic ornaments, we shall call an Ionic temple, if the remains of a statue of Roman costume, probably an emperor, did not make it more probable that the order was composite. Still farther on the same continued line, the basement, elevated on some steps, of another and smaller temple.

“Immediately in front of this last temple, on the brow of the mountain or terrace overlooking the valley, are three arches, about fifteen feet wide, and ten feet high; there are appearances of other arches continued some way beyond.—pp. 81—83.

It is vexatious when we are told by the author that they were compelled to leave such a scene, compelled merely by their own arrangements; and this it is, that makes us almost regret they entered upon the field at all. But we hope their meagre notice of the ruins at Suleiman, will be sufficient to prompt more indefatigable tourists to explore the same parts. It is not by any means

the only occasion, however, which the author affords us reason to blame, or at least lament, the hurried manner in which his enterprise was conducted. What indeed could be expected of travels into unknown districts, those too of Lesser Asia, though now a land of barbarism and ignorance, yet so "exuberant," as he says, in antiquities, that, with no better implement than a penknife, you may dig up bags full of medals and vases wherever you please, when those travels only occupied six weeks !

The author, however, gives a ground plan of the ruins at Suleiman or Clanudda, and there is a lithographic view of the localities and mountain, crowned by the Acropolis, beautifully executed, which help to make amends for the want of more precise matter. He is now in Phrygia, and this leads us to observe, that the map given, is, we think, very correct, and certainly very intelligible. Kobek is the place next described, "of prepossessing appearance, with its minarets and oonac." The columns and other fragments brought from Suleiman, not far distant, are numerous and abundant. But mark the tantalizing information :—"If a traveller could remain a day here (it is, gentle reader, only one day, in Mr. Arundell's book of discoveries) and be permitted to see the inscriptions which unquestionably must exist in the mosques and private houses; (and we say, from his own narrative, all this is *unquestionably* easily obtained), the name of the city of Suleiman would speedily be brought to light. *Speedily* is the word, and our discoverer would not remain to do a thing speedily. We are waxing wroth, a thing unusual and inconvenient to us, and therefore pass we on to matter for the faculty, found at the next village :—

"*Monday, Oct. 22.*—The elevated situation of Cuselare appears so favourable to health, and the general appearance of the villagers bore such evidence of its being so, that we were surprised to have our researches of Besh-sheer delayed till ten o'clock, by the multitude of patients coming to consult the Hakim.

"Our medical science was not sufficiently profound to decide correctly on the nature of the disorder—for all were effected precisely in the same way, with tumours and boils behind the ears, on the breast, hands, and feet. The females and children were most severely attacked, and it was not a passing epidemic, but a disorder long seated in the village, and, as far as we could learn, the only disorder it was subject to.

"Possibly the scarcity of water, and that of an indifferent quality, may be the principal cause. In addition to our pill-box, we thought the hot baths, which we heard of as being about two hours to the south of Cuselare, might be beneficial, and recommended them to our patients."—pp. 100, 101.

There are ample grounds, we think, for blaming Mr. Arundell very roundly, for the hasty and sometimes slovenly way in which he disposes of things, from whom we expected to hear and learn a great deal. We must not, however, withhold something like an apology, suggested by a letter written by Kyriacos, one of his companions, who thus expressed himself from the neighbourhood of the scenes

our author is traversing, in the year 1827, when trading in carpets, which are exclusively dealt in at those quarters :—

“How is it possible to get information respecting ancient remains from barbarians without an atom of curiosity, and who, whenever such questions are asked, never fail to suspect that the inquirer has ever in view the discovery of hidden treasures, which treasures they firmly believe to be under safe keeping of spirits and demons, insomuch that they think the very treasure itself (the pieces of money) have the virtue to drive away spirits, and that therefore we inquire the names and situation of roads, of ruins, and towns, that we may be the better informed where to dig for treasures. This belief is firmly fixed in the minds of both Greeks and Turks; and, in addition to this, they think that the search for old remains is only pretence to get better information to betray the places to the enemy of the Turks. Now, since this is the case, you will be satisfied at present with the imperfect information I am able to give.”—pp. 111, 112.

“We pass over various references to the author’s former journey to some of the towns mentioned, which has been heretofore published, and some long yarns told by an old blind Turk, which swell the work, without adding much additional light to Lesser Asia. He gains Ishekli, which he asserts positively, on the evidence of inscriptions, stands on the site of the ancient city of Eumenia; and soon after Decnare, ascertained, he also tells us, to be where stood Apamea, celebrated from its connection with the name of Cicero and other eminent Romans. These discoveries, however, are not the result of this journey. The appearances at this latter place have been, in the course of ages, greatly altered by earthquakes, so as to render it extremely difficult now to follow ancient historians. Here are highly entertaining conjectures connected with Apamea.

“Severely as Apamea has suffered in all periods of her history from earthquakes, she was not included in the list of the twelve cities of Asia which were overthrown in the fifth year of Tiberius, and therefore the descriptions which I found, and which are published in my first journey, do not relate to the liberality of that emperor, but to a subsequent earthquake in the reign of Tiberius Claudius, mentioned by Tacitus: ‘To the citizens of Apamea, whose city had been overthrown by an earthquake, the tribute was remitted for five years*.’ This was A.U. 807. and A. 54.

“It is a curious coincidence, and well worthy attention, for I do not recollect to have ever seen it mentioned, that the earthquake which happened at Philippi, and by which the doors of Paul’s prison were opened, was the year 53, perhaps a few months only before the tribute was remitted to the citizens of Apamea. Now, an earthquake sufficiently strong to overthrow a city in Asia Minor would be felt strongly also in the remoter distances of Macedonia—sufficiently strong, perhaps, to open the bars of a prison door. The great earthquake at Aleppo was felt severely in Smyrna, though no buildings were thrown down. As God often works miracles even by natural causes, so the prison doors being opened to Paul by the earthquake would still be the effect of divine agency. Does not this fact afford much internal evidence of the truth of the sacred historians.—pp. 206, 207.

Again,

“But tradition has honoured Apamea by connecting it with an event

which has produced more important changes in the world than earthquakes—the general deluge. In the Sybilline verses, which though probably spurious, are very ancient, we are told that Mount Ararat, on which the ark rested, is on the confines of Phrygia, at the sources of the river Marsyas, and hence it is supposed that Apamea was called Apamea Kiobtos, or Apamea, *the ark*, distinguishing it from other cities of the same name.

“ ‘The ark,’ says Bochart, “a little while after the subsidence of the waters of the deluge, is said by Moses to have rested upon the mountains Ararat.” In what part of the world are these mountains? The Sybilline verses decide the question.

“ ‘On the frontiers of the black Phrygia rises a lofty mountain, called Ararat.’ ”

“ If, then, we may believe the Sibyl, Mount Ararat was in Phrygia ; and, if we would know the precise spot in Phrygia, she will tell us it was ‘at the sources of the great river Marsyas.’ ”

“ If you are still incredulous, the Sibyl will kindly offer her personal testimony to the fact ; and that you may admit she is a competent witness, she tells you she is no less a personage than the *daughter-in-law* of Noah, whether wife of Shem, Ham, or Japhet, does not appear, and was of the happy number who escaped the destroying waters.”—pp. 208—210.

This latter conjecture is much and strongly opposed by various facts and theories, which we have not room to discuss. Although no mention is made in the Acts of the Apostles of Apamea having been distinguished by the presence of St. Paul, our author, with good reason, supposes, since it was only inferior to Laodicea and Ephesus, that it must have been included, when he is said to have gone “throughout Phrygia, and the region of Galilee.” Be this as it may, the ruins of an ancient church were discovered there by Mr. Arundell and his friends.

“ This church is constructed of very large blocks of grey marble, without cement, having on many of the blocks single Greek letters, to guide the workmen to their proper position, and therefore possibly belonging to some earlier edifice.

“ The length within the great edifice is nearly sixty feet, and the breadth forty-five feet. The breadth of the inner portico fifteen feet ; and at each side of the portico, connected with it by a door-way, is a small inclosed space of fifteen feet square. The outer portico is seventy-five feet wide and fifteen in breadth. This is open in front, and had probably a row of columns, though there are no remains of any ; and as the ground falls in front, there was probably an ascent of some steps.

“ At the eastern end, for the building stood east and west, is the *Bema*, a semicircle of fifteen feet wide and about nine feet deep.

“ The inner portico had three doors of entrance into the church, the centre or grand entrance, and a smaller one on either side.

“ On several of the blocks is the Greek cross, but apparently cut in later times.

“ Upon many of the tombs on the hill below the church, the cross is also to be seen ; Christian sepulchres of a very early date.”—pp. 217, 218.

We now come to the “ principal objects proposed by the author in this journey—the discovery of the city of Antioch, in Pisidia,

and the towns of Lystra and Derbe, places possessing so much interest from the labours and sufferings of St. Paul, and yet the very situation of all three is wholly unknown in modern geography." Twenty-five miles distance from Apamea they discovered the noble remains of the town of Apollonia, at a place called Olou-bourlou. Here the Acropolis is a naked perpendicular rock of stupendous height. After narrating the difficulty they had in obtaining leave from the Aga, or governor of the town, to inspect the antiquities within his jurisdiction, they enter the gateway of the Acropolis, and come upon a small Greek colony of about three hundred persons, separated altogether from the rest of the Turkish inhabitants, who, according to their own accounts, had occupied their present position from the earliest times. They intermarry only among themselves, and have no connexion with any other Christians from without, though included within the diocese of the Archbishop of Pisidia. Our author says, there was something so primitive in their manner and appearance that he could readily believe their story, and he fancied seeing in them the representatives of the Antioch Christians, who had been driven from that city by the earlier persecutions. The Papas was a venerable old man, who had been a widower nearly forty years. Their church was an ancient structure, though on the foundation of a much earlier one. Numerous fragments and mutilated inscriptions are fixed on the outer walls. When manuscripts were inquired after, the Papa gave the usual answer, that many such had been destroyed not long ago to bind books. "These Greek Christians," continues Mr. Arundell, "knew nothing of their own language, and were very thankful when I offered to send them a few Testaments in Turkish, and, if possible, some elementary books for the purpose of establishing a school." The inscriptions found at this place completely established that it was the site of ancient Apollonia.

The discovery of this ancient town at once assured the travellers of the greater object of their journey, that of Antioch of Pisidia; the distance between the two being forty-five miles. They arrive at Yalabatz. Here the quantity of immense squared blocks of stone and sculptured fragments, which they saw would of themselves have convinced the travellers that they were on the site of a great city, independent of the aqueduct which they discovered. Leaving Yalobatz, and going on the north side of it, in the direction of the aqueduct, they gained an elevated plateau, accurately described by Strabo.

"Leaving the town, and going on the north side of it, in the direction of the aqueduct, we were soon upon an elevated plateau, accurately described by Strabo, by the name of *Λεφός*. The quantity of ancient pottery, independently of the ruins, told us at once that we were upon the emplacement of the city of Antioch. The superb members of a temple, which from the *thyrsus* on many of them evidently belonged to Bacchus, was the first thing we saw. Passing on, a long and immense building, constructed with prodigious stones, and standing east and west, made me

entertain a hope that it might be a church—a church of Antioch! It was so; the ground plan, with the circular end for the bema all remaining! Willingly would I have remained hours in the midst of a temple—perhaps one of the very earliest consecrated to the Saviour; but we were obliged to hasten on.

“The next thing that attracted our notice, were two large magnificent arches, a souterrain running far beneath the hill, and supporting the platform of a superb temple. A high wall of immense stones, without cement, next occurred, part probably of the gate of the city, and near it the ground plan of another building.

“From hence ran a wall, at least its ruins, along towards the aqueduct, crowning the brow of the hill, and abruptly terminating where the hill became so precipitous as to require no defence. The remains of the aqueduct, of which twenty-one arches are perfect, are the most splendid I ever beheld; the stones, without cement, of the same massy dimensions as in the wall.

“The view, when near the aqueduct, was enchanting, and well entitled Antioch to its rank of capital of the province of Pisidia. In the valley on the left, groves of poplars and weeping willows seemed to sing the song of the psalmist, ‘We hanged our harps upon the willows,’ &c. mourning, as at Babylon, for the melancholy fate of this once great Christian city. Not a Christian now resides in it, except a single Greek in the khan. Not a church nor any priest to officiate, where Paul and Barnabas, and their successors, converted the thousands of idolaters to the true faith!”—pp. 268 270.

Where the Synagogue once stood, and the mansions that hospitably received the apostles, and those of their persecutors, who drove them from the city, all now is obliterated and levelled to the ground. A lithographic drawing is judiciously here introduced, which gives an impressive and clear idea of the surrounding country, representing the rugged Alpine Peaks of Mount Taurus, covered with snow, in the distance. Certain ruins were examined, which proved themselves to be those of the temple of Bacchus. Besides the Thyrsus, they found an inscription in which L. Calpurnius is called “High Priest for life of the most glorious god Bacchus:”—

“While Mr. Dethier was making a sketch, Kyriacos assisted me in measuring the church of Antioch, one hundred and sixty feet long, without the portico, and eighty feet wide. Perhaps we were standing on the very spot where Paul made his admirable sermon; for it is very natural to suppose that the oldest church was built upon the site of the synagogue.

To the north of the church, and nearly in a line with it, are the arches of a grand souterrain, and the platform of a very large temple above them; but nothing more than the ground-plan remains. From hence I went to join Mr. Dethier, while Kyriacos, who had not as much antiquarian mania as ourselves, very wisely perched himself on the top of one of the arches, patiently awaiting our return.

“The remains of a theatre lie on the east side of the church, on a little ascent. The seats are all removed, and the diameter not exceeding one hundred and fifty feet. Beyond the theatre, ascending still on the east, a little on the left, are vestages of another church of small size.

"Above this are remains of walls on either side, as if the continuation of a street, terminated at the distance of about three hundred feet by the solid rock being cut in a semicircular form and perpendicularly, with square holes all round, as if for beams, about eight feet from the ground.

"The breadth of this semicircular area was about one hundred and sixty feet, and its depth probably as much. But within the circular part near the head, rises an oblong inclosure, hewn also out of the solid rock, though the numerous fragments of fluted columns and sculptured stones proved that some building once stood above it, which, though of small dimensions, must have been very magnificent. A sort of well or reservoir occupied the centre of this oblong inclosure, the length of which was about twenty feet. Before the reservoir part, and connected with it, was a square platform about twenty-five feet long and twenty-five wide. Outside the reservoir, the rock is cut all round with steps. In front of the whole is a level space, after which the ground falls, and some foundations show there had been an ascent by steps.

"The pillars are of white marble, fluted, and three feet in diameter—the capitals Corinthian. On what appeared fragments of the frieze were a victory, and the caput bovis between garlands—and on another a lion, and a winged animal having a bull's head. I am not an architect, and it would be presuming to decide upon the nature of this curious place; but if I may hazard a conjecture, may it not be a portico, and of that kind, which from its semicircular shape was called Sigma, because resembling the form of that letter. The sculpture was spirited and in good taste. If, instead of a portico, this edifice was a temple, I should take it to be the temple of Lunus, or Men Arcæus, whose worship was established at Antioch.

"About three hundred feet to the south of this portico was an elevated spot with foundations, perhaps the acropolis. Excavations were going on in every direction, and the workmen were every moment uncovering columns and foundations. It is therefore extraordinary that so much yet exists above ground.

"We now descended by a cemetery to the river, where we were told were numerous incipations, but we found none, though the wall which bordered the river all the way, even beyond the town, was composed almost entirely of ancient fragments, and square blocks."—pp. 272—275.

We have been endeavouring to give a favourable specimen and hasty outline of Mr. Arundell's work, and we shall not pause here to notice the trifling and unsuitably placed anecdotes, and would-be laughable things, that are sometimes intermixed. Our desire is to keep to manly and serious matter. We therefore join the author in declaring how delightful it is to suppose, that such Arch-priests, as many of the inscriptions found mention, may have been of the Gentiles, who besought that the word of the Lord might be preached unto them; and, hearing it, were glad, and glorified God: and, believing, were ordained to eternal life!—

"Each spot trodden by an apostle must be regarded by Christians with some of those feelings of solemn and serious delight, which they cannot describe, which none but themselves can understand. At the place where

a martyr died, or where his corpse was interred, the most languid believer may be expected to form new resolutions of devotedness to his Divine Master, and consecrate himself to new fidelity, in following those who through the *faith* of suffering, and the *patience* of martyrdom, *inherited the promises.*"

"If the Syrian Antioch had the high privilege of being the spot where the disciples of Jesus were first denominated by the name of their Master, Antioch of Pisidia stands almost as prominently distinguished, as the place where, the Jews having rejected the offer of salvation, the glad tidings and privileges of the gospel were offered to the Gentile world,—I may say *first* offered, for though the family of Cornelius, and the proconsul of Cyprus, are instances of Gentile conversions, previous to the arrival of Paul and Barnabas at Antioch, yet we read of no other place in which the gospel is offered to the acceptance of the Gentiles after its rejection by the Jews."—pp. 294—296.

The evidence adduced by Mr. Arundell of the identity of the ancient city he has been describing with Antioch of Pisidia is ample and quite satisfactory. His purpose, on setting out on this exploring tour, was to proceed in search of Lystra and Derbe; but the advanced period of the year, and the Egyptian army in the neighbourhood, under Ibrahim Pasha, together with the passing of troops all over the country, made the travellers determine on returning, but not by the same route they advanced. Accordingly, after coasting nearly three sides of the lake of Eyendir, and going by Isbarta to Sagalassus, they came back by Bourdour, "and thence by a route, in great part new, to the back of Chonas." We have not found, however, the return so interesting as the advance; and therefore will, after submitting a few extracts to our readers, dismiss the work. Take the following solution of a passage in the New Testament:—

"As we were ascending the hill, I saw something shining on the road, which proved to be one of the needles used by the camel-drivers for mending their camel furniture. It was about six inches long, and had a large, very long eye; it had evidently been dropped by one of the conductors of a caravan which was some little way a-head of us, and of which the sound of the camel bells, as it was occasionally brought to us by the wind, was so agreeable, that I was not surprised Mr. Lovell should call the camels lovers of music.

"This association of the needle with the camels at once reminded me of the passage which has been considered so difficult to be illustrated. 'It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.'

"Why should it not be taken literally? As the usages of the east are as unvarying as the laws of the Medes and Persians, I can easily imagine that even the camel driver of Rachel carried his needles about with him to mend 'the furniture;' and the equipment of a camel driver in those days could not well have been more simple than at present; comprising simply his long benish or cloak of white felt or coarse cloth, the shield against sun and cold by day, and his bed by night; a tinned *casan*, or crock, for his pillau, and all the other uses of the cuisine; a wooden bowl to prepare

the barley or dari balls for his camels, and his needles and cordage. His short pipe and tobacco-bag are luxuries of modern days.

“The needle, from its constant and daily use, must have held a prominent place in his structure of ideas and imagery; and as we know how fertile the imaginations of these camel-drivers were in furnishing us with proverbs and legendary tales, for Mahomet is said to have heard the story of the seven sleepers of Ephesus from a fellow camel-driver, why may not the impracticability of a camel’s passing through the eye of his needle, even a common camel, much more the double hunched gentleman of Bactria, have been a common expression to denote an impossibility?”—pp. 119—121.

The author, when speaking of establishing a school at Ephesus, says truly, that volumes have been written on the question, whether Dr. Bell or Mr. Lancaster, is to have the honour of the invention of the system of *mutuel enseignement*. It is, he continues, not generally known, if known at all, that this system was actually in use at the great seat of ancient learning, Athens, one hundred and fifty years ago, as may be seen by referring to a small volume, in French, called “*Athènes Ancienne et Moderne*.” The author is the Sieur de la Guilletière, and the work was published in 1675. The following is the account of the school system which he gives :—

“Our janissary proposed to us to go and see a Greek of his acquaintance, who was a *didaskolos*, or schoolmaster. We desired no better, and were upon thorns till we were with him; but alas! how were we disappointed, (who expected nothing but the sublime notions of Plato, Zeno, and Aristotle,) when the janissary told us he was a *mechanic*—how were we surprised to consider a man of that quality should succeed to the place of such excellent persons. We found about thirty young lads sitting upon benches, and their master at the head of them. He rose up when we came in, and received us very civilly, in which, to give them their due, that nation is not sparing.

“The janissary desired him to go on with his boys, and give us the liberty of seeing his method, which was pretty, and *much beyond ours*; the master causing the whole *classis* to read at a time without confusion, every scholar being obliged to attention, and to mind what his next neighbour reads. They had each of them the same authors in their hand; and, for example, if he had thirty scholars, he chose out some continued discourse, and gave them but thirty words to read; the first boy reading the first word, the second boy the second word, and so on.

“If they read soundly and right, he gave them thirty words more; but if any of the boys were at an imperfect, he was corrected by the next, who was always very exact in observing him, and he his neighbour, till the whole number of words were read: so that the thirty scholars lying all of them at catch, and ready to take advantage of any defect in their neighbour, stimulated by an ambition of being thought the best scholar, every one’s lesson was the lesson of all, and happy was he that could say it the best.

“To obviate any of the scholars in eluding that word by preparing himself for any single word, their places were changed, and he who at one reading was in the first place was removed a good distance in the next.

Thus one lesson was enough for a whole form, how numerous soever ; and, what was very convenient for the master, the boys were not constrained to come to him one after another, for every one was a master to his neighbour.—*Account of a late Voyage to Athens, englished in the year 1676.*—pp. 263, 264.

How difficult it is to be original: that which is, has been before, and there is nothing new but steam under the sun ; steam-boats and coaches we mean.

At the close of our abridgment of some parts of Mr. Arundell's journey into Lesser Asia, and of our observations upon the manner in which it has been published in these volumes, we cannot do justice to ourselves without repeating, that the discoveries he has made are not equal to what the pretensions of such a book would lead one to expect. Far be it from us to detract from the value and the interest belonging to the chief merit of his exertions—the discovery of Antioch in Pisidia ; but had he inserted much fewer of his conjectures, and more rarely drawn upon his former travels published years ago, one slender volume might have really contained all that is valuable or new in these goodly octavos. There is frequent repetitions too of the exact same sentiments respecting the labours of the Apostles ; together with a considerable quantity of solemn idling.

ART. V.—*Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, on the Usury Laws.* Printed by order, 1833.

WE entertain no doubt, that if the Bill for abolishing Imprisonment for Debt should pass into a law—although, from its being unconnected with the party controversies of the day, it may excite less attention than some other Parliamentary proceedings—it will really exercise a more beneficial influence upon the well-being of the great body of the people, than any legislative measure since the adoption of the Reform Bill. Although many plausible considerations may be urged in favour of the old system, it is in fact sustained by the mere force of *habit*: and this is also the only real support of the Usury Laws, the injurious operation of which is chiefly felt by the middling and poorer classes of the community. We indulge a confident hope, that a temperate but vigorous and persevering course of exertion on the part of the intelligent friends of improvement will meet, we are certain, in due time, with the same success in regard to this abuse, which will attend their efforts for the removal of the other. We are no friends of indiscriminate, wanton and violent changes in the laws:—we are free to say, on the contrary, that we consider an existing, and especially a long-established system, as preferable, *cæteris paribus*, to any one that can be substituted for it ; but when a law is notoriously and almost confessedly absurd, cruel and useless,—when nothing can be urged in favour of it but its antiquity,—we shall always be ready to con-

cur, as far as our influence may extend, in removing it from the statute book. Such is substantially the case with the existing laws prohibiting usury, or, in other words, prohibiting the owner of capital, invested in money, from making the same use of it which he is allowed to do when invested in lands, houses, or any other article. We shall now proceed to lay before our readers a rapid historical sketch of the usages on this subject, in some of the most distinguished countries of ancient and modern times, and shall then briefly examine the actual operation of the laws now existing in this country.

I. Amongst ancient nations, the Jews are the first to claim our attention. Until their departure from the land of Egypt, under Moses, they had never acted as a nation;—although for several hundred years they had preserved themselves as an unmixed race in their state of bondage. Long before this time, money had been used as an agent of commerce; and the letting of money to hire was a perfectly familiar thing. Of course, we should expect to find mention made of this practice in the Mosaic law. Nor, on inspection, are we disappointed. The practice of taking interest for the loan of money, or any other commodity, is mentioned in the books of Exodus and Leviticus, wherein is recorded the revelation to Moses; and also in the book of Deuteronomy, in which are written the same commandments, as Moses communicated to the people. The passage in Exodus (xxii. 25) is in these words:—“If thou lend money to any of my people that is poor by thee, thou shalt not be to him as an usurer, neither shalt thou lay upon him usury.”

The passage in Leviticus (xxv. 35-37) is as follows:—“And if thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee, thou shalt relieve him, though he may be a stranger or sojourner; that he may live with thee. Take thou *no usury* of him, or increase: but fear thy God; that thy brother may live with thee. Thou shalt not give him thy money upon usury, nor lend him thy victuals for increase: I am the Lord your God.”

The passage in Deuteronomy (xxiii. 19-20) is in these words:—“Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother; usury of money, usury of victuals, usury of any thing that is lent upon usury. Unto a stranger thou mayest lend upon usury, but unto thy brother thou shalt not lend upon usury, that the Lord thy God may bless thee.”

These laws, having been once promulgated, bound the Jews to obedience as firmly as we should be bound by a commandment addressed directly to us by the Almighty. It is apparent, however, that they did not condemn the practice *in the whole*, but only *in part*; that they allowed the taking of interest, but forbade the taking it by one Jew of another. Accordingly, that singular race never hesitated to lend or hire money upon interest in their business transactions with foreign nations.

We wish to fix the attention of our readers particularly, upon

the distinction made by this law between interest amongst the Jews, and interest between them and other nations ; for on a singular misinterpretation of the Mosaic rule has been founded the most violent and long-continued warfare, by religious men, against all kinds of interest. It is only within a century or less that the question has not been argued solely as a question of religion.

It is quite clear, that the intention of the Mosaic law was, not to declare the practice of taking interest an offence against the principles of morality, but to make the Jews consider each other as members of one family—all equally entitled to the use and enjoyment of the property of the nation. In other words, the law was not in its nature *moral*, but *political*; although, when it was once enacted, its violation was morally wrong. It furnished an exemplification of a distinction made by our common law between acts *mala in se*, wrong in themselves, or morally wrong, and *mala prohibita*, or acts wrong, because the law forbids them. Had the taking of interest been declared to be in itself an immoral act, the prohibition laid upon the Jews would extend to all mankind ; but otherwise it cannot be considered of universal obligation, any more than is the Jewish celebration of the Passover. Neglecting this distinction, and disregarding the fact that the taking of interest is not censured except between Jew and Jew, the ancient Christian fathers considered the practice as an abomination in the sight of God. It was not only condemned in their writings, but denounced as sinful by many a solemn council of the church. The canon law, or law of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, repeated the sentence of condemnation, and went so far as to declare those heretics who by argument defended it. We know not whether any person was ever led to the stake for taking interest or for defending the practice ; but we think such a thing very probable : for we find the learned Doctor Wilson recommending the punishment of this offence by death in the following terms:—"For my part, I will wish some *penall lawe of death* to be made 'against those usurers, as well as against thieves or murtherers, for that they deserve death much more than such men doe ; for these usurers destroye and devour up not onlie whole families, but also whole countries, and bring all folke to beggary that have to doe with them." History tells us, also, that the inquisitors were very industrious in enforcing the canon.

We shall again, and more particularly, examine the value of this doctrine of the church. At present we confine ourselves to history.

From Judea let us pass over to Greece. It is a glorious monument of the enlightened and commercial character of that country that she had no laws on the subject ; that her trade in money, like the trade in every thing else, was left wholly without legal restriction. (*Boeck. Econ. of Athens.*) The law declared (*Potter's Antiq. c. 26*) that a banker should not demand or recover a higher rate than that fixed by the original contract between himself and

the borrower. It also contained the following reasonable enactment—"Let the interest on money be moderate." But farther than this, it never interfered with the private rights of borrowers and lenders. One per cent. a month was the most common rate of interest; but on some species of loans a premium was charged equal to sixty per cent. a year. Thus money lent on a voyage to the Euxine Sea, which generally required six months for its completion, was charged with an interest of thirty per cent.

While such was the liberal policy of the state, there existed, at various times, individuals who were as violently hostile to the taking of interest as were the Popish councils of the Middle Ages. Amongst these may be found Aristotle—a man whose name is illustrious in the departments of natural and moral science; but whose notions on politics are entitled to small respect. His reputation is dimmed by his enmity to commerce; and his works are, we must say, disgraced by the following passage:—"Of all modes of accumulation, the worst and most *unnatural* is interest. This is the utmost corruption of artificial degeneracy, standing in the same relation to commerce that commerce does to economy. By commerce money is *perverted* from the purpose of exchange to that of gain; still, however, this gain is occasioned by the mutual transfer of different objects; but interest, by transferring merely the same object, from one hand to another, *generates* money from money; and the product thus generated is therefore called *offspring*, as being of precisely the same nature with that from which it proceeds."

The worthy philosopher's indignation at the idea of offspring being produced by money is not a little amusing. He had studied all the secrets of the natural world, animate and inanimate; he had been abundantly furnished, by the generosity of Alexander, with gold and silver coins to an amount not less than £160,000; he had discovered, to a certainty, that these coins, though shut up together in his pocket and chest, never multiplied, nor gave any signs of fruitfulness; he had, moreover, found out, that gold and silver would not *vegetate* a whit more than they would *generate*; and, on the strength of this valuable knowledge, he denounced interest as unnatural and abominable.

This absurd reasoning of the Stagyrte was adopted by the logicians of after times as sound and just; and by a singular fate, although in Greece it never gained any influence, yet in many other countries, and in ages long subsequent to his, it had set its stamp upon morals and legislation.

The same objection would lie against taking rent for houses, or hire for any other inanimate article of use; for neither do houses beget houses, nor did we ever hear of any other inanimate article of property vegetating or multiplying.

In the earliest ages of Rome, there were no laws on the subject of letting money; but the practice was perfectly well known there,

and formed one of the most frequent subjects of popular complaint. In the celebrated secession of the lower classes of the people to the Mons Sacer, when for several days there was throughout the streets of the Eternal City the most painful expectation of impending civil war and fraternal bloodshed, the seditious multitude complained of nothing more strongly than the pressure of the exorbitant interest demanded of them by the wealthy citizens, of whom they were obliged to borrow.

In these early periods the common rate of interest seems to have been twelve per cent.;—or one per cent. a month. This is to be inferred from the fact, that six per cent. per annum is spoken of by the old writers as half interest, and three per cent. as one fourth interest.

Until the 299th year after the building of Rome, i. e. about 454 years before Christ, there was no such thing, in fact, as law, properly so called. The edicts of the Kings, aided sometimes by a will of the Senate, and sometimes by that of the people, and made known by placards pasted up at the corners of streets, hardly deserve the name of laws.

In that year measures were commenced that ultimately resulted in the collection of the code of laws, which under the name of the Twelve Tables, is celebrated in Roman history. They contained the elements of Roman jurisprudence; were collected from the laws of Greece and other foreign countries; and, being written on tables of brass, became the statutes of the Republic.

One of these laws, according to Tacitus, fixed the rate of interest at one per cent. per annum. Some modern critics doubt the genuineness of the law quoted by Tacitus, and affirm that the first law, by which the rate of interest was fixed at Rome, was passed by the Tribunes, nearly a hundred years later. The question is unimportant; for either way the law has not much to boast of. If it be found in the Twelve Tables, so is another law, granting the creditors of an insolvent debtor the power of cutting his body into pieces; and another, giving parents the power of killing, or selling into slavery their children; and another, commanding the father to murder his child at its birth, if diseased and deformed*. If on the other hand, the first law fixing the rate of interest was of a more recent date, it was passed by the influence of certain public officers, (the Tribunes,) whose greatest delight was, at all times, to oppose the regular operations of government, and stir up sedition among the people; and it was enacted after a long conflict between the higher and lower classes of the citizens, conducted by such fury, that not even the popularity of the great Camillus, by whom the Gauls had been driven from the Roman territory, armed, as he was, with dictatorial authority, and sustained by undoubted justice, was sufficient to stem this headlong impulse.

* Fragments of the Twelve Tables, as collected by Fathers Catron and Rouillé.

The early records of Rome are marked with numerous contests of this description, and by the constant proofs of the popular odium belonging to money-lenders. Cato, in his *Treatise on Agriculture*, informs us that the taking of illegal interest was an offence punished with more severity than theft;—the usurer forfeiting fourfold,—the thief only double,—the amount of property taken. Next in order after the Twelve Tables, at an interval of eighty-five years, came the Licinian Law, which temporarily forbade all interest. Ten years later the rate was fixed at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and afterwards again abolished. The rate of interest was always highest at Rome, as everywhere else, when the laws on the subject were most severe; because of the increased risk, the diminished competition, and the aversion of honourable men to engage in any illegal trade.

Under the dictatorship of Sylla, towards the close of the Republic, the law fixed the rate of interest at 3 per cent.; but we are informed that 12 was the customary and common rate. Cicero, at a still later period, speaks in his letters of money hired in Rome at 34 per cent., and in the provinces at 48. This was a period of universal confusion, turmoil, and insecurity. At the death of Antony and Cleopatra, interest is said to have fallen to 4 per cent. At that time the genius of Octavius Cæsar had gained the last grand triumph over opposition, and the world lay prostrate at his feet; peace being universally welcomed as a relief, though it placed upon the neck of subject nations the yoke of a tyrant. Horace, in his *Satires*, speaks of a person who lent money at 60 per cent. In the reign of Tiberius, whom the retributive pen of Tacitus has delineated for immortal detestation, Rome was again convulsed with an usury sedition. The celebrated Pandects and Code of Justinian finally settled the law on this subject. By their provisions, in the language of Gibbon, “persons of illustrious rank were confined to the moderate profit of four per cent.: six was pronounced to be the ordinary and legal standard of interest: eight was allowed for the convenience of manufacturers and merchants: twelve was granted to nautical insurance, which the wiser ancients had not attempted to define; but, except in this perilous adventure, exorbitant interest was severely restrained.”

Rome, in her turn, like all preceding empires, declined and fell; and upon the various hordes of northern barbarians, by whom she was over-run, her civilization and laws for many centuries exerted but a feeble influence. We will not attempt to trace through the darkness of those centuries the course of custom and legislation respecting the loan of money, but will pass immediately to our own country.

In the earliest periods of which we have authentic records, we find that the doctrine of the sinfulness of letting money to hire, had been universally spread over the island of Great Britain. It was the prevailing sentiment, that interest, or, as it was then called,

usury, was an unholy gain, such as no good Christian could conscientiously receive.

Hence the common law, or, in other words, universal consent, placed the practice of taking interest amongst those crimes against public morals and convenience, the catalogue of which it would be difficult to complete. Whether it was prohibited amongst Jewish residents only, or the whole body of the people, is a vexed question with lawyers. It is however certain that the prohibition existed, and that its operation was such that the practice of lending money on interest was confined almost wholly to the Jews, who had in England, and in nearly every other European country, become the leaders of commerce, and the chief bankers. Money lenders have always been unpopular, even under the most favourable circumstances, and in the most enlightened and civilized ages. Of course, therefore, the Jews in England were most cordially hated, and, both on account of their religion and their money, subject to fiery persecutions.

The laws of King Alfred, about A.D. 900, ordained that the personal effects of money lenders should be forfeited to the king, their lands and inheritances to the lord under whom they were held, and that they should not be buried in consecrated ground.

By the laws of Edward the Confessor, passed about the year of our Lord 1050, the money lender forfeited all his substance, and was outlawed. Sir Robert Filmer, in a treatise published in 1678, erroneously states, that, with the exception of a clause in the Council of Calcuith, about the year 787, interest had not been prohibited in England until the reign of Edward the Confessor, A.D. 1045; and that this monarch, having been educated in France, and been "seasoned with the principles of the kingdom," banished money lenders from England. Alfred's laws was of course earlier than Edward's.

Charlemagne, king of France, had in the 8th century prohibited the taking of interest, not only by the clergy, according to the seventeenth canon of the Council of Nice, but by the laity; which prohibition was thenceforward supported by the whole ecclesiastical power.

Notwithstanding that such were the doctrines of the continental clergy, and although the laws of Edward partook of their spirit, we find the English clergy less liberal. At a council held in the year 1126 at Westminster, and at another twelve years later, the clergy alone were, by the decree of council, prohibited from the taking of money; degradation being the penalty of the offence.

In the reign of the second Henry, from A.D. 1154 to 1189, the estates of money lenders on their death were forfeited, and their heirs disinherited.

At the death of this king, and on the accession of his son Richard I., A.D. 1189, as we are told by the historian of England,* "the

* Hume, Chap. x.

prejudices of the age had made the lending of money on interest pass by the invidious name of usury; yet the necessity of the practice had still continued it, and the greater part of that kind of dealing fell every where into the hands of the Jews, who, being already infamous on account of their religion, and no honour to lose, and were apt to exercise a profession, odious in itself, by every kind of rigor, and even sometimes by rapine and extortion. The industry and frugality of this people had put them in possession of all the ready money, which the idleness and profusion, common to the English with other European nations, enabled them to lend at exorbitant and unequal interest." The old historians of England, who were mostly monks, had censured Henry for his wise and equitable protection of the Jews: of course, they exult in the cruelties inflicted upon them by Richard. "The king had issued an edict, forbidding their appearance at his coronation; but some of them bringing large presents from their nation, presumed, in confidence of that merit, to approach the hall in which he dined." Being discovered and driven with insult from the palace, they fled. The people pursued them, and a rumour being circulated that the king had given orders that all the Jews should be slain, such of them as appeared in public were slaughtered, while the houses of those who remained at home were broken open, plundered, and their inmates murdered, or else they were set on fire and made the funeral piles of men and women and children, without any emotion, on the part of the mob, of remorse or mercy.

"The disorder was not confined to London. Other cities followed the bloody example. In York, five hundred Jews, who had retired for safety to the castle, and found themselves unable to defend the place, murdered their own wives and children, threw the dead bodies over the walls upon the populace, and then, setting fire to the houses, perished in the flames.

"The neighbouring gentry, who were all indebted to the Jews, ran to the cathedral, where their bonds were kept, and made a solemn bonfire of the papers before the altar. A contemporary author, after relating these horrible events, blesses the Almighty for thus delivering over this impious race to destruction."

Under this same king Richard, a law was enacted, which required that every contract with a Jew should be made in writing, one copy of which was to remain with the Jew, one with a magistrate, and a third with some good citizen. At this time money was sometimes procured at 10 per cent., but generally the rate was much higher. The common rate in Italy and other countries about this time was 20 per cent. The Countess of Flanders, for the money raised to pay her husband's ransom, was obliged to pay enormous interest. The lowest rate was more than 20 per cent., and some of her creditors exacted 30.—(*Robertson's Charles V.*, Vol. 3, Note xxx.) James 1st of Arragon (1242) fixed the rate in that kingdom at 18 per cent.—(*Ib.*)

A curious document is presented in *Madox's Formulæ Anglicanum*, bearing date the tenth and last year of the reign of Richard, in the nature of a mortgage of land for the security of a loan at 10 per cent. interest. Its words are, "for which I, Richard of Sandford, will pay to him, the said Benedict Pernaz, interest at the rate of 10 marks per annum for the aforesaid hundred marks."

Under the succeeding reigns of John and Henry III., which extended to A.D. 1272, although the Jews were violently persecuted, they still remained in England, and still acted as money lenders. The rate of interest rose to an enormous height both in France and England. Instances occur in which 50 per cent. was paid; and there is an edict of Philip Augustus, the French king, limiting interest to 48 per cent.

The Jews, during this period, were subject to the most ruinous and despotic extortion by government; to ensure themselves against which, they were, of course, obliged to raise their rate of interest still higher. King John, whose grasping disposition and prodigal habits are so finely delineated in Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, on one occasion demanded of a single Jew in Bristol the sum of 10,000 marks, which was more than equal to a sixth part of the revenue of all England. When the Jew refused to pay that sum, John ordered one of his teeth to be drawn daily, until he should comply. The Jew endured the tearing out of seven, and then paid the unjust demand. Henry was equally unjust and unmerciful, adopting the most outrageous measures to fill his purse from the pockets of the Jews, and, when his ingenuity failed, he turned them over to his brother, the Earl of Cornwall; in the language of an ancient author, "that those whom one brother had flayed, the other might embowel."

In the year 1311, Philip IV. of France fixed the rate of interest, allowed to be taken in the fairs of Champagne, at 20 per cent.—(*Ordon. I.*, 484.) In Arragon it was somewhat lower.

In this same year (1311) a council, held at Vienna, renewed the anathemas of the Church upon the practice of taking interest, and passed that furious canon to which we have before alluded, that, "if any shall obstinately persist in the error of presuming to affirm that the taking of interest is not sin, we decree that he shall be punished as a heretic."

The taking of interest was an indictable offence under the reigns of the three Edwards, who succeeded Henry, and who held the crown of England from the year 1272 to the year 1377. But it seems that the common law courts were not then considered the proper tribunals in which to punish this offence. The ecclesiastical courts, claiming jurisdiction of the crime as an offence against the Church, were deemed the proper judges. In compliance with the urgent request of the clergy, Edward III. sanctioned a statute making the practice penal. But he had in a manner been forced into this measure, and speedily procured its repeal. This statute

betrays a very singular ignorance of the real character and influence of the practice of loaning upon interest; for it declares it to be "the bane of commerce."

The burden of the law did not now, however, fall most heavily upon the Jews. They had been driven from England by the tyranny of Edward I. in the early part of his reign; 15,000 of them being at one time robbed of their whole property, and banished. After that period, the lending of money passed into other hands, and the rate of interest rose in consequence.

During this period, about the year 1360, King John of France, by his letters patent, permitted the Jews within his realm to take at least 86 per cent. per annum on loans. But, as a specimen of royal honesty at that time, we may mention that in the following year he debased the coin, and obliged the lenders to receive it as of full value.

From a consideration of these facts, we may see the justice of a remark made by the celebrated Bentham, in his "Defence of Usury:"—"Christians were too intent upon plaguing Jews to listen to the suggestions of doing as Jews did, even though money were to be got by it. Indeed, the easier method, and a method pretty much in vogue, was, to let the Jews get the money any how they could, and then squeeze it out of them as it was wanted."

Early in the reign of Henry VII., which began in the year 1485, a very severe statute was enacted, for the purpose of suppressing the taking of interest. The penalty of the offence was fixed at one hundred pounds, besides which the Church was empowered to deal according to its will with the soul of the money lender. The same statute subjects him to a forfeiture of the principal, and disables the brokers from further business in their profession, besides subjecting them to a penalty of £20, and a half year's imprisonment.

By a statute passed eight years subsequently, the above penalties are somewhat mitigated. Certain rates of interest had been by law established in other European countries. As lately as 1490, the rate in Placentia, an Italian city of considerable commerce, was 40 per cent. Charles V., of Spain and Germany, had fixed the rate in the Low Countries at 12 per cent. Lewis, Count of Provence, had, in 1406, allowed the merchants of Marseilles to lend and borrow at 10 per cent.

Thus far we have seen that the laws of England regarded all interest on loans as criminal. In the succeeding reign we shall find a very decided change in the laws.

In the 37th year of the reign of Henry VIII., 1546, a statute was enacted declaring all rates of interest *above 10 per cent.* to be usurious and unlawful; thus tacitly, though not declaratively, pronouncing 10 per cent. and all inferior rates lawful. From this time forward, the laws have, with one brief exception, made a distinction between interest and usury.

Although this legal revolution was a great improvement, yet we

cannot but wonder that it did not extend so far, as to leave money contracts perfectly unfettered by law. Our surprise will vanish, however, on looking over the records of Parliament during the reign of Henry, and there finding, that not only was a price fixed upon the use of money, but also upon poultry, cheese, butter, beef, pork, mutton, veal, and the labour of artisans. Beef and pork were ordered to be sold at a half-penny a pound, while mutton and veal were fixed at a half-farthing higher. These wise statutes inform us that poor people alone ate the four kinds of meat last mentioned.

Under Queen Elizabeth, a more liberal spirit prevailed, and the commercial wants of her subjects were treated with greater respect. The statute of Henry VIII., legalizing interest at 10 per cent., which had been abolished by Edward VI., was revived; and since that period, all that has been attempted by the laws has been the restraint of interest within certain limits, which limits have been gradually contracted by successive statutes from 10 per cent. to 8, in the reign of James I.; to 6 per cent. by the Rump Parliament, in 1654, whose laws thereon was confirmed in the reign of Charles II.; and finally to 5 per cent. in the reign of Queen Anne, whose statute remains in force to this day. In the quaint language of a writer of the last century, (speaking of the statute of Henry VIII.) “the *good* folks, in the 5th and 6th of King Edward VI., repealed *this* law; but the *wiser* folks of the 13th year of Queen Elizabeth repealed *that* law.”—(*And. Hist. of Commerce*, vol. I. 375.)

Although the rate of interest in England during the days of Elizabeth was 10 per cent., it was then as low as $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in France, in consequence, unquestionably, of the superiority of the latter country over England in point of money capital; by the abundance of which, commercial prosperity may in general be measured. When the rate in England had been reduced to 6 per cent., the following were the rates in other countries, according to an author (Sir Josiah Child) who wrote in 1688:—In Scotland and Ireland 10 and 12 per cent.; in France 7; in Italy 3; in Turkey 20; in Spain 10 and 12.

The statute of Henry VIII., with the exception of the rate of interest therein limited, having remained, to the present time, the law of England, we will quote its general prohibition:—“No person, by way of corrupt bargain, loan, exchange, cherisance, shift, interest of any wares, merchandises, or other thing whatsoever, shall take, in lucre or gains, or for the forbearing, or giving day of payment, for a year, above the rate of 10 pounds per centum per annum.”

When this statute was revived by the statute of Elizabeth, a further clause was inserted to this effect, “that in the interpretation of the law it was to be most largely and strongly construed for the repressing of usury, and against all persons that should offend against the true meaning of that statute, by any way or device, directly or indirectly.”

In this careful language may be detected an acknowledgment of the fact, that money lenders had resorted to a great variety of expedients by which to evade the operation of law. It *had* been ever so. The lenders and brokers of old times in England were as shrewd and crafty, and as well acquainted with the slippery tricks of evasion, as any of their descendants of our times. Our readers will not infer, from this remark, that we are very violent enemies of such infractions of what we consider unjust laws. On the contrary, we are ready to say, in the language of Bentham, "if this page suggest an expedient, and that a safe and commodious one, for evading the laws against usury, it will not lie very heavy on our consciences."

The inference to be drawn from the language of the statute is just. There had been long kept up "a running fight" between the usurers and the Parliament; and Parliament found, at last, that new modes of evasion sprung up more rapidly than they could legislate against old ones; and, in despair of suppressing usury by a specification of all its possible forms, they took refuge in the general prohibition of exorbitant interest, "*either directly or indirectly, or by any shift, or by any deceitful way or means.*"

We may perhaps, with advantage, point out some of the modes resorted to by lenders in England for the purpose of evading the law.

But first for the benefit of the unlearned, we will mention that there are certain species of loan for which the laws allow an indefinite rate of interest to be charged.

Among these may be named loans on *Bottomry* and *Respondentia*, or *maritime loans*,—where the money is borrowed with reference to a particular voyage, and is to be refunded only if the voyage be performed. The ship itself, or the cargo, is pledged for the principal and interest, neither of which is to be paid if the vessel or cargo, as the case may be, be lost in the voyage contemplated in the loan. In these cases interest is not unfrequently charged as high as 30 or 50 per cent.

One evasive expedient of usurers was loaning on fictitious risks, so as to give to the transaction the appearance of bottomry, or some other legal contract; as for example, where the contingency in the bond was, that one, out of certain twenty ships from Newcastle to London, arrived in safety.

Another expedient, frequently used, was a pretended sale of goods: the purchaser paying an exorbitant price for them, and then re-selling them to the lender at a less price, so as to give him the difference as interest.

In this mode of lending, the borrower drew a fictitious bill of exchange on some person supposed to be abroad; the bill was never negotiated, but passed through the process of protesting, and was thus made to charge the borrower with exchange, re-exchange and other incidentals, over and above legal interest.

A fourth plan was the lending of *stock* instead of *money*, on interest, at a nominal value higher than its market price.

The advance of money on a pretended partnership, and the receipt of interest as the profits of the concern, was still another device.

The same object was sometimes effected by the means of a lease on an enormous rent;—or by receiving a lease instead of interest;—or by the purchase of annuities at low prices of the annuitants and so converting the dividends into interest; and by a thousand other methods, all of which, by their trouble and risk, rendered it necessary for the lender to raise still higher his rate, in order to insure himself; and all of which may be set down as the inevitable mischief of usury laws.

The ordinary rate of interest is now less than five per cent., in consequence of the excess of monied capital above the calls for profitable investment. To this fact as a cause, we may ascribe the circumstances that many wealthy individuals have purchased foreign stock which yields a much higher interest*.

We have now completed our historical survey of the subject of usury.

Our readers have perceived that, almost ever since the introduction of money, and in almost every prominent nation, there have existed usury laws: that wherever and whenever these laws have been the most severe, then and there have usurious practices most abounded and been most abused; that originally these laws have been based on the principle that all rates of interest are wrong; that, as men have become more enlightened and more commercial, that principle has been abandoned as absurd; that in later times the laws against usury have assumed as their basis, what is not true, that the law can regulate the value of the use of money, and of course that the fixing of a lawful legal rate of interest may be made the cause of national wealth and prosperity.

From the facts thus laid open, the most eminent political economists of the last half century have deduced the principle, that legislation should no more interfere with money contracts than with contracts of any other description, but that the appearance of fraud and injustice therein should, as in all other cases, be within the reach of legal redress.

It is matter of surprise that Legislatures have not made and acted upon the same discovery. Hoping to help onward in some

* In France, interest was reduced in 1720 from 5 to 2 per cent.: in 1724 it was raised to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; and in 1725 to 5 per cent.: in 1756, it was reduced to 4 per cent.; and afterwards raised again to 5. . *Smith's Wealth of Nations*. B. I. c. 9.

In Bengal, money is frequently lent to the farmers at 40, 50, and 60 per cent.; the next crop being mortgaged for the payment. Twelve per cent. is said to be the common rate in China.

small degree that progress of public sentiment which ultimately compels all legislatures into obedience, we shall now proceed to examine some of the various arguments by which the proposition, that the law ought not to interfere with the rate of interest on money lent, is supported.

The first question to be answered is, 'Whether the law ought to permit the giving or receiving of interest at any rate or in any case ?

This question may be said to depend on the morality or immorality of taking interest. No person is so ignorant of the principles of political economy as to doubt, that lending and borrowing on interest are of great practical convenience and utility. The dispute must turn, then, upon the question of morals. For if borrowing and lending on interest be immoral, no matter what may be the convenience or pecuniary benefit of these reciprocal sins, they should, of course, be strictly forbidden.

We pray our readers to bear constantly in mind the fact, that if either borrowing or lending on interest be morally wrong, both are wrong, and the one is as great a sin as the other. Such is the fact with relation to any act which requires the concurrence of several individuals. Thus the victim, who casts himself to be crushed beneath the ponderous wheels of the car of Juggernaut, is not less guilty of idolatry, than is the priest who guides the course of the murderous vehicle. The recollection of this principle may materially aid us in deciding the question at issue.

It may, at first sight, seem needless to argue this question of morals. But when it is recollected that far better, as well as far more numerous reasons can be adduced to prove that all interest is immoral, than to prove that the law ought to interfere with the rate : that until recently, the subject of usury, as before remarked, has been considered and debated as one of mere morals,—and that important conclusions for future application will be drawn from the manner in which this question may now be decided,—its discussion will not be considered unnecessary.

Let us inquire, then, whether it be morally wrong to pay or to receive interest.

The question, as we have already hinted, has been argued in the negative by Aristotle, and other Greek as well as Latin authors :—by the early Christian Fathers, amongst whom appear the names of Cyprian, Lactantius, Basil, Chrysostom, Gregory, Ambrose, Jerome, and Augustin ; by the decrees of Catholic councils ; by the bulls of popes ; by the statutes of most European nations of the middle ages, and by 'a cloud of witnesses,' who, as writers on morals and politics, have lifted up their voices against the abominable practice of letting money to hire.

To the fallacious reasoning of the heathen philosopher, we have already replied. He was the declared enemy of commerce, and of course would denounce a practice which has ever been the main-

spring of commercial prosperity. The argument by which he endeavours to show that the taking of interest is wrong, seems to be based on the name given to it by his countrymen. They called it '*usuros*,'—offspring,—and the philosopher denounces this unnatural generation of money from money, as zealously as though he supposed the Greeks really imagined that interest was begotten of principal. It is unnecessary to spend time in replying to such arguments. The strange fact that this reasoning has, in modern days, found disciples, must be ascribed to that principle of human weakness, which induces us, in our admiration of the splendour of genius, to receive with respect even its errors.

Christian hostility to the practice of lending and borrowing on interest, originated in a misinterpretation of the Mosaic law. The passages on which the error was founded, have been quoted already at length. In the opinion of the Fathers, they contain an unqualified declaration that all interest is sinful, and that a prohibition of that ~~sin~~ is as obligatory upon us as it was upon the Jews; but it is difficult to conceive how they could have deduced such an opinion from such a text. Had Moses intended to declare interest sinful, he would not have allowed it to be taken of a stranger, or to be paid to a stranger. Unless he meant to declare it sinful in itself, his command to the Jews has no application to any other people, but should be regarded as an exception from a general rule, applicable to the Israelites only, to whose character as a people we must look for the intention of the law. Unless we mean to assume the burden of the whole Mosaic dispensation, we must beware of taking any part thereof, except it be clearly intended for universal application.

A celebrated writer, in defending this doctrine of the Councils, finding it rather difficult to deal with the objection drawn from the discrimination which Moses makes between usury amongst the Jews, and usury between Jews and strangers, very ingeniously remarks that the Israelites were commanded to exterminate the Gentile nations of Judea, and that this permission to charge them usury was a part of the apparatus of destruction.

Unfortunately for the soundness of this argument, he does not explain in what manner the Gentiles were to suffer by lending on usury, even if they would be injured by borrowing. The intention of the law must have failed, in consequence of its not prohibiting the Jews from paying usury to their neighbours,—who were thus equally furnished with the engine of destruction.

The argument is rendered not merely null, but even ridiculous, by the light of modern intelligence. We now know that the practice in question, so far from being calculated to exterminate or injure either borrowers or lenders, is the very soul of commercial prosperity. We now feel that a conscience so tender as to condemn it, would, on principle, condemn every other business transaction, and drive mankind back again to the caves for a habitation, and for sustenance to their primitive diet on acorns.

The Mosaic law, therefore, furnishes no proof that it is morally wrong to let or hire money upon interest. But the enemies of this practice have drawn arguments from natural as well as revealed religion. We will now take some notice of the former, as they are summed up in the work of Monsieur Domat, a French civilian of the seventeenth century.

After declaring the taking of interest to be a sin most strongly condemned in the Scriptures, he thus proceeds:—‘If therefore we would discover what is the character of the iniquity which renders interest so criminal before God, and which ought to make it so to us, both in our hearts and minds, we have only to consider what the nature of this contract of loan is, in order to judge whether it be just to take interest for it or not; and we shall easily perceive, by the natural principles of the use which God has given to this contract in the society of men, that taking interest is a crime which violates these principles, and undermines the very foundations of the order of society.’

He then goes on to declare, as a general fundamental principle, that the very essence of a loan of any thing to be returned in kind, (as money,) is, that it be gratuitous and charitable: thus furnishing a singular example of what logicians would call a *petitio principii*,—a taking for granted the very substance of the proposition in controversy.

If loans were indeed gratuitous, the only inference that could be drawn from this fact would seem to be, that letting money to hire is not a loan; but if letting money to hire be a loan, then loans are not in their nature gratuitous. Either way, we see that the civilian’s argument is unsatisfactory.

Having presented this elementary principle as the basis of his reasoning, he next arrays a company of arguments to prove the taking of interest to be a violation of the order of society.

The first is, that money lent, returnable in kind, is not exposed to insensible diminution, or wear and tear, and that, therefore, nothing should be paid for the use of it. Had he said that nothing should be paid for wear and tear, the proposition would have been true. But it no more proves that the borrower ought not to pay for the use of money, than the fact, that the lessee of a farm cannot use that farm like negotiable paper, because he ought to pay no rent.

The second argument against interest is, that if the borrower by accident lose the use of the money, he is still bound to pay the interest, as though he had used it.

The same objection would lie against paying house rent, in case the house be destroyed by fire, so that the use of it is lost. But the law very properly requires the borrower in the one case, and the tenant in the other, to provide against loss.

The third argument is, that if the borrower accidentally lose the principal, the lender nevertheless requires him to repay the sum, borrowed, with interest according to the contract. Is this a hard-

ship? So would the loss be a hardship to the lender, who perhaps is the least able to bear it. The law attributes gross negligence to a person who is so careless as to lose borrowed money; and in every instance of gross negligence, the faulty person is justly made the loser.

But the fourth argument is, of all, the most remarkable. It is this,—the borrower of money becomes, on its delivery to him, the owner thereof, with absolute right to dispose of it at his will, and ought not therefore to be obliged to pay for the use of that which is his own. This argument supposes interest to be paid for the identical piece of coin or slip of paper transferred by the lender to the borrower—instead of for the value which the coin or paper represents. Of the external sign of the value the borrower becomes absolute master, but of the value itself he is only the purchaser for a specified time.

The whole of these arguments against interest are founded on the false assumption already named,—that the essential character of a loan is charitable and gratuitous. When we remember that borrowing and lending are as purely business transactions as are buying and selling, or the letting to hire of land, houses, ships, or merchandise, we shall perceive the entire inapplicability of all arguments drawn from a contrary supposition.

The weakness of these arguments will further appear from the fact, that they do not approach the real substantial reasons for paying and receiving interest. The inquiry may now be made, therefore, why should interest be paid? The answer is, that A, by borrowing, has deprived B, perhaps greatly to his injury, of the power of employing such other profitable modes of investment as he would otherwise have enjoyed;—because A has procured of B an instrument, by means of which he can benefit himself, either by the payment of former debts, the purchase of desired articles, or any other investment;—because B has assumed the risks of never being paid, arising from the manner in which A shall employ the money, from his personal character and credit, and from every other circumstance by which the recovery of the loan is rendered doubtful or difficult;—and, finally, because he voluntarily undertook, after mature deliberation, with a full understanding of the contract, and on what he deemed ample consideration, to make such payment.

If these reasons be not sufficient to prove that nothing in the law of nature forbids either the payment or the receipt of interest, then is there no contract whatsoever, amongst business men, which is consistent with the law of nature.

We think it quite clear, therefore, that neither revelation nor natural religion pronounces the taking or the giving of interest to be morally wrong. We now come to the second question:—ought the Legislature to interfere with the private rights of borrowers and lenders, and attempt to fix the rate of interest by limitation?

To us it seems perfectly manifest that the laws should no more interfere with money contracts, than with contracts of any other kind. In the one, as in the other, provision should always be made against fraud ; but the rules of the law should be of general, instead of specific application.

The laws ought not to interfere with the rate of interest, because *such an interference is an infringement of private rights, unwarranted by any circumstance of public benefit or convenience*, and therefore wholly at war with the spirit of our government.

It is a truth familiar to us all,—felt by us all,—that that government is the best, which, by the smallest machinery, and the simplest process, and the least infringement of individual liberty, effects the purpose for which government was intended,—the general welfare.

Guided by this proposition, and knowing that a part of our individual liberty is the liberty of making such contracts as we deem best for our own interest,—the liberty of managing our property in our own way,—we cannot but feel assured, that, unless the laws for the prevention of hiring and letting money, above or below certain rates, be called for by the public good,—be demanded for the purpose of preventing or removing great and general mischiefs,—they are, on principle, to be condemned as unnecessary, and, therefore, tyrannical.

We proceed to inquire whether there be evils, and what those evils are, which demand for their cure or prevention the existence of usury laws,

One of the most illustrious of the Political Economists of the last century, remarks in his work on the Wealth of Nations, “ that if the laws tolerated the giving and taking of a rate of interest much above the lowest market rate, the greater part of the money lent would be lent to prodigals and projectors, who alone would give more than that rate.”

But is it true, that if money contracts were left unfettered by law, none but prodigals and imprudent projectors would borrow ?

Nor can we justly fear that any class of borrowers, so long as they can offer the best security, will be subject to exorbitant demands. Competition amongst lenders will always bring security and rates of interest to their proper level. No one will contend that money should be lent on bad credit and doubtful security, at a rate so low as that commanded by the best credit, and the most unquestionable security.

That prodigals and projectors would ever monopolize the borrowing market, no one, who knows how few there are in any community, and how seldom they are found amongst us, can believe.

The supposition involved in Smith’s argument is, therefore, false. Nor is that all. Were it true, the argument would nevertheless fail, inasmuch as the bare fact that the two classes of men therein named might become large borrowers, and be exposed to extortion,

is no justification of the law. The law has no more right to prevent such persons from forming money contracts, than it has to prevent them from purchasing or selling every species of property at ruinous prices.

The laws may, and very properly do, provide for the appointment of guardians over those whose conduct shows them incapable of self-direction. They provide, with equal propriety, that the designing and fraudulent shall not be allowed to harm these helpless creatures in person or property. Beyond this they have no right to go,—and every step beyond is to be repelled as a trespass upon the sacred precincts of man's inalienable rights.

It has been very truly remarked, that he must be poorly supplied with discretion, who cannot make his own bargains more judiciously than any legislature can make them for him.

We come to the conclusion, then, that neither the prevention of prodigality or imprudent speculation, nor the protection of folly, is a sufficient cause for legal interference with the rate of interest. It may further be remarked, that if the law can be justified in this interference, under pretext of protecting simplicity, it ought to go farther than it ever has done, and forbid the *lending* of money under a certain rate per cent.; for surely the simplicity of a money lender is as proper a subject of legislation, as the folly of a borrower; and we know not which, in a business point of view, would be deemed the greater simpleton,—he who lets money at five per cent. when it is really worth eighteen,—or he who borrows it at eighteen per cent. when it is worth only five.

It cannot be doubted that, if the usury laws were repealed, there would be occasional instances of fraud and extortion; but neither can it be doubted that there are such instances now.

It cannot be questioned that an occasional prodigal or simpleton, or other person in pressing want of money, would, in case there were no laws against usury, be obliged to pay a much higher rate of interest than is now the legal rate. But under the laws themselves, many an honest and prudent man is forced, nay more, is willing and anxious, to pay the same excess.

The second argument against usury laws is '*that, so far as concerns their declared intention, they are absolute nullities; in other words, that they are always evaded and violated.*'

It is so now: it always has been so: and it always will be so, while such laws exist.

We have perceived that the practice of usury was always absurd in exact proportion to the severity of the laws against it. When the laws amounted to prohibition, then interest was highest: as they relaxed in severity, it grew moderate in its rate. Thus in Greece, where there was no legal interference, money could be procured on the most hazardous voyages, at a rate far below that paid by the farmers of Cyprus on common loans in the days of Cicero.

So now in Constantinople, where usury is wholly forbidden, the customary rate of interest on ordinary loans is 30 per cent.

Let us now translate the lessons of experience and observation into common language, and we shall learn from them that borrowing and lending will exist in defiance of law, in every commercial community; that money will always command its full market value; that, if the laws fix a rate much below the average market price, they will be subject to constant, direct, and indirect violation; and that, if the laws fix a rate differing but little from the average market price, they will be infringed only when the market price is above that rate; we have before seen that the market price of money, like that of all other things, is ever changing; from all which follows inevitably the conclusion, that the laws must always be subject to evasion and infraction.

From this inability of the laws to curb the course of business arises certain consequences, the nature of which furnishes a *third* argument against usury laws;—to wit, that *they are a serious evil to both borrowers and lenders.*

Probably all of us have felt this fact;—perhaps some have misunderstood it: we shall endeavour so far as we can, to give an explanation of it.

The rate of interest at which any person can borrow, depends chiefly on the general relation at that time existing between the supply of money in the market and the demand for its use. It is also affected by the character and credit of the borrower,—the nature of the use to which the principal will be applied, if that can be known,—and a multitude of other circumstances, which vary the probability of repayment:—or, in other words, by the security offered by the borrower, and by the circumstances attending the loan.

Interest is therefore of a mixed character;—it partakes of the nature of insurance as well as of rent.

When the market rate is highest, when it rises above the law's allowance, then is money invariably the most wanted. At such times what is the effect of the law?

Ostensibly it wholly prevents both borrowing and lending. It says to the money-owner, who, of course, will not lend below the market rate, 'You shall not lend at all.' It says to the would-be borrower, whose prospect of profit, or whose fear of loss, prompts him to hire at the market value, 'No matter what are your wishes, no matter what your necessities, no matter how excellent your judgment, you shall not borrow above the legal rate. I know that you cannot get the money at that rate; I know that you could vastly increase your property, or escape destruction by borrowing at almost any interest; but you had better by far stop business than procure your facilities at seven per cent.'

To the man of small capital, whose rich neighbours are borrowing with difficulty at full legal interest, but who is himself unable

to offer the best security, and of course cannot borrow quite so low, the law exclaims, "I pray you be easy; you must not think of over-bidding the law; you cannot borrow in these days; leave that to your wealthier neighbours, and wait patiently until money is worth less. They may be amassing still larger fortunes meanwhile, and you may be ruined—but there is some comfort in being ruined according to law."

Such are the principles of the law. A more odious monopoly than this,—a more hateful distinction in favour of the rich and against the poor, could not well be made.

Such are not, however, the *real effects* of the law, as a general rule; borrowers, at such times, laugh at the law, and offer the highest price demanded for money. But instead of paying what would be its price were there no usury laws, they are obliged to pay, as an insurance against the laws, at least 33 per cent. above that price.

In the first place, the laws hold out a bribe to dishonest borrowers sufficiently large to tempt almost any man in his hour of weakness to resist the payment of the debt, and recover back from the lender that penalty which the statutes impose upon him. Against this risk, created by legal interference, must the borrower insure the lender,—must the lender insure himself, by an enhanced rate of interest; on the same principle that the lender on Bottomry bonds increases his rate in the stormy-season of the year, or on a perilous voyage.

A second way in which the laws are an injury to borrowers by advancing interest is, diminishing the number of lenders, and consequently the amount of that competition by which prices are kept down. Many a man will refuse to lend at any rate, when the market price of money exceeds the legal per centage. Respecting the laws, even when manifestly wrong, they retire from the market. Thus is competition diminished. By the same process the quantity of capital in the market is also reduced, and that which remains commands, of course, an increased price.

Besides these unfavourable circumstances, there is another. Many persons, refusing to lend above the legal rate, prefer to lend at that rate to such borrowers as can give the best security. Such men, therefore, become the creditors of banks and other monied corporations, which, having themselves no such scruples, do not hesitate to lend at the top of the market.

This diminution of capital and of competition, as we before said, elevates the price of money: for money lending is like stage driving,—the more the opposition the lower the fare: it is like every other kind of business, the smaller the quantity in the market while the demand continues, the higher is the price.

But the evils of the law are yet more extensive. Those men, who retire from the market rather than violate the law, are the very men with whom borrowers should prefer to deal. They are the

most generous, the most conscientious, the most honourable. These who remain as lenders are in general less generous, if not less honourable and conscientious. What is the consequence? Is it not a more rigid exaction of the highest price for money?—a more unyielding and unmerciful spirit of money making?

In view of all these facts, can it be doubted that usury laws are an injury to borrowers? Could this be made the general opinion, those laws would speedily fall before the voice of public dislike; for borrowers form an immense majority in the community, and it is their mistaken trust in the beneficial effect of the laws which has preserved them.

The injuries inflicted upon lenders by legal interference are equal in number and severity. They increase the risks upon which money is lent. It ought to be known and felt, that no part of what is charged upon the borrower in the nature of insurance is justly called profit. It is not profit: it is indemnity,—indemnity for the loss of security. That part of the rate of interest, which is properly called profit, is the small fraction which the lender would charge were the repayment of the sum lent positively certain. That this is very small, may be seen in the fact, that a very low rate of interest is charged on money lent upon the security of real estate,—and a still smaller rate on that upon government security. When money is worth more than the legal rate, the perils of lending hold a much larger proportion to the profit than on ordinary occasions. That this is an injury no one can doubt.

In conclusion, we must observe, and truth and justice will sustain us in it, that there is not in the whole circle of human affairs, any species of contract whatsoever, voluntarily formed by and between persons of sound mind, whether it be purchase or sale, or lease, or charter-party, or any other mode of traffic devised by human ingenuity, ever prompt to relieve its own necessities, which the law, if consistent with itself, ought not to restrict by the same regulations which now encumber the letting to hire of money; and we need not fear to defy the most subtle intellect to point out a solid reason for the invidious distinction which now exists. Time was when the legislature extended its interference with private rights to almost every act of private life. But that was a day of political darkness. The wisdom of the people has ever since been increasing; one after another of these legal abuses has been removed by more intelligent legislatures, until no relic remains of the old regime of error, excepting the laws against usury. A still further reform will follow that increase of knowledge which is now enlightening the community, and we trust that the time is not very distant when these will disappear.

Such are some of the arguments which seem to us to prove that usury laws ought not to exist. It would be easy to multiply them,—but we trust that we have said enough to satisfy any reasonable man of the truth of the proposition which we have endeavoured to

prove. We have seen that usury laws are needless infringements of individual liberty, called for by no public necessity and producing no beneficial effect. We have seen that they are a dead letter always violated and evaded. We have seen that they are productive of enormous evils to both borrowers and lenders, the largest share of the evils being inflicted on those who borrow. We have seen that they are founded upon false notions of political economy; and, finally, that they are inconsistent in principle, and partial in their operation. In view of all these arguments, and remembering that in strict justice it is incumbent upon the advocates of such laws to prove their claims to our favourable regard, we feel ourselves authorized to conclude that they ought to be abolished.

ART. VI.—*Tales of Ireland.* By the Author of “*Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.*” 1 Vol. 8vo. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1834.

THESE Tales are by no ordinary writer, as every page of this volume proves, and as every one will admit who has read the “*Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.*” They are seven in number; consequently short; but they are powerful and graphic. It is impossible, in reading any one of them, not to perceive that the pictures they present are true. They are chiefly of a serious nature, the writer’s solicitude being to do more than amuse. We have often thought that it is something better than being harmless that is to be expected in the writings of any one who is aware of the value of time. In the slightest and lightest piece, positive good should be aimed at by the author. And the volume before us accomplishes this end to a greater extent than might be expected from its exterior, its title, or the order of literature to which it belongs. The pictures it gives, are of ignorance among the Irish Roman Catholic people, as to the great doctrines of Christianity, of their servile fear of the priesthood, and of the deplorable effects which often proceed from marriages between Catholics and Protestants. These topics are handled with great earnestness, and enforced through the medium of excellently concocted and well-told tales.

The author modestly expresses his doubts as to their success, having been written previously to each of the preceding works published by him, although they have already appeared in a periodical. Their priority in point of writing does not by any means prove that they will be inferior to others previously published. Such a circumstance often has quite an opposite result. The eldest child is not unfrequently the best as well as the dearest. The first efforts of an author are as often the freshest and most original of his productions. But we are chiefly called on to let our readers have an opportunity of judging for themselves of these tales, which

are strikingly illustrative of the religious prejudices and feelings of the Irish people.

The first in the volume is, "The Death of a Devotee;"—a man who dies, trusting and clinging for salvation to his guilty soul, fully more to forms and symbols than to the holy Redeemer, whilst his priest, an old frail man, has a knowledge of the truth, and a thorough reliance alone upon Him who is mighty to save. These are solemn subjects to be treated of in tales and fictions, but there is neither levity nor rashness in the handling of them by the writer. Indeed the result, after reading the one we are first to quote from, is an awful and weighty conception of the infinite importance not merely of a good life, but of a sound belief and right knowledge in the leading doctrines of Christianity. The incidents all belong to a stormy night, the description of which attunes the mind of the reader to a proper condition for more appalling things. But first of the site of a habitation:—

"The priest's house was situated in a hollow, somewhat resembling an old excavation, scooped out of the south side of a hill. It had probably been a limestone quarry, the banks of which, in order to prevent waste, had been levelled in. A young grove, intermingled with some fine old elms, grew on the hill immediately above the house, and a good garden was laid out on the slope before the door. As a residence, it was tastefully situated, and commanded two or three graceful sweeps of a sunlit river, on whose bank stood a picturesque ruin. A well-wooded demesne, a cultivated country, and a range of abrupt mountains, through a cleft in which a road trailed up, whose white track was visible in the darkness of the mountain soil, closed the prospect. Indeed, from the remarkable site of the house, one would be apt to suppose that it was well sheltered from wind and storm; the reverse, however, was the fact; for, whenever the wind came from the north-west, it divided itself, as it were, behind the hill, which was long and ridgy, and rushed round with great violence until it met again in the cavity in which the priest's house was built, where the confluence of the opposing tides formed a whirlwind far more destructive than the direct blast. Between one and two o'clock the strength of the storm, though startling, had nothing in it to excite particular alarm. Every moment, however, it became more violent: abrupt and rapid gusts, that poured down from each side of the hill, swept round the house, straining its rafters and collar beams until they cracked. It soon became terrible;—lights were got, and, although there was scarcely a crevice in the house, through which a breath of air on an ordinary night could come, yet, so great was the strength of the wind, that arrowy blasts shot in every direction through the rooms, with such force as to extinguish the lights when brought within their range. Still it increased, and the thunder-groans of the tempest were tremendous. The night hitherto had not been very dark; indeed, no windy night is so; but we now perceived the darkness to increase most rapidly, until it was utter and palpable. The straining of the house and rafters was excessive—every light body was carried about like chaff—many of the trees were crashed to pieces, and huge branches, reft from

their parent trunks, were borne away like straws, wherever the fury of the elements carried them.

“ The night was now pitchy dark, though, for a few minutes before this, fearful lulls were noticed, which excited fresh alarm. We could now look out through the windows, and the dark confused air, in connection with the aspect of the sky, was really appalling;—at the verge of the horizon the heavens were of a lurid copper colour, appearing as if they glowed with a fiery hotness: this was motionless, whilst the massive clouds, from which the lightning shot in every direction, sped rapidly in dark irregular piles, seemingly to one point of the sky. The moon became visible by glimpses, and flew through the heavens in the direction from which the tempest came, with the speed of the wind.”—pp. 4—8.

The hurricane subsides, but there are other storms than those of wind, rain, and thunder. That of fear or remorse is more terrible :—

“ ‘ Open the door,’ said a voice—‘ for the sake of the Blessed Mother, will you open the door fast?’ ”

“ ‘ What’s the matther?’ said one of the servants, who was still up.

“ ‘ Death’s the matther,’ said the man, entering quite out of breath. ‘ John Lynch is dyin’—and may the Holy Mother of God have mercy upon me, but you could hear him skreechin’, clear an’ clane, above the wind and tundher an’ all: Oh! Mike, Mike, his voice is still ringin’ in my ears, so sharp, wild, an’ unnatural, bekase you see it has the sound of death in it. ‘ The priest!—the priest!’ he shouts—‘ the priest—bring me Father Moyle—bring me Father Moyle—no man but *him* will do me;’—then forgettin’ *that* for a minute, he goes on—‘ pray for me—pray for me—will none of yees pray for my guilty sowl?—Ye careless pack, won’t yees offer up one prayer for me?—but, bring me the priest first—yees needn’t pray till *he* comes—it would be no use—bring me the priest, for the sak of the Livin’ Mother!’ May I never commit another sin, but his voice would chill the marrow in your bones, or make your teeth cranch, its so wild and unnatural.”—p. 10.

The old priest is in bed, and so poorly and weak as to be unable to venture out, especially in such a night: his servant will not at first allow him to be disturbed; but at last by the most vehement appeals, and even threats that the priest shall be carried to the dying man’s bedside by force,—for “ who can stop death, can ye tell us?” and “ can the man wait for the morning?”—the man of God exerts himself and reaches the devotee’s presence. When Father Moyle the priest, arrives, the dying man is calling out, “ Must I die without bein’ anointed or absolved?” and his wife is consoling him by saying, “ sure you need not feel so much afeard; you wearn’t that bad man at any how;—besides you have the Coard of blessed St. Francis, and the holy scapular of the Mother of God herself upon your body.” But at length he addresses the priest :—

“ ‘ Absolve me—for the sake of the Blessed Mother, absolve me, I say!’ shrieked Lynch, as he stretched out his fleshless arms, with the most intense supplication, to the priest. ‘ Let me get absolution, an’ die.’ ”

" 'I too am a sinner,' replied the priest; 'think not to draw consolation from me. I cannot, nor will I, mock the awful power of God by the unmeaning form of a rite, particularly when the heart is dead to a living faith.'

" 'Anoint me, then,' said the other—'anoint me: surely you won't let me die like a heretic or a dog, without the benefit of *that*, at laste?'

" 'I am myself,' replied the priest, 'on the brink of the grave, and I cannot trifle either with my salvation or your own. I could not meet my Redeemer, if I turned away your heart from *Him*, in this awful hour. Tell me that you renounce every thing, except *Him ALONE*, and I will then speak peace to your soul.'

" 'Sure I do believe on my Redeemer,' replied the man—'didn't I always believe on him? I only want absolution.'

" 'Hear me, you deluded man,' said the priest: 'as I shall stand before the throne of judgment, and, as God liveth, there is none but God can give you absolution.'

" A murmur of surprise and disapprobation at this strange doctrine burst from all present; the priest looked round, but he was firm.

" 'Heaven and earth, cannot *you* do it?' asked the other, distractedly.

" 'No!' replied the priest solemnly; 'to forgive sins is the province of God *alone*, as well as to give grace for repentance and faith.'

" 'God of heaven,' cried the other, in a kind of impotent fury, 'why didn't you tell me this before?'

" The priest gasped for breath, and only answered with a groan that shook his whole frame.

" 'Is there no hope?' asked Lynch.

" 'Repent,' said the priest—'repent from the bottom of your heart, and believe that Christ died for you, and rest assured, that, if your sins were ten thousand times greater than they are, they can be made whiter than snow. Can you, therefore, believe that Christ died for *you*?'

" 'I can, I can,' said the other: 'didn't I always believe it?'

" A gleam of delight passed over the priest's features, and he turned up his eyes gratefully to heaven. He proceeded—'Can you believe that nothing else but repentance and that faith which I have described are able to save you?'

" 'I can, I can,' said the man; 'will you absolve me *now*?'

" 'Do you renounce all trust in this, and in this?' said Father Moyle, taking up the Coard of St. Francis and the Scapular, both of which the other had pressed to his bosom. The man clutched them more closely, and was silent. 'Answer me,' said Father Moyle, 'ere it be too late.'

" 'Here,' said the man, 'I can give up the Coard of St. Francis; but—but—is it to give up the Ordher of the Mother of God? No, no, I couldn't give up *that*; I darn't make *her* my enemy.'

" 'Do you feel that a form of absolution, or the application of extreme unction, from me, *cannot* pardon your sins?'

" 'Sure I know they *can*,' replied the other.'"—pp. 29—31.

A more accommodating spiritual adviser however arrives; he administers the last rites of the church, and the poor man dies greatly composed, clinging to his idols, his scapulars and his unctions, but refusing to ground all his hopes on *Him* before whom he

is to go to be judged. Now in all this there is neither mawkish sensibility, nor profane trifling with awful names and themes.

We next have the priest's funeral; the dying of old Father Moyle himself, whose conduct at poor Lynch's death prepares us to understand why his brethren and his superiors are in great trouble to prevent any one but themselves to have access to the last scene of one of their order, whose opinions have taken such a turn. This sketch gives any thing but a favourable picture of the Catholic priesthood of Ireland, and, if it be a true one, accounts for much of the ignorance and fury of the lower orders.

The third tale is called *Malone*, and it is of a humorous character. Then comes the longest in the volume, called *the Brothers*, which is meant to exhibit the consequence of such ill-assorted marriages as those between Protestants and Roman Catholics. Peggy Graham is the daughter of protestant parents, and has been carefully educated for her rank in life; she elopes, and is married to a repulsive cunning and heartless Catholic, Dan Gallagher.

"In Ireland, elopements of this nature are never considered disgraceful, although it frequently happens that they are attended with deep and lasting calamity to the parties themselves. It sometimes happens, that the parents of the young persons are well aware of their intention 'to run away with one another;' in general, however, the elopement mostly takes place without either their knowledge or concurrence. The arrangements usually made on such occasions are these:—The young man having gained the consent of her to whom he is determined to unite himself, appoints the place and hour of meeting; he then goes to some friend, to whom he discloses the secret, and asks permission to bring her to his house—a request which, I believe, has never yet been refused; this person is either a relation by blood or marriage, for the most part; though a gossip, or particular friend, is often solicited for the purpose. This young man, having thus communicated his intention, sends a stock of spirits to the house of his friend, sufficient to entertain those whom they may think proper to ask. The latter, of course, meet; but in cases where there may be an apprehension, that the disclosure of the parties' names about to elope would reach their respective parents, the invited friends are left in the dark upon this point. They are informed that such a circumstance is about to take place, and that it is expected they will attend. They accordingly meet, and the night is spent in drinking, singing, and mirth."—pp. 158, 159.

The marriage ceremony is performed by a Catholic priest, and is hastily arrived at through the eloquence of Harry Moran, the bridegroom's confidential friend.

"Having thus gained his point, he went out once more, and, in a few minutes, led in a large figure enveloped in a blue drugget quilt, which entirely concealed his person as far as his knees, just exhibiting a pair of stout legs, cased in black gaiters, which, probably, were left visible to establish his clerical character.

"But, perhaps, the most ludicrous part of his disguise was the mask which concealed his visage. This consisted of the tin cover of a pot,

bent round his face, and tied behind his neck with a string. Opposite the eyes were two holes, large enough to enable this reverend masquerader to take an accurate survey of every thing about him. Before the mouth there was a huge slit through which he could breathe, speak, and, if necessary, contrive to swallow a little drink. His whole figure, which was of an enormous size, produced an irresistibly ludicrous effect, as, indeed, it was calculated to do.

“ ‘Don’t be alarmed, neighbours,’ exclaimed Harry; ‘ ’tis an honest, worthy gentleman, that we respect; and I’ll be bound to say, that there’s not a clergy in the kingdom can do his work in finer style; he’s the man will tie the knot that nothing but death can loose; but the law’s dangerous to make or meddle with, and it’s no harm, sometimes, to be too many for it.’ ”

“ Gallagher and Peggy were then called forward by Harry, together with another young woman, who was to act as bride’s maid; the bridegroom, as we may now call him, selected an acquaintance, as his man, upon the occasion, and Harry himself undertook the office of giving away the bride. Every thing being thus arranged, the worthy in the mask commenced the ceremony, and, in a few minutes, they were united.

“ No sooner was the marriage over, than Molly and her two maids set to work with such vigour, that the tables, already placed for the supper, were soon covered with beef, bacon, and fowls in abundance, for the fare was given with a truly Irish heart. The reverend mask did not take the chair upon this memorable night, but he took a respectful share of the viands which were placed before him, eating and drinking through the tin veil, with a perseverance and effect worthy of an alderman. Now, let not the fastidious reader conclude, that this is a fiction; for, I can assure him that ceremonies of this nature have frequently taken place at intermarriages between Catholics and Protestants, nor are they yet wholly abolished.”—pp. 166—167.

The heartless husband labours for years to convert his Protestant wife, urged and backed by his priest, Father Dorneen. They have two sons; Ned, the elder, is of his father’s faith, ignorant, illiterate, and worthless; Tom, the younger, is every way the reverse, having profited greatly through a mother’s excellent example. He is eighteen years of age, and has, without his father’s knowledge, and mother’s too, entered himself at the University of Dublin, having privately qualified himself for that purpose. Things between husband and wife are thus brought to a climax.

“ The fact is, that in almost every intermarriage, where the wife is a Protestant, there is most commonly a surrender, on the part of the husband, of personal independance, and of that delicacy which is due to the feelings and privileges of a wife and mother. What man, what husband, possessing feeling or affection for his wife, would permit her to become a butt for the insolence and ignorance of a bigotted and illiterate priest? Yet so it happens, and ever will happen, until the grappling irons of this power are broken, and our peasantry taught to think and act like men whom God has formed for nobler ends than to be the contented slaves of a subtle and ambitious class, who hang upon every religious and political movement among nations, to watch those moments in which they may confirm their authority over mankind.

"The appearance of this broken-hearted woman, would have melted the soul of any man but a dark and unfeeling bigot. So long had she been accustomed to habits of passive and unresisting obedience to this slave—who, unhappily, was invested with a husband's authority over her—that in every thing, but the abandonment of her religious faith, she obeyed him, as a child would crouch under the brow of a tyrant master in a village school. And, perhaps, it was the exhibition of this broken spirit on her part, that induced the priest and her husband to hope, that, by increasing her load of misery, in proportion to her declining strength, they might ultimately succeed in changing her religious opinions."—pp. 205, 206.

She is called to be sifted respecting her son's decided step, before husband and priest, and his entrance at the University.

"Aware of the presence of Father Dorneen, and of her husband's express determination to turn her out of doors, if she would not strain her judgment to believe what it condemned—she betrayed a sense of apprehension and nervous excitement, produced by Gallagher's habits of reproof and her weak health. This, however, was subdued by a serene confidence which beamed from her eye, notwithstanding the fitful alternation of pale and red upon her cheek.

"Father Dorneen, without rising, motioned her to a chair, which she took with as much humility as if she had not been in her own house."

"'Hem—hem—this is a beautiful day for the harvest, Mrs. Gallagher. Hem!'

"'The weather is excellent, indeed, Father Dorneen; if it continues, there is every hope of the crops being abundant.'

"'Your remark, ma'am, is perfectly correct; very much so, indeed—hem. It is also good travelling weather, ma'am,' (a wink at Gallagher,) 'excellent weather for travelling—hem!'

"'Is it not rather hot, Sir?'

"Eh?—rather—rather hot? Why, upon my credibility, it is, except to those who travel on the out—inside, I mean, of the coach; still, with a good worsted comforter, and two or three great coats, to keep out the sun, it's not bad travelling weather for all that—hem!' (another wink at Gallagher.)

"'Mrs. Gallagher made no reply.

"'How did Mr. Thomas travel, Mrs. Gallagher? did he go by coach, ma'am?'

"'By coach! Is it to my fathers?' she inquired; for Gallagher had prevented both her and her children from bestowing, on their maternal relations, those epithets which express the degrees of consanguinity. 'You know, Sir, that no coach runs in this part of the country, much less betwixt this and Mulaghmore.'"—pp. 207, 208.

She is greatly struck on learning that her excellent son is not at her father's, but in Dublin.

"She exhibited great agitation, and her hand trembled so much that she could scarcely read the letter. On closing it, she looked mournfully at her husband, and her eyes filled with tears. 'Poor boy,' said she, 'he has preferred shaping his own course in life, to the lot of bitterness and sorrow which he was compelled to suffer under his father's roof. You, Father Dorneen, are acquainted with the secrets of our family, and can

bear witness to the truth of what I say. His fate here—meek and uncomplaining as he was—oh! Daniel, Daniel, *you* know that fate was hard, and his treatment harsh—my dear child!—yet you know, too, that to none living did he ever utter a complaint—never—he bore all without a murmur, for he loved the hand that was ever up in enmity against him, because that hand was his father's. He is now, however,' she continued, wiping away the tears that flowed profusely, 'he is now dead to us; and I—I—have lost my best friend and companion, whose affectionate hand was ever ready to wipe away the tears from *my* eyes.' She wept bitterly."—pp. 209—210.

Her husband is persuaded that she had no hand in their son's decided step; but he could not allow himself to let slip the opportunity of enforcing the great object of his heart respecting her, that of proselytism.

" 'Well, well,' observed Gallagher, 'it's of no use to be makin' any further inquiries about that; I believe she knew nothin' of it; but now that you and she, Father Dorneen, are both to the fore, I wish, once for all, to settle whether she and I are to live together in future, or not; that's the point, darlin', I'm comin' to; you know I've tould you, for many a long year, that except you'd give in, it would end this way.'

"The poor heart-broken creature gave a look of entreaty and deprecation at her husband, which ought to have touched any human heart; she remained silent, however, with a strong expression of timidity, if not of terror, on her countenance.

" 'We are both for your good, Mrs. Gallagher,' observed the priest, 'small blame to any man for not wishing to see his wife damn—— that is, lost eternally.'

" 'You must answer me now, for the last time,' said the husband; 'can you, or will you consent to become a Roman Catholic, and go to your duties, as I do?'

"At this moment her physical weakness was excessively great; she saw the crisis was arrived—but she reflected that by remaining with her husband, she might eventually gain some salutary influence over her other son, whose abandoned life gave greater poignancy to her affliction. To go to her father's would have been, in itself, desirable; but the strength of Christian duty and maternal affection, inclined her to remain near this unfortunate young man. This consideration increased the difficulties of her trial, and she sat for a few minutes, pale, and incapable of getting a word to her lips.

" 'Mrs. Gallagher,' said the priest, giving the matter a new turn, 'why would you hesitate, ma'am—sure, for that matter, there's not so much difference between the two religions, at all, at all—not worth thinking about;' and he winked again at the husband.

" 'Give us an answer,' said the husband; 'it is now or never with you; the consequence is before you—never to sleep another night under this roof.'

"Her tears were now dried up, but her lips were parched, though a slight dewy perspiration broke from her temples, which she wiped feebly.

" 'Speak out, ma'am,' said the priest, 'speak out, and may God give you a good resolution.'

“ ‘If, Dan,’ she replied, ‘I am not to remain here except I become a Roman Catholic, my resolution is made; and I must leave you, since you will have it so. It is a point between God and me, in which his written Word is my guide. I am willing to go, for I cannot do that, to oblige man, which my conscience condemns—excuse me—I am not able to speak—I am very weak.’—pp. 211—213.

The priest and her husband retired for a little, the former to spur the latter on to a more decided exercise of authority, perceiving that he was about to fail in such a trial. Gallagher thus urged, orders the car to be got ready to carry her hence.

“ ‘You must go now,’ said he, when he had re-entered the room in which she sat, ‘I have ordered the car—in the course of to-morrow, every thing belonging to you will be sent to your father’s.’

“ She rose up meekly and submissively, and prepared herself for departure. On collecting a few things, she met a little book, which she took in her hand and gazed on for a short time—she kissed it, and put it in her bosom. It was a small collection of poetry, which she and her son Thomas used to read together, in the absence of the father and Ned.

“ She then came down with a little bundle in her hand, and entered the parlour, to bid farewell to her husband.

“ ‘I cannot part from you, in anger,’ said she; but her feelings overcame her, and she could utter no more. She extended her hand to him, and from an impulse of some feeling that was new to him, he took it kindly—she looked at him doubtingly, like a child, as if afraid of taking the liberty—but he understood her, and received the kiss which she offered him.

“ ‘Farewell, Margaret,’ said he, ‘I would save you if I could—God, who is in heaven, sees my heart, I would.’

“ She then bid Father Dorneen farewell, and departed.

“ When the car drove from the door, Gallagher went to the window, and kept his eyes fixed upon her form, until it was near reaching an angle, that would have taken her out of sight—she turned about on arriving at it, and looked in the direction where he stood, until she disappeared; and immediately he threw himself into a chair, put his hands upon his face, and groaned and wept aloud.”—pp. 214—215.

Reckless Ned, the eldest son, comes in and finds his father and the priest together, the former sadly agitated.

“ ‘What’s this?’ said he, ‘what ails you, father?—in the name of all that’s beautiful it is cryin’ you are? what’s the matther? eh, Father Dorneen?’

“ ‘Your mother’s gone from us, Ned!’ replied the father, ‘I sent her away at last.’

“ Ned said not a word to his father; but instantly turning on his heel—‘Come,’ said he, to the priest, ‘come, you intherlopin’ ould sinner—march—out of the house with you—clear off—here, Phadrick Dalton, get this ould sinner’s horse, Father Dorneen’s,—come now, you common disturber you—that’s good for nothin’ only sowin’ dissention among families—off you go, out of this; and by the contents of the primer, if ever you show your nose in this house again, I’ll read you out from the althar, as you say yourself;—you’ve been afther poor Tom, because you thought he

was a Protestant, or likely to be one—and the same way with my mother, till the life's worn out of her; but myself that's more than half-way gone to the devil—did ever you trouble yourself about me?—here now, there's your horse—mount him and show us your horsemanship;—in the mean time, with the blessin' of all the Saints, male an' faymale, my mother will sleep undher this same roof, this same night that's in it—an' out they go that will say agin it, father or priest, I don't care a rush which."—pp. 216—217.

A good deal of low abuse passes between the priest and Ned, the latter threatening to die a Protestant to vex the spiritual adviser, is good, and like the character that utters the idea. The priest, however, has to depart unceremoniously, and next the son makes good his point with the father, who was now the slave of this spoiled child, that exacted as a right what had at first been conceded to him from indulgence. After this he deepens in crime and profligacy; the father relapses into his former manner towards his wife, becomes a drinker, and lifts his hand against her, whilst all her earthly consolation lays in sometimes meeting at her father's her younger and worthy son, who finishes his studies at college, and succeeds in obtaining a curacy about fifteen miles from his native home. Ned is imprisoned on a capital charge, where the mother, in a dying state, visits him along with the young curate. The father joins the sorrowful group, and at last craves his worthy son's pardon for much bad usage from his hand. His obstinacy and harshness break down.

"Mrs. Gallagher was scarcely able to articulate, but the sons endeavoured to compose *him*. 'Keep away from me, childer,' he exclaimed, 'keep from me. I destroyed not her alone, but all of you. Ned, I'm your murderer, as well as her's—I am—and you, my poor Tom, dear knows what hardship and distress you suffered among strangers, fightin' your way alone, and without help, through the world. Yes, Ned darlin', I am your destroyer. Had I given you proper education, and not backed you in all your folly, an' encouraged an' egged you on as I did, you wouldn't now be as you are—but—but—I'm punished—I'm payin' for all, though I deserve it all. What's this—there's something comin' over me—the room's goin' round—I'm fallin'!'

"Ere he fell, however, his children caught him; and on bringing him over to the sofa, he appeared insensible.

"My dear Mother,' said Thomas, 'I fear this scene will be too much for you.'

"'No, my dear,' she replied, 'believe me I am happier than I have been for a long time. I see sorrow, bitter sorrow, and repentance towards me—and if, before I go, I could witness the same compunction in their hearts towards God, I could close my life with perfect happiness. Thank God; blessed be God, he is recovering.' As she spoke, Gallagher breathed; and in a few minutes was able to overcome the paroxysm which the highly-wrought state of his feelings had brought on him.

"Thomas now became the comforter; and though without experience in scenes so trying as this, delivered a short and feeling exhortation which

succeeded in soothing them very much. Mrs. Gallagher then gave her last parting advice and blessing to her unhappy son, who was absolutely torn away from her.

" 'Behave,' said he; 'stay from me—isn't it the last time?—let me go to her—I will, I must go to her—oh! mother, will you leave me?—make them let me go to you only for a minute, sure I only mane it once, till I ax her blessing, and hear it from her own blessed lips agin—let me kiss her then, and get the blessing, as I said, the last time for ever. O! blessed Mother! is she gone—gone—gone, and am I never to see her more? Well, now I'll go, and then for the dhrink, the dhrink, boys, the dhrink! Nulty and Bredin, where are yees? Get me the bottle, for the sake of heaven above me, get me the bottle.' Alas! it is distressing to go on with the narrative. That night he was carried to his bed in a state of helpless intoxication, nor did he afterwards permit himself to know a moment's sobriety, maugre the entreaties, and solicitations, of father, brother, or priest. 'You have two choices,' said he, 'it's useless tormenting me; I will either dhrink or put an end to myself.'—pp. 250—252.

The mother lived till the day of Ned's trial; he was condemned and executed, and buried in the same grave with her. The father some weeks afterwards was struck by paralysis, and died in his younger son's arms, who of course lived and prospered.

Such is a slight sketch of *The Brothers*, a tale intended to expose the unrelenting spirit and disastrous consequences of proselytism. That such domestic calamities and scenes are to be met with as here described cannot be denied; but we doubt the good derived from such a mode of exposing and reproving the evil referred to.

The story is a fiction; the person who concocts it feels strongly on one side, and naturally places persons and events just as suits the view started with. Those of the same way of thinking with the author are strengthened in their hostility, and so are they who are the objects of exposure, because they cannot and will not perceive the fidelity of the representation. Facts and real occurrences cannot be gainsaid, but it is easy to sneer away any fabled combination of circumstances. The tale, however, is carefully and powerfully carried on, and gives an affecting domestic picture. The ruin that overtakes Ned, the eldest son, is more sorrowful than the breaking of the heavenly-minded mother's heart; for he possessed the materials that might have been turned to noble ends, and amid all his madness in folly and vice, exhibited strong features of natural mental strength.

We have not room to go into the other tales; "*The Illicit Distiller, T*" "*he Dream of the Broken Heart*," and "*Lachlin Murray and the Blessed Candle*." The two first are, as their titles intimate of a serious kind: the last full of superstition and religious bigotry. Lachlin was a weaver, simple minded, and unable to read; but full of all the wondrous miracles accomplished by the Saints. But the more devout he grew, the slower did the weaving business get on, till at length the meal barrel got empty. He,

however, had heard, that by dint of prayer and other religious exercises, full barrels might be miraculously filled. Accordingly, when meal no longer was left him, one morning he ordered his mother to put down the pot, with as much water in it as would make them a sufficient mess :—

“The pot was, therefore, put down, Lachlin ‘went to his knees,’ and commenced a most meal-seeking rosary to the blessed Virgin. Fervently did he pray for some time—and what was best of all, his appetite increased with his zeal—until he thought there ought to be, in all reason, at least a hundred weight of meal in the barrel. At length, he thought it time to inquire: ‘Mother, darling,’ said he, ‘will you thry the barrel? there ought to be a decent *cast* in it by this—I have prayed, tooth an’ nail, for the last half hour—how does it stand, jewel?’

“‘Why, blessed be *HER* name, Lachlin, avourneen, bad scrán to the dust’s to be had for love or money; not as much as would make gruel for a mouse in a conswimption—an’ the pot’s boilin’ up cleverly—who did you pray to, Lachlin, a-lannah?’

“‘To the blessed Virgin, in coorse, mother—is there never a dust at all at all?’

“‘To be sure, darlin’, isn’t here the bottom, clear an’ clane before me—but no male, Lachlin—an’ the pot, as I sed, goin’ mad—Lachlin, a hagar, as *SHE* has failed you this bout, hadn’t you betther thry St. Paidhrick?’

“He sighed, and cast a melancholy glance at the pot, and commenced once more with renewed vigour. A second rosary was offered up, together with two or three ornamental prayers, which he added to make it more effectual and complete. When these were concluded, he called upon the mother a second time :

“‘Mother, will you give the smallest taste of a peep into the barrel?’ The mother complied. ‘Well, mother—well? Is there any thing besides the bottom?’

“‘Full it is, Lachlin, of——’

“‘Eh! full—I know’d it—glorhia wurrah!—I know’d it—I know’d whin I threw in the last three prayers, as a *dhurah**, that I’d get it.’

“‘—Asy, Lachlin, avourneen, ’tis full of emptiness it is—clane an’ clear is the bottom of it before my eyes here, without as much as you’d blow off a sixpence on it.”—pp. 339—341.

We extract this passage merely to shew what we believe is too often not an overcharged scene among the most illiterate of the Irish peasantry. It is a lamentable picture, and without pretending to point out the best means of rectifying such deplorable evils, we may predict, that such a people will ever be an inflammable stock for agitators to work on. But this is a point not suitably to be discussed here, and we therefore dismiss these tales, with a hearty approval of the talent and execution of the author, though we cannot anticipate much practical good of the kind contemplated to result from them. The plates are striking, and partake, like the work itself, of the laughable and the serious; the latter predominating. And such, with all its raciness, is Irish life.

* A *dhurah* is an additional quantity thrown in at the purchase of potatoes, meal, hay, &c., to carry luck with it, and to make certain that the measure is complete.

ART. VII.—1. *The Works of Robert Burns ; with his Life.* By Allan Cunningham. Eight vols. 8vo. London: Cockrane & M'Crone. 1834.

2. *The Life and Poetical Works of the Rev. George Crabbe.* Eight vols. Small 8vo. By his Son. London: Murray. 1834.

It is not an easy matter to write the life of a man of genius, nor with a perfect understanding and due nicety to judge of his works. The office requires not merely a general accomplishment of mind, but a kindred perception and sympathy. Besides, if the subject of biography, and his productions have long been familiar to us, and admired to the highest pitch, it becomes doubly difficult to meet the expectations and demands that are thereby to be met, and fulfilled, ere reaping any thing like the proper rewards of faithfulness. Robert Burns and his works impose all these difficulties, and, at the very outset, stare the writer in the face, who would wish to place them in a truer and fresher light, than what they seemed to possess from former efforts of representation. It is difficult, it is, perhaps, as impossible to come up to our expectations and desires respecting this great poet, as it is in the case of Shakspeare, at least, they stand in one respect in the same relation to us ; each of them being essentially the child and poet of nature ; each of them being felt and understood, in many of their works, by every human heart, and with a degree of clearness and intensity, that defies words to equal and describe. Hence it is, that we are never satisfied with any thing that purports to exhibit to us the whole length and breadth of such a genius as any of these two poets was. We feel always, as if something were wanting ; we would fain get a step higher or deeper, and though much pleased, and unable to point out what is wrong or a-wanting, the secret feeling is, that ‘ this is not yet the thing’.

Perhaps in no instance is this longing and disappointment more general than in regard to Burns, the poet, who in every part of his works must be felt by the learned and unlearned alike. Currie and Walker did much : Lockhart has done more for the Ayrshire bard ; and now we have a poet, of kindred country, rank in life, taste and knowledge, addressing himself to the duty which we felt has not before been perfectly performed ; and who, though he may throw a new light upon the old materials, “ and inform them with fresh spirit and sentiment,” will, we are persuaded, after all, leave us in some degree unsatisfied. For who can behold on all sides the light of a luminary. One thing is clear, that no man could approach the subject of the volumes before us with a finer modesty, and a greater industry : it is “ with something of hope and fear ” that Allan Cunningham, the poet, whom Burns would have been proud to have associated with every day of his life, offers this work to his country: it is with exemplary candour and accuracy, that he follows the illustrious peasant through all his meteor-like course.

Our business, however, is to follow the biographer and critic in

these volumes : first in his delineation of the poet's life, and secondly, in his notices of the new pieces, which were not before made public.

Robert Burns was the eldest son of William Burness and Agnes Brown, his wife. He was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a clay-built cottage, raised by his father's own hands, on the banks of the Doon, in the district of Kyle, and county of Ayr. The season was boisterous, the tenement frail ; and some days after his birth it was crushed : but he was carried unharmed to a neighbouring abode. He was wont to claim ironically some commiseration for his stormy passions from being ushered thus into the world. The cottage was rebuilt, and is visited by thousands annually, who repair to Ayrshire, chiefly through the attraction of his name and birth-place. It is now an alehouse, as the biographer says, but such houses in Scotland have wine and spirits of all kinds at command. The landlord, quite a boniface, patronises whisky, but brandy rather, if he can persuade his customers to call for it. What are called provincially "whisky blossoms" are ripe upon his nose, and we remember, when questioning him, respecting the convivial propensities of his former acquaintance, Burns, to have been told, "he was a noble chiel", and as to drinkin', sic another as mysel', but ne'er a drunkard." The neighbouring scenery is beautiful, and rich in all the features that can adorn a scene. The biographer says there is nothing very picturesque about the cottage. We rather give it as our opinion, that it is singularly so, now a days, if fine inclosures, well cultivated, surrounded with sprightly trees, varied at a few hundred yards distance, by natural wood clothing the banks of the gallant Doon, can be admitted as proper features; modern villas, antique mansions, and rustic dwellings, every where intermingling with the Carrick hills as a back-ground, and the sea so near, that its wail or roar is heard.

Burn's mother was a native of Ayrshire, and though neither highborn, nor celebrated for beauty, possessed what heraldry cannot give, a happy disposition, healthy domestic virtues, clear intelligence, and deep religious feeling. Her son resembled her, and she lived till lately, partaking of the fruits of his genius. His father was from Kincardineshire, but left his native place, with a small knowledge of farming, and a large stock of speculative theology, at the age of nineteen. His resting place was Doonside, where he at length took a wife, and built the frail shealing already spoken of. He afterwards leased a farm close by, which, after a struggle, he was obliged to relinquish, in a great measure through a "stern factor," whose infamy has been thus purchased in the "Twa dogs." William Burness accordingly removed to Lochlea, a larger and better farm, some ten miles off, in the parish of Tarbolton.

"Here he seemed at once to strike root and prosper. He was still strong in body, ardent in mind, and unsubdued in spirit. Every day, too, was bringing vigour to his sons, who, though mere boys, took more

than their proper share of toil; while his wife superintended, with care and success, the whole system of in-door economy. But it seemed as if fortune had determined that nought he set his heart on should prosper. For four years, indeed, seasons were favourable, and markets good; but in the fifth year, there ensued a change. It was in vain that he laboured with head and hand, and resolved to be economical and saving. In vain Robert held the plough with the dexterity of a man by day, and thrashed and prepared corn for seed or for sale, evening and morning, before the sun rose and after it set. "The gloom of hermits, and the unceasing moil of galley slaves," were endured to no purpose; and, to crown all, a difference arose between the tenant and his landlord, as to terms of lease and rotation of crop. The farmer, a stern man, self-willed as well as devoutly honest, admitted of but one interpretation to ambiguous words. The proprietor, accustomed to give law rather than receive it, explained them to his own advantage; and the declining years of this good man, and the early years of his eminent son, were embittered by disputes, in which sensitive natures suffer and worldly ones thrive.

"Amid all these toils and trials, William Burness remembered the worth of religious instruction, and the usefulness of education in the rearing of his children. The former task he took upon himself, and, in a little manual of devotion still extant, sought to soften the rigour of the Calvinistic creed into the gentler Arminian. He set, too, the example which he taught. He abstained from all profane swearing and vain discourse, and shunned all approach to levity of conversation or behaviour. A week-day in his house wore the sobriety of a Sunday; nor did he fail in performing family worship in a way which enabled his son to give the world that fine picture of domestic devotion, the "*Cottar's Saturday Night*."—pp. 6, 7.

The poet's school education, as all the world knows, was defective and obtained at starts. But he was an apt, and remarkably intelligent scholar. The poetry he met with, and the histories of renowned men, particularly Hannibal and Sir William Wallace, set his soul on fire.

"The education of Burns was not over when the school-doors were shut. The peasantry of Scotland turn their cottages into schools; and when a father takes his arm-chair by the evening fire, he seldom neglects to communicate to his children whatever knowledge he possesses himself. Nor is this knowledge very limited; it extends, generally, to the history of Europe, and to the literature of the island; but more particularly to the divinity, the poetry, and, what may be called, the traditionary history of Scotland. An intelligent peasant is intimate with all those skirmishes, sieges, combats, and quarrels, domestic or national, of which public writers take no account. Genealogies of the chief families are quite familiar to him. He has by heart, too, whole volumes of songs and ballads; nay, long poems sometimes abide in his recollection; nor will he think his knowledge much, unless he knows a little about the lives and actions of the men who have done most honour to Scotland. In addition to what he has on his memory, we may mention what he has on the shelf. A common husbandman is frequently master of a little library: history, divinity, and poetry, but most so the latter, compose his collection.

Milton and Young are favourites; the flowery *Meditations* of Hervey, the religious romance of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, are seldom absent; while of Scottish books, Ramsay, Thomson, Fergusson, and now Burns, together with songs and ballad-books innumerable, are all huddled together, soiled with smoke, and frail and tattered by frequent use. The household of William Burness was an example of what I have described; and there is some truth in the assertion, that in true knowledge the Poet was, at nineteen, a better scholar than nine-tenths of our young gentlemen when they leave school for the college.—pp. 10, 11.

We are giving more fully the earlier years of Burns than our limits will allow, were it not that the days of his highest history will be but slightly dwelt on, because they are better known. There is another purpose we have in view,—the example presented of an excellent system of education, which, no where even in Scotland, so far as the common people are concerned, is more sedulously attended to, than in Ayrshire and the western counties. We could be prolific on this subject, and always are ardent. The extract now given affords a fair specimen of what, to this day, is the economy of a farmer's fireside. But to return to the poet:—it is clear that the books he had access to (which besides those enumerated were all calculated to enlarge his knowledge, or accomplish his mind, such as geographical grammars, agricultural works, Locke on the Human Understanding, Bodies of Divinity, Pope, Shakespeare, and English songs) could be of no further use to him, as the biographer says, than just to shew him what others had done, and to afford him information. He took besides, lessons in the classic lore of his native land from an old woman who resided in the family, who was full of marvellous tales, and from the songs and ballads which his mother commonly chaunted, which were uniformly of a moral hue; till at length he who had listened began to speak. “Beauty first gave utterance to his crowding thoughts; with him love and poetry were coevals.”

“‘You know,’ he says, in his communication to Moore, ‘our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autum, my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom, ‘she was a bonnie sweet sonsie lass.’ In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and bookworm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell. You medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c.; but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours—why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Eolian harp—and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sang sweetly; and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted giving

an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song which was said to be composed by a country laird's son on one of his father's maids with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he—for, excepting that he could smear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholar craft than myself. Thus with me began love and poetry.'"—pp. 15, 16.

One other extract will complete all that we can give, and indeed the great leading points in the groundwork education of this singularly shrewd, deep-passioned, and reckless man.

“‘The will-o'-wisp meteors of thoughtless whim’ began, he says, to be almost the sole lights of his way; yet early-ingrained piety preserved his innocence, though it could not keep him from folly. ‘The great misfortune of my life,’ he wisely says, ‘was to want an aim. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of fortune was the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little chicaning bargain making. The first is so contracted an aperture, I never could squeeze myself into it; the last I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance. Thus abandoned of aim or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity as from a pride of observation and remark—a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriasm that made me fly solitude; add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought something like the rudiments of good sense; and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited; or any great wonder that where two or three met together, there was I among them. Another circumstance in my life, which made some alteration in my mind and manners, was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school to learn mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c., in which I made pretty good progress. But I made greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. The contraband trade was at that time very successful, and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were till this time new to me; but I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learnt to fill my glass and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry till the sun entered Virgo—a month which is always a carnival in my bosom—when a charming filette, who lived next to the school, upset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies.”—pp. 17, 18.

The biographer has added to this account what the poet gives of himself, some beautiful and touching passages; which, as in very many parts of the work, seem to come from a bosom that has intensely sympathized with him, in all that is said. When about his twenty-second year, Burns betook himself to flax-dressing, to aid his father's schemes, a most uncongenial pursuit, compared to the labours of the field, which we have in a fine letter to his honoured parent, a new aspect of the poet's mind, quite distinct from those given in any part of what we call his education. He had gone to the Burgh

of Irvine to work as a flax-dresser, where, Dr. Currie says, he possessed a single room for his lodging, rented, perhaps, at the rate of a shilling a week; and his food consisted chiefly of oatmeal. After quoting his letter, we must run forward with the remainder of the life, at a very different pace than hitherto. But really his epistolary writings are so energetic and tender, that it is with reluctance one can leave them behind. They are sometimes only surpassed by his poetry.

“He thus wrote to his father: ‘Honoured Sir:—I have purposely delayed writing, in the hope that I should have the pleasure of seeing you on New-year’s day: but work comes so hard upon us that I do not choose to be absent on that account. My health is nearly the same as when you were here, only my sleep is a little sounder, and on the whole I am rather better than otherwise, though I mend by very slow degrees. The weakness of my nerves has so debilitated my mind that I dare neither review past wants, nor look forward into futurity: for the least anxiety or perturbation in my breast produces most unhappy effects on my whole frame. Sometimes, indeed, when for an hour or two my spirits are a little lightened, I *glimmer* a little into futurity; but my principal, and indeed my only pleasurable employment, is looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way. I am quite transported at the thought that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains, and uneasinesses, and disquietudes of this weary life; for I assure you, I am heartily tired of it: and, if I do not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it.

“‘As for this world,’ he continues, ‘I despair of ever making a figure in it. I am not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the flutter of the gay. I shall never again be capable of entering into such scenes. Indeed, I am altogether unconcerned at the thoughts of this life. I foresee that poverty and obscurity probably await me, and I am in some measure prepared, and daily preparing, to meet them. I have but just time and paper to return you my grateful thanks for the lessons of virtue and piety you have given me, which were too much neglected at the time of giving them, but which I hope have been remembered ere it is yet too late.’”—pp. 22, 23.

The death of the poet’s father, the burning of the flax-dressing premises, the joint tenancy with his brother Gilbert of the farm of Mossgiel, must be passed over. For as the biographer says, we are now to enter into the regions of romance; the romance, we add, of love and poetic inspiration; the great business of Burns’ life, and which Mr. Cunningham has handled with a master’s power, nay, a brother’s art. Faithful to his task, he has also touched “on the moral sores of so fine a genius,” without which his character cannot be understood. We coincide with the biographer, when he says, that Burns was “no practised toper, but thought it necessary to look a gay fellow in poetry!” this at least held true of him, after he had often sung the pleasures of the bowl. “But liquor was not then, and I believe never was, a settled desire of soul with the poet,” says Mr. Cunningham, with which

we also agree. Of his profane verses and pieces connected with a controversy amongst the theologians of the west of Scotland, we will not say more than that they added as little to the good name of the poet as they did to the party they served.

When twenty-three years of age, Burns had taken his station as a man in society, and was courted by all within his provincial circle, who had any relish for wit, or soul for poetry. We are told, speaking of this time, that he was distinguished by large dark expressive eyes, swarthy visage, broad brow, shaded with black curly hair; melancholy look, and well-knit frame, vigorous and active. He affected, too, a certain oddity of dress and manner. He was clever in controversy, but obstinate, and ever fierce, when contradicted, as most men are, who have built up their opinions for themselves. But the greatest part of his history is to be found in his compositions, in which he poured out all the loves, the cares, the sorrows, the joys, the hopes and fears of the passing moment; and to such a record we must chiefly refer.

The failure of the farm undertaking at Mossgiel, the resolution of going out as a sort of steward to the plantations, and the passages of tenderness and sorrow between Jean Armour and him, must be learnt from the work before us, by a direct perusal of it. The publication of some of his earliest and best pieces, which took place at this critical period, gave a total turn to his fortunes and prospects. To Scotland at large, "the rising of a July sun on a December morning, could not have given greater surprise, than did the first published poems of the bard of Ayrshire. High and low were enchanted by them; and they were the means of preventing him setting foot on board the vessel at Greenock, whither he had gone to bid farewell to Scotland. A copy of them had reached Dr. Blacklock, a poet of some note, who resided in Edinburgh, and the doctor's warm approbation of their merits, and strongly expressed desire for the welfare of the young author, having reached Burns just in time to prevent his setting sail, drew him to Edinburgh, which Mr. Cunningham considers the commencement of the second era of the bard's life.

In Edinburgh, rank, fashion and genius, conspired to do him honour; a large edition of his poems was sold, and his name raised to the highest place among modern poets.

"How he appeared in the sight of others, Dugald Stewart has told us. 'He came,' says the Professor, 'to Edinburgh early in the winter: the attentions which he received during his stay in town from all ranks and descriptions of persons, was such as would have turned any head but his own. I cannot say that I could perceive any unfavourable effect which they left on his mind. He retained the same simplicity of manners and appearance which had struck me so forcibly when I first saw him in the country; nor did he seem to feel any additional self-importance from the number and rank of his new acquaintance. His dress was perfectly suited to his station—plain and unpretending, with sufficient attention to neat-

ness. If I recollect right, he always wore boots; and when on more than usual ceremony, buckskin-breeches. His manners were then, as they continued ever afterwards, simple, manly, and independent; strongly expressive of conscious genius and worth, but without any thing that indicated forwardness, arrogance, or vanity. He took his share in conversation, but not more than belonged to him; and listened, with apparent attention and deference on subjects where his want of education deprived him of the means of information. If there had been a little more of gentleness and accommodation in his temper, he would, I think, have been still more interesting; but he had been accustomed to give law in the circle of his ordinary acquaintance, and his dread of anything approaching to meanness or servility rendered his manner somewhat decided and hard. Nothing, perhaps, was more remarkable, among his various attainments, than the fluency, and precision, and originality of his language when he spoke in company; more particularly as he aimed at purity in his turn of expression, and avoided more successfully than most Scotchmen the peculiarities of Scottish phraseology."—pp. 119—121.

But the career of Burns in Edinburgh, and the habits there acquired, are well known. The various tours into distant parts of the kingdom, to the Borders and to the Highlands, which the poet made, have often been described. He himself kept a memorandum-book, in which he noted down whatever particularly struck him. But this book was carried away from his lodgings by a visitor, who refused to restore it, and it was lost. At last he turned his steps westward. He had found the illustrious of his native land had the carcase of greatness, but wanted the soul; they gave him dinners, and subscribed for his poems, and looked on their generosity as "an alms could keep a god alive." The thoughts of home, of a settled purpose in life, afforded him a solace such as he had never before known. He reached Mauchline not a moment too soon. The intercourse which in his visits to Ayrshire he had, in the course of the bygone months, renewed with Jean Armour, exposed her once more to the reproaches of her family; and on his arrival he took her by the hand, and was married according to the laws of his country.

Mr. Cunningham's third era of Burn's life commences in 1788, when he made his appearance as a farmer in Nithdale, six miles above Dumfries. This is not only the last but the most affecting division of the illustrious peasant's history; and the biographer has done more for it, so far as new matter has been given, than for the former periods. We shall select a few of the most striking parts of what to us is original, for quotation. We are not going to follow the bad success attending his farming of Ellisland, nor rail about his appointment to an exciseman's office, which he himself seems to have considered no bad thing as times and things were. One thing is clearly established, that he acquitted himself diligently but gently in his public vocation. Against the regular smuggler his looks were stern and his hand was heavy, while to the poor country dealer he was lenient.

"The Poet and a brother exciseman one day suddenly entered a widow woman's shop in Dunscore, and made a seizure of smuggled tobacco.—"Jenny," said the Poet, "I expected this would be the upshot; here, Lewars, take note of the number of rolls as I count them. Now, Jock, did you ever hear an auld wife numbering her threads before check-reels were invented? Thou's ane, and thou's no ane, and thou's ane a' out—listen." As he handed out the rolls, he went on with his humorous enumeration, but dropping every other roll into Janet's lap. Lewars took the desired note with much gravity, and saw as if he saw not the merciful conduct of his companion. Another information had been lodged against a widow who kept a small public-house in Thornhill; it was a fair day—her house was crowded—Burns came suddenly to the back door and said, "Kate, are ye mad;—the supervisor and me will be in on ye in half an hour!" This merciful hint—out of which a very serious charge might be made—saved the poor woman from ruin."—p. 234.

It was not long after he became an exciseman that he wrote the poem of *The Wounded Hare*; and he has described the circumstances under which it was composed. The biographer had the account confirmed by James Thomson, the son of a neighbouring farmer. Thus—

"I remember Burns," said he, "weel; I have some cause to mind him—he used to walk in the twilight along the side of the Nith, near the march, between his land and ours. Once I shot at a hare that was busy on our braird; she ran bleeding past Burns; he cursed me, and ordered me out of his sight, else he would throw me into the water. I'm told he has written a poem about it."—"Aye, that he has," I replied; "but do you think he would have thrown you into the Nith?"—"Thrown! aye I'll warrant would he, though I was baith young and strong." He submitted the poem—certainly not one of his best—to Dr. Gregory; the result scared him from consulting in future professional critics.—"I believe," he said, "in the iron justice of Dr. Gregory; but I believe and tremble." Such criticisms tend to crush the spirit out of man."—pp. 235, 236.

His Mary in Heaven, one of his loftiest lyrics, was written under circumstances that pressed painfully on the mind of his wife.

"Robert," she said, "though ill of a cold, had busied himself all day with the shearers in the field, and, as he had got much of the crop in, was in capital spirits. But when the gloaming came, he grew sad about something—he could not rest. He wandered first up the water-side, and then went to the barn-yard; and I followed him, begging him to come in, as he was ill, and the air was cold and sharp. He always promised, but still remained where he was, striding up and down, and looking at the clear sky, and particularly at a star that shone like another moon. He then threw himself down on some loose sheaves, still continuing to gaze at the star. When he came in he seemed deeply dejected, and sat down and wrote the first verse:—

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,

Again thou usherest in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hearest thou the groans that rend his breast."

Burns met Grose the antiquarian at the house of Mr. Riddel, of Friars-carse, and in talking about the antiquities of Scotland, he begged of Grose that he would introduce Alloway Kirk into his projected work; and to fix the subject in his mind, related some of the wild stories with which Scotland abounds.

"The antiquarian listened to them all, and then said, 'Write a poem on it, and I'll put in the verses with an engraving of the ruin.' Burns set his muse to work; he could hardly sleep for the spell that was upon him, and with his 'barmy noddle working prime,' walked out to his favourite path along the river-bank.

"'Tam O'Shanter' was the work of a single day; the name was taken from the farm of Shanter in Kyle, the story from tradition. Mrs. Burns relates, that observing Robert walking with long swinging sort of strides and apparently muttering as he went, she let him alone for some time; at length she took the children with her and went forth to meet him; he seemed not to observe her, but continued his walk; 'on this,' said she, 'I stept aside with the bairns among the broom—and past us he came, his brow flushed and his eyes shining; he was reciting these lines:—

'Now Tam! O Tam! had thae been queans,
 A' plump and strapping in their teens,
 Their sarks, instead o' creshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
 Thir breeks o'mine my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies!
 For ae biink o' the bonny burdies!'

I wish ye had but seen him! he was in such ecstasy that the tears were happing down his cheeks.' The poet had taken writing materials with him, and leaning on a turf fence which commanded a view of the river, he committed the poem to paper, walked home, and read it in great triumph at the fire-side. It came complete and perfect from his fancy at the first heat;—no other work in the language contains such wondrous variety of genius in the same number of lines. His own account of his rapture in composition confirms the description of Mrs. Burns:—'I seized,' said he to a correspondent, 'my gilt-head Wangee rod in my left hand—an instrument indispensably necessary—in the moment of inspiration and rapture, and stride, stride, quicker and quicker,—out skipt I among the broomy banks of the Nith to muse.'"—pp. 245, 246.

We consider Tam O'Shanter the most perfect poem Burns has written, and he seems so to have thought of it himself.

"He carried it in his pocket, and read it willingly to those in whose taste he had any trust. He read it to my father. His voice was deep, manly, and melodious, and his eye sparkled as he saw the effect of his poem on all around—young and old. A writer, who happened to be

present on business, stung, perhaps, with that sarcastic touch on the brethren—

‘ Three lawyers’ tongues turn’d inside out
With lies seam’d like a beggar’s clout.’

remarked, that he thought the language describing the witches’ orgies obscure. ‘ Obscure, sir!’ said Burns, ‘ ye know not the language of that great master of your own heart—the devil. If you get a witch for a client, you will not be able to manage her defence!’ ”—p. 249.

Our limits advertise us that we must proceed to a short notice of the poems that are for the first time made public in this edition. It generally happens that the pieces which are scraped together by industrious editors to swell the already published works of celebrated authors seldom enlarge their fame, or call for deep regret that they should have long lain undiscovered. In the present instance, however, although the numerous additional poems to those that appeared in Currie’s edition cannot confer on Burns any considerable celebrity above that which in truth was before unlimited, they do nevertheless bear the “ true Burns stamp,” and still farther illustrate the versatility, depth, strength, and tenderness of his genius. The first that we shall notice was addressed to Major Logan, who lived near Ayr; he was a first-rate performer on the violin, and not a little of a wit. It is in the form of an epistle, which the poet often embraced, and on which he would, in the easiest style, hang any number of incidents and sentiments. As the editor says, several of the stanzas resemble passages that have been long before the public; but still it has a spirit of its own.

“ *Epistle to Major Logan.*

Hail, thairm-inspirin’, rattlin’ Willie!
Though fortune’s road be rough an’ hilly
To every fiddling, rhyming billie,

We never heed.

But take it like the unbacked filly,
Proud o’ her speed.

When idly goavan whyles we saunter
Yirr, fancy barks, awa’ we canter
Uphill, down brae, till some mishanter,

Some black bog-hole,
Arrests us, then the scathe an’ banter
We’re forced to thole.

Hale be your heart! Hale be your fiddle;
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you through the weary widdle

O’ this wild warl’,
Until you on a crummock driddle
A gray hair’d carl.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,
And screw your temper pins aboon

A fifth or mair,
The melancholious, lazie croon
O’ cankrie care.

May still your life from day to day
 Nae' "lente largo" in the play,
 But "allegretto forte" gay
 Harmonious flow
 A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey—
 Encore; Bravo!
 A blessing on the cheery gang
 Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
 An' never think o' right an' wrang
 By square an' rule,
 But as the clegs o' feeling stang
 Are wise or foul.
 My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase
 The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,
 Wha count on poortith as disgrace—
 Their tuneless hearts!
 May fireside discords jar a base
 To a' their parts!
 But come, your hand, my careless brither,
 I'th' ither warl' if there's anither,
 An' that there is I've little swither
 About the matter;
 We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,
 I'se ne'er bid better.
 We've faults and failings—granted clearly,
 We're frail backsliding mortals merely,
 Eve's bonny squad priests wyte them sheerly
 For our grand fa';
 But still, but still, I like them dearly—
 God bless them a'!
 Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,
 When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers,
 The witching curs'd delicious blinkers
 Hae put me hyte.
 And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,
 Wi' garnan spite.
 But by yon moon!—and that's high swearin'—
 An' every star within my hearin'!—
 An' by her een wha was a dear ane!
 I'll ne'er forget;
 I hope to gie the jads a clearin'
 In fair play yet.
 My loss I mourn, but not repent it,
 I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it,
 Ance to the Indies I were wonted,
 Some cantraip hour,
 By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted,
 Then, *vive l'amour!*
Faites mes baissemaines respectueuse,
 To sentimental sister Susie,
 An' honest Lucky; no to roose you,
 Ye may be proud,

That sic a couple fate allows ye
 To grace your blood.
 Nae mair at present can I measure,
 An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure;
 But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
 Be't light, be't dark,
 Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure
 To call at Park."—pp. 9—12.

Burns' shorter poems do not bear to be mangled. We must, therefore, in extracting newly published pieces, select a few of the shortest—from his epigrams. He is the author of many; "they are sharp and personal, and partake of the character of the natural rather than the artificial man. He grapples at once with his enemy, and prostrates him, not so much by science as by robust strength." To this just criticism, the editor, with equal regard to truth, adds, "his wit sometimes inclines to the profane, and his humour deals too much in scriptural allusions."

"The Kirk of Lamington.
 As cauld a wind as ever blew,
 A caulder kirk, and in't but few;
 As cauld a minister's e'er spak,
 Ye'se a' be het ere I come back.

"The Poet was stopped by a storm once in Clydesdale, and on Sunday went to Lamington Kirk: the day was so rough, the kirk so cold, and the sermon so little to his liking, that he left his poetic protest on the window."

"Inscription on a Goblet.
 There's death in the cup—sae beware!
 Nay, more—there is danger in touching;
 But wha can avoid the fell snare?
 The man and his wine's sae bewitching!

"One day after dinner, at Ryedale, Burns wrote these lines on a goblet with his diamond. Syme would seem to have been less affected with the compliment than with defacing his crystal service, for he threw the goblet behind the fire. We are not told what the Poet thought; but it is said that Brown, the clerk of 'Stamp-office Johnny,' snatched the goblet out of the fire uninjured, and kept it as a relique till his death."

"The Toad-eater.
 What of earls with whom you have supt,
 And of dukes that you dined with yestreen?
 Lord! a louse, Sir, is still but a louse,
 Though it crawl on the curls of a queen.

"At the table of Maxwell of Terraughty, when it was the pleasure of one of the guests to talk only of dukes with whom he had drank, and of earls with whom he had dined, Burns silenced him with this epigram."

"The Selkirk Grace.
 Some hae meat and canna eat,
 And some wad eat that want it.
 But we hae meat and we can eat,
 And sae the Lord be thanket.

"On a visit to St. Mary's Isle, the Earl of Selkirk requested Burns to say grace at dinner. These were the words he uttered—they were applauded then, and have since been known in Galloway by the name of 'The Selkirk Grace.'"—pp. 302—311.

What a contrast do the following epitaphs present?—

"On the Poet's Daughter.

Here lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom;
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.
To those who for her loss are griev'd,
This consolation's given—
She's from a world of woe reliev'd,
And blooms a rose in heaven.

"These tender and affecting lines were written, it is said, on the death of the Poet's daughter, in 1795. He loved the child dearly, and mourned her loss with many tears. His own health was giving way—he was fading before his time."

"On a Suicide.

Earth'd up here lies an imp o'hell,
Planted by Satan's dibble—
Poor silly wretch, he's damn'd himsel'
To save the Lord the trouble.

"A melancholy person of the name of Glendinning having taken away his own life, was interred at a place called 'The Old Chapel,' close beside Dumfries. My friend, Dr. Copland Hutchinson, happened to be walking out that way: he saw Burns with his foot on the grave, his hat on his knee, and paper laid on his hat, on which he was writing. He then took the paper, thrust it with his finger into the red mould of the grave, and went away. This was the above epigram, and such was the Poet's mode of publishing it."—pp. 312—317.

We give the last scene of the great poet's life as given by Cunningham.

"His interment took place on the 25th of July; nor should it be forgotten, in relating the Poet's melancholy story, that, while his body was borne along the street, his widow was taken in labour and delivered of a son, who survived his birth but a short while. The leading men of the town and neighbourhood appeared as mourners; the streets were lined by the Angushire Fencibles and the Cinque Ports Cavalry, and his body was borne by the Volunteers to the old kirk-yard, with military honours. The multitude who followed amounted to many thousands. It was an impressive and a mournful sight; all was orderly and decorous. The measured steps, the military array, the colours displayed, and the muffled drum—I thought then, and think now—had no connexion with a Pastoral Bard. I mingled with the mourners. On reaching the grave into which the Poet's body was about to descend, there was a pause among them, as if loth to part with his remains; and when the first shovel-full of earth sounded on the coffin lid, I looked up, and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual. The Volunteers justified the surmise of Burns by three ragged and straggling volleys; the earth was heaped up, and the vast multitude melted silently away.

"The body of Burns was not, however, to remain long in its place. To suit the plan of a rather showy mausoleum, his remains were removed into a more commodious spot of the same kirk-yard, on the 5th of June, 1815. The coffin was partly dissolved away; but the dark curling locks of the Poet were as glossy, and seemed as fresh, as on the day of his death. In the interior of the structure stands a marble monument, embodying, with little skill or grace, that well-known passage in the dedication to the gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt:—"The poetic Genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me."—Nor is the indifferent sculpture redeemed by the inscription. The merits of him who wrote "Tam O' Shanter," and "The Cottar's Saturday Night," are concealed in Latin. Here, as to a shrine, flock annually vast numbers of pilgrims; many, very many, are from America; not a few from France and Germany; and the list-book contains the names of the most eminent men of England, Scotland, and Ireland."—vol. i. pp. 345, 346.

"He was thirty-seven years and seven months old when he died, and of a form and strength which promised long life; but the great and inspired are often cut down in youth, while

Villains ripen grey with time.

We entered upon these volumes with the accustomed fear, that at the close of the illustrious peasant's life here drawn, we should still feel there was something yet wanting to do justice to the genius and character of the departed, and to the desires of the living. But we must retract the sweeping expressions with which we set out, and say that we cannot hope, and hardly wish that any other hand should hereafter touch the subject of the first of the volumes before us. The *Life* is a manly honest careful work; tender and comprehensive as the fine sensibility and grandeur of the Poet's soul, demanded. But the little we have accomplished, to give our readers some idea of the merits of the Biographer, utterly fails in doing any thing like justice to his efforts. It is the *Life*, or rather the whole of this new edition, that must be perused, ere its real excellence can be known: whilst the exterior beauty of the volumes, and their cheapness should be an additional recommendation to all who can relish the poetry, and the letters of the immortal Scottish Bard.

Mr. Crabbe, the subject of our second notice, has found an excellent biographer in his son, who has performed an acceptable service, and a filial duty, in treasuring up all that can be remembered of a man of great ability and worth—of a poet distinguished for his originality and power. We shall, therefore, principally avail ourselves of the materials furnished by his son, in the sketch we intend to give of his life and writings.

George Crabbe was born at Aldborough, on the Christmas eve of 1754. The circumstances of his family were very humble, and he has himself told us, with good-humoured sarcasm, of the vanity of one of his ancestors, who endeavoured to repair, in some degree, the unkindness of fortune, by dignifying the family name, originally

Crab, with the addition of two final letters. His father, after passing several years in the itinerant occupation of a schoolmaster, was at length installed in the offices of warehouse-keeper, and deputy-collector of the port of Aldborough, to which he afterwards added that of the collector of the salt duties, or salt-master, as this officer is usually denominated. He appears to have united many valuable traits of character with repulsive sternness and severity; while his wife, on the other hand, to whom Crabbe often alludes in terms of affectionate veneration, was one of those beautiful examples of retiring Christian virtue, which, like the most delicate flowers, are rarely found but in the shade. There was little in the aspect of his native village to charm a poet's fancy: it was a barren and deserted spot, situated between the base of a low cliff and the shore of the German ocean; its dwellings were like those which are not unfrequently seen on the sands of the coast, appearing as if drawn up at anchor on the shore; and it was peopled by a wild and amphibious race of fishermen and sailors, competently versed in the accomplishments which are apt to beset the men of perilous adventure. The landscape, notwithstanding the attempt made by some hardy poet to describe it as a scene of beauty, presented little to the eye, excepting a desolate succession of unbroken heath and sand, enlivened with a meagre covering of weeds and rushes; there was in fact nothing in the prospect to excite or fire the poetical imagination, but the ever varying aspect of the ocean, on which, as is obvious from all Crabbe's writings, he loved to dwell. The social aspect of his residence was, if possible, still less inviting than the face of nature. His home was rendered sad and desolate by the harshness of his father; and there were none abroad among whom his own tastes could find the least encouragement or sympathy. His youthful proficiency in the art of managing a fishing boat was so indifferent, that his father would sometimes ask, in the bitterness of his heart, 'What that *thing* would ever be good for?' It should be stated, however, that the father had sense enough to discover the talent of his son, and, as the latter afterwards acknowledged with gratitude, laboured to provide him with such means of education as his own limited resources would allow. But the literary toleration of the salt-master did not extend to so crying a heresy as poetry: he was a subscriber to some philosophical magazine, the gravity of whose pages was regularly enlivened with a score or two of verses; these it was his custom to cut out when he sent the numbers to be bound, and they were treasured up as a rich possession by his son, who found in them his first models of the art, in which he afterwards excelled.

In his eleventh or twelfth year, after having attended a village school, for what period we are not informed, he was removed to another, where he was expected to prepare himself to become apprentice to a surgeon. He is said here to have exhibited a decided taste for mathematical pursuits, as well as for poetry, in which he

made his first essay in the form of a salutary caution to a school girl, not to suffer herself to be too much elated by the triumph of displaying new ribbons on her bonnet. Some time elapsed, after he left this school, before he could find an opportunity of entering upon the business he intended to pursue. A portion of this time was spent in musing, in his solitary walks by the sea-shore; but the greater part was occupied in piling butter and cheese on the quay at Aldborough, under the direction of his father, who entertained no great opinion of idleness, and least of all that which was consecrated to poetic dreams. This occupation was long remembered by the poet with little satisfaction. At length, in his fourteenth year, the long expected opportunity was presented; and he set forth, with a heavy heart, to become apprentice to a surgeon at Wickham Brook. His pursuits, even there, were not wholly of a scientific kind; his master distributed his time impartially between the arts of husbandry and healing, and his apprentice was the bed-fellow and fellow-labourer of his plough boy. In this way, he passed about two years; then he removed to a more eligible situation, to complete the term of his apprenticeship under the direction of a surgeon at Woolridge, a few miles distant from his native village. Poetry still continued to occupy a large share of his attention: he was never much in love with his profession, though he devoted himself to it with tolerable earnestness. He found a source of inspiration, which youthful poets never wait for long, in an attachment which he here formed for the niece of a wealthy farmer, who twelve years afterwards became his wife, and in the mean time stimulated his literary zeal by encouragement, which proved in the result to be both fortunate and wise. A small premium for a poem on the subject of Hope, was offered by the proprietor of some *Ladies' Magazine*: this prize it was his fortune to gain, and the success, trifling as it was, set all the springs of his poetical enthusiasm in motion. It was here, also, that he published a poem, entitled '*Inebriety*,' a name of no particular attraction; this work is said to exhibit much facility of versification and maturity of thought, but attracted little notice at the time.

Mr. Crabbe's term of apprenticeship ended in 1775; he then returned to Aldborough, hoping to find some means of completing his professional education in London; but his father's means were inadequate to this demand, as well as to maintaining him in idleness at home: he returned, therefore, to his old labours at the warehouse, which were rendered doubly irksome by new circumstances of domestic sorrow. The habits of his father had undergone that change, which fills the cup of affliction to the brim; and the health of his mother, in whose happiness his own was bound up, was sinking under a fatal and quick decline. Impelled less by choice than a sense of its necessity, he devoted himself with more zeal than before to the study of his profession, and the sciences connected with it; particularly botany, which was then and afterwards his favourite

pursuit. At length his father found the means of sending him to London, with a purse too slender to attend lectures or to walk the hospitals, and only with the hope, as he himself said, of picking up a little surgical knowledge as cheaply as he could. In the course of a few months, he returned to Aldborough, but with no propitious change in his prospects or his fortune. There he became assistant to a surgeon, who soon retired from the village, and left him at liberty to set up for himself: but he had a rival in the field, and his own practice was the least productive which the place afforded. His patients, who saw his botanical researches, thought it unreasonable that they should be called upon to pay for medicines collected in the fields and ditches. On the whole, his prospects were not very encouraging, and not the least of his afflictions was a sense of his deficiency in professional knowledge and skill. A transient gleam of sunshine broke out in 1778, when the Warwickshire militia were quartered in his neighbourhood, with whose officers, as their medical attendant, he formed some useful intimacies. He felt, however, that Aldborough was no place for him, and resolved to take the earliest opportunity to leave it. It was late in the year 1779, at the close of a cold and gloomy day, when, as he was wandering on the bleak cliff above the village, he determined to abandon his profession, and embark on the uncertain sea of literary adventure. He stopped before a shallow, muddy sheet of water, as dark and as desolate as his own thoughts, and, as he gazed upon it, resolved to go to London and to venture all.

His prospects must have indeed been melancholy, to impel him to a resolution, apparently so hopeless. His health was not firm, the reception of his poetical attempts had not been flattering, and his nerves were ill calculated to wrestle with adversity. There was not a single friend in the metropolis, on whom he could rely for aid. He had also to endure the reproaches of his father, who did not, however, labour much to change his purpose. The means of affecting it were yet to be found; his own immediate friends were unable or unwilling to supply them, and he applied to Mr. Dudley North, to whom his father had been useful in some political canvass, for the loan of five pounds. The letter, in which he made the application, was afterwards described by that gentleman as a very extraordinary one: his request was readily granted; and, with three pounds in his pocket, a case of surgical instruments, and a box of clothing, the whole stock of his worldly fortune, he embarked on board a little sloop, and took his way to London.

It was in the year 1780, that he reached that city; a propitious period, as his biographer remarks, for an adventurer in poetry, if indeed the good fortune of a poet can be said to consist in the absence of a rival. Goldsmith, Gray and Churchill were dead; Johnson had long before abandoned poetry, and was drawing near the close of his eminent career; the genius of Cowper, which bloomed, like the witch-hazel, in the late autumn of his years, had

not yet been revealed; and the echo of the fame of Burns had hardly crossed the Scottish border. His biographer is, however, mistaken, if he supposes that the demand for poetry in the literary market is governed by the extent of the supply; and who was to assure the young adventurer, that he could fill the vacant place in the admiration of the world? He came without a patron; he could claim but a single acquaintance in London, and she was the wife of a linen draper in Cornhill not particularly likely to forward his literary projects, though kind and liberal in her attentions. He took lodgings at the house of a hairdresser, near the Exchange, and set himself, with a firm and manly spirit, about the doubtful task before him; first transcribing the poetical pieces he brought with him from the country, composing one or two dramas and essays in prose, and labouring to improve his versification, and to become familiar with such books as he found at his command. Some of his intimates, at this period, were in circumstances not unlike his own, and were similarly fortunate in their subsequent life. Among them was Mr. Bonnycastle, late master of the Military Academy at Woolwich, and Isaac Dalby and Reuben Barrow, both mathematicians of distinguished eminence. It deserves to be recorded to his honour, that during this period, while he was tortured by anxiety and depressed by poverty, he kept his mind always fixed on the object of his pursuit, neither yielding to the sore temptations of adverse fortune, nor ever sinking in despondency. Some of his pieces were offered to the booksellers, and were rejected; he tried new subjects, and laboured still harder than before, but with no better success. An anonymous poem, called "The Candidate," was published at his own charge, but found no public welcome; and the failure of his bookseller compelled him to take refuge in the last shelter to which a sensitive mind can resort, an application for pecuniary aid to strangers. For this he first applied to Lord North, but in vain; a similar appeal to Lord Shelburne produced no answer. After addressing several letters to that coarsest of illustrious personages, Lord Chancellor Thurlow, he received a cold reply, purporting that his Lordship's avocations left him no leisure to read verses. In his journal, written at this time, he says: "I have parted with my money, sold my wardrobe, pawned my watch, am in debt to my landlord, and finally, am at some loss how to eat a week longer." Another extract from the same journal will afford an idea of the spirit and temper, with which he bore himself under these hard circumstances. "It is the vilest thing in the world to have but one coat. My only one has met with a mischance, and how to manage it is some difficulty. A confounded stove's modish ornament caught its elbow, and rent it half way. Pinioned to the side it came home, and I ran deploring to my loft. In the dilemma, it occurred to me to turn tailor myself, but how to get materials to work with puzzled me. At last I went running down in a hurry, with three or four sheets of paper in my hand, and begged for a needle and thread to

sew them together. This finished my job, and, but that it is somewhat thicker, the elbow is a good one yet." The portion of the journal given in the first volume, is quite valuable, as presenting a picture of a manly spirit, tried by a kind of suffering, which the heart of every one will tell him is severe. There is nothing of querulousness in it: no more of despondency, than the circumstances of his situation could not fail to excite; it betrays throughout the energies of a strong mind, and the tranquility of a religious one. Mr. Crabbe's repeated applications to *ex officio* patrons having thus proved fruitless, he resolved to make one final effort: and he fortunately directed himself to one, who was as much above the hereditary or created peers around him in generous feeling, as he was in the miraculous endowments of his mind. He addressed the following letter to Edmund Burke.

"Sir, I am sensible, that I need even your talents to apologize for the freedom I now take; but I have a plea which, however simply urged, will, with a mind like yours, Sir, procure me pardon: I am one of these outcasts on the world, who are without a friend, without employment, and without bread.

"Pardon me a short preface. I had a partial father, who gave me a better education than his broken fortune would have allowed; and a better than was necessary, as he could give me that only. I was designed for the profession of physic; but not having wherewithall to complete the requisite studies, the design but served to convince me of a parent's affection, and the error it had occasioned. In April last I came to London, with three pounds, and flattered myself this would be sufficient to supply me with the common necessaries of life, till my abilities would procure me more; of these I had the highest opinion, and a poetical vanity contributed to my delusion. I knew little of the world, and had read books only; I wrote, and fancied perfection in my compositions; when I wanted bread they promised me affluence, and soothed me with dreams of reputation, whilst my appearance subjected me to contempt.

"Time, reflection and want have shewed me my mistake. I see my trifles in that which I think the true light; and whilst I deem them such, have yet the opinion that holds them superior to the common run of poetical publications.

"I had some knowledge of the late Mr. Naussau, the brother of Lord Rochford; in consequence of which I asked his Lordship's permission to inscribe my little work to him. Knowing it to be free from all political allusions and personal abuse, it was no very material point to me to whom it was dedicated. His Lordship thought it none to him, and obligingly consented to my request.

"I was told that a subscription would be the more profitable method for me, and therefore endeavoured to circulate copies of the enclosed Proposals.

"I am afraid, Sir, I disgust you with this very dull narration, but believe me punished in the misery that occasions it. You will conclude that during this time, I must have been at more expense than I could afford; indeed the most parsimonious could not have avoided it. The printer deceived me, and my little business has had every delay. The people with whom I live perceive my situation, and find me to be indi-

gent and without friends. About ten days since, I was compelled to give a note for seven pounds, to avoid an arrest for about double that sum which I owe. I wrote to every friend I had, but my friends are poor likewise; the time of payment approached, and I ventured to represent my case to Lord Rochford. I begged to be credited for this sum till I received it of my subscribers, which I believe will be within one month; but to this letter I had no reply, and I have probably offended by my importunity. Having used every honest means in vain, I yesterday confessed my inability, and obtained with much entreaty, and as the greatest favour, a week's forbearance, when I am positively told, that I must pay the money, or prepare for a prison.

“ ‘ You will guess the purpose of so long an introduction. I appeal to you, Sir, as a good, and, let me add, a great man. I have no other pretensions to your favour than that I am an unhappy one. It is not easy to support the thoughts of confinement; and I am coward enough to dread such an end to my suspense.

“ ‘ Can you, Sir, in any degree, aid me with propriety?—Will you ask any demonstrations of my veracity? I have imposed upon myself, but I have been guilty of no other imposition. Let me, if possible, interest your compassion. I know those of rank and fortune are teased with frequent petitions, and are compelled to refuse the requests even of those whom they know to be in distress: it is, therefore, with a distant hope I venture to solicit such a favour: but you will forgive me, Sir, if you do not think proper to relieve. It is impossible that sentiments like yours can proceed from any but a humane and generous heart.

“ ‘ I will call upon you, Sir, to-morrow, and if I have not the happiness to obtain credit with you, I must submit to my fate. My existence is a pain to myself, and every one near and dear to me is distressed in my distresses. My connexions, once the source of happiness, now embitter the reverse of my fortune, and I have only to hope a speedy end to a life so unpromisingly begun: in which (though it ought not to be boasted of) I can reap some consolation from looking to the end of it. I am, Sir, with the greatest respect, your obedient and most humble servant, George Crabbe.’ ”

It is not easy to read any thing relating to Edmund Burke, without pausing for a moment, to indulge in the thousand recollections, which gather round his name. He was a man, whose like has been seldom seen in the sphere of human intelligences, and will not soon be seen again. Almost in his youth, he rose to that elevated point of philosophical reputation, of which his adopted country has not many examples to show; and shortly afterwards, he stood without a rival in the long line of her living or departed orators;—beyond and above them all in that affluence of thought, deep practical sagacity, and surpassing glory of rhetorical ornament which make the voice of real eloquence as commanding in future ages, as in the moment of its most important victories. He combined the fervour of the most generous enthusiasm, with unerring insight into all the springs and sources of human character and action; deep scorn of all that was low and sordid with constant solicitude to advance the well-being of his race: and it might almost be considered a triumph

of our nature, that one so highly gifted should have been so disinterested and confiding, so earnest in the cause of human happiness and right. It may be, that some of his political views, weighed in our balances and measured by our standards, are found wanting ; but such a mind could not but be noble in its very errors ; they were errors of judgment and not imperfections of the heart : they were the wreaths of mist, which intercept the glories of the morning sun, while they are kindled into beauty by its light. It was indeed a generous and manly spirit, to which the affecting appeal of the young adventurer was made. Men, who are engaged in conducting the destinies of nations, have rarely leisure to attend to individual concerns ; the wholesale good which occupies their thoughts seems to acquit them of the obligation to be benevolent by retail. At this period, the mind of Mr. Burke was much absorbed in the fierce struggles of parliamentary war. His pecuniary circumstances were by no means those of affluence : of the pride or vanity of being deemed a patron, he had absolutely none ; his charities were so unobtrusive, that he evidently thought them nothing more than daily acts of duty. There was nothing very peculiar in the circumstances of Mr. Crabbe ; claims of equal strength, so far as his could then be known, might not unfrequently be held forth by others : he presented himself to Mr. Burke only as a young man of merit in distress. " He went," says his son, " into Mr. Burke's room, a poor young adventurer, spurned by the opulent and rejected by the publishers, his last shilling gone, and all but his last hope with it : he came out virtually secure of almost all the good fortune that, by successive steps, afterwards fell to his lot : his genius acknowledged by one whose verdict could not be questioned,—his character and manners appreciated and approved by a noble and capacious heart, whose benevolence knew no limits but its power—that of a giant in intellect, who was, in feeling, an unsophisticated child,—a bright example of the close affinity between superlative talents, and the warmth of the generous affections." Mr. Burke immediately received him under his roof, and proceeded to examine his compositions, with the view of selecting a portion of them for the press. " The Library," and " The Village," appeared to him best suited to his purpose ; he took the manuscripts himself to Dodsley, and gave the whole weight of his critical decision in their favour. The worthy bookseller indeed declined to take the hazard of the publication, but used every effort to procure for them a rapid sale, and uniformly treated the author with a liberality, which was always gratefully acknowledged. Of these poems, " The Library " was published first, and was shortly afterwards followed by " The Village."

The liberality of Mr. Burke was equally active and unwearied. At his table, Mr. Crabbe became intimately known to that illustrious circle, of which his friend was the chief ornament,—to Reynolds, Fox, and Johnson,—all of whom appear to have appreciated

his abilities, and to have treated him with marked respect and kindness. Johnson, in particular, whose critical word was law, read "The Village" in manuscript, and pronounced upon it a panegyric, of which he was never very prodigal. The views of life which it presented, so similar, as we have already intimated, to his own, may have been in some degree the cause of his complacency; but however this may have been, the eulogy was just; and when Johnson applauded, the lesser critics felt entirely safe in joining in the chorus. Even the Lord Chancellor, to whom Crabbe, after the rejection of his application, had addressed a severe poetical remonstrance, now requested an interview, at which he addressed him with the words, "The first poem you sent to me, Sir, I ought to have noticed,—and I heartily forgive the second." He at the same time requested the satirist to accept a bank note of one hundred pounds, and assured him, that when he should take orders, which, by the advice of Mr. Burke, he was about to do, more substantial evidences of regard should be afforded him. In the year 1781 his purpose was effected. He was ordained as a priest, and became a curate to the rector of his native village. On returning to Aldborough, under circumstances far different from those in which he left it, his reception was of a kind, which confirmed his early impressions of the character of rural life. His poetical reputation was not one, which the villagers were well calculated to appreciate; those jealousies and heartburnings, which are sure to follow the possessor of unexpected good fortune, made his residence uncomfortable; his excellent mother, to whom he not unfrequently alludes in his writings with a tenderness and feeling, resembling those with which Pope has preserved the memory of the guardian of his early years had sunk beneath affliction and disease; and his father had diminished the few comforts of his home by an alliance with one little calculated to repair the loss. After a brief sojourn, Mr. Crabbe accepted the place of domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, and took up his residence at Belvoir Castle. Some circumstances are related by his biographer, which tend to show that he was not inclined to regret the separation from his patron, which took place shortly after, on the departure of the Duke to assume the post of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Just at this moment, the Lord Chancellor presented him with two small livings. He was now united in marriage to the early friend, who had watched his progress to competency and fame through many weary years. Not long afterwards, his old friend the Lord Chancellor, at the instigation of the Duchess of Rutland, and sorely against his inclination, gave him the living of Muston, in the vicinity of Belvoir Castle. On the first suggestion of this exchange, the keeper of the royal conscience had roundly sworn, that he would make it for no man in England; but a lady was the intercessor in this instance, so that there was no infraction of the vow. Here, in 1785, he published the "Newspaper," a brief and

not very original satire ; and then sunk into a repose, compared with which the slumber of the sleepers of Ephesus was of very brief duration. It was not until the expiration of twenty-two years, that his other poems began to be issued from the press.

This persevering silence, on the part of one, who had no reason to complain of a want of public favour, has occasioned much speculation ; we think, however, that it is more easily accounted for than his subsequent re-appearance. It is very obvious, from the sketch of his character given in this volume, that he had no overweening confidence in his own powers : the encouragement of Burke and Johnson, to say nothing of the pressure of severe necessity, had overborne his scruples hitherto ; but that spur to effort was removed, and he had acquired a capital of fame sufficient for his wishes. Men of sensitive minds are not unfrequently less reluctant to see their stock diminishing by time, than to risk it on a doubtful venture ; they follow the example of Pope's father, who retired from business in the prime of life, deposited all his property in a stout iron chest, and went on expending, until his life and fortune came to an end together. Mr. Crabbe was not one of those who look on poetry as pastime. There were various other engagements to which he more readily inclined ; and he appears, also, to have been at all times scrupulous to permit nothing else to interfere with the rigorous discharge of duty. Goldsmith's beautiful description of the religious character of the priest of Sweet Auburn, would not have been inapplicable to him. He was always found at the bedside of the sick and dying ; his parishioners unanimously accorded to him the touching eulogy, that 'no sympathy was like his.' During the whole period of his duties as a country clergyman, he gratuitously gave to all, the benefits of his old professional skill ; and his poetical reputation, great as it is, seems valueless in the comparison with that which he merits for the assiduous discharge of every moral and religious duty. Earthly fame has no rewards to offer, like those which follow him, who ministers with fidelity, however humbly, at the altar of God. Mr. Crabbe combined high intellectual gifts with an almost child-like simplicity. As a preacher, he was eloquent and impressive, and though very regardless of ceremony, entirely free from affectation. "I must have some money, gentlemen," was the public notice which his parishioners received of the approach of tithe day. If the evening began to fall before the conclusion of his discourse, he would remove to a pew near a window, and stand upon a bench to finish it ; these were not indications of a contempt of ordinary forms, but of the forgetfulness of one, who was too sincere to be solicitous about his manner.

We have just intimated, that Mr. Crabbe had no undue confidence in his own powers : he was at all times too ready to follow the advice of others, whose capacity and judgment were not equal to his own ; and the world is probably a loser by this infirmity. Botany was always his favourite pursuit ; he was scarcely ever with-

out a flower in his hand, when the weather permitted him to go abroad; and he employed himself for some years in preparing an essay on this subject. It was written in English, and this the Vice Master of Trinity College considered as nothing less than high treason against the majesty of the Latin tongue. This absurd suggestion discouraged him, and the work was never completed. Among his other avocations, was that of writing romances, for which he was in some respects eminently fitted; no man surpassed him in descriptive power and keen scrutiny of character, and we cannot doubt that his delineations would have been full of energy and truth. As ill fortune would have it, these two fell victims to domestic criticism. One of them was entitled "Widow Grey," but of this we have no memorial. A second bore the name of "Reginald Glanshawe, or the man who commanded success." It opened with a description of a wretched room, which his wife pronounced inferior in effect to similar descriptions in his poems; on this judicious hint, he made a bonfire of the whole. The early efforts of this lady to induce him to cultivate his poetical powers, are hardly sufficient to atone for her fatal gift of criticism in the present instance. Another sacrifice of the same kind was offered on his own account, perhaps in order to show his gratitude for the advice of his friends, by following it beyond both the spirit and the letter. This consisted of a series of poems which he had offered to Dodsley who refused them.

We may as well say something here of Mr. Crabbe's domestic character. He was not without severe trials; for more than twenty years before her death, his wife was visited with severe disease, which seems, though her son makes little direct allusion to the subject, to have cast a partial shadow over her mind. His constant and attentive kindness to her, when kindness was almost wearied or repelled, is a beautiful trait; and the recollections of his son are full of many such amiable qualities. To the children, his approach was always a signal for delight; benevolence was in fact his distinguishing characteristic; he entered with a mild and delicate interest into the feelings of every one around him. Men are apt to forget, when they speak of extraordinary virtue, that they in general refer to some single act, or occasional exhibition of exalted qualities: but the virtue, after all, which passes that of martyrs, flows from a living and perennial spring, flashing ever in the sunlight of a cheerful temper, and sending its fertilizing stream through all the dark places and deserts of the way. "I can still see him," says his son, "in the eye of memory,—his fatherly countenance unmingled with any of the less loveable expressions, that in too many faces obscure that character, but preëminently *fatherly*: conveying the idea of kindness, intellect and purity; his manner grave, manly and cheerful, in unison with his high and open forehead; his very attitudes, whether as he sat absorbed in the arrangement of his minerals, shells and insects,—or as he laboured in his

garden, until his naturally pale complexion acquired a tinge of fresh healthy red; or as coming lightly towards us with some unexpected present, his smile of indescribable benevolence spoke exultation in the foretaste of our raptures."

It would be of little interest to dwell upon Mr. Crabbe's changes of residence, or other circumstances, which are stated with considerable minuteness by his son: we pass therefore to the period, when his long silence was broken, and he again appeared to revive and confirm the original impression of his power. In the year 1806, he had nearly completed his "Parish Register" for publication. Several years before, Mr. Fox had promised to revise his publications, and to afford him the advantage of his critical suggestions. The career of that great man was now drawing to a close; but he readily renewed his promise, and it gives additional interest to this poem to know, that it employed his mind almost in his last hours. In 1807, it appeared, together with "Sir Eustace Grey," the "Birth of Flattery," and other poems. Three years afterwards, appeared the "The Borough;" this was succeeded in 1812 by the "Tales in Verse," and in 1819 by the "Tales of the Hall," the last of his publications.

It has been already intimated, that there is a remarkable difference between Crabbe's early poems, and those of his maturer years: both have defects and excellencies of their own; the first are far superior to the later ones in polished beauty of versification, while they are less marked by those traits, which distinguish him from most of the other poets of his country. The circumstances, which gave a sad and distorted colouring to his early views of life and manners, tended very strongly to impair the effect of his first productions; they excite our feelings less powerfully, because we know that the misery is partly of his own making. If a man choose the shady side of the way, he will naturally find occasion to complain of the absence of the sunbeams; but he will surely meet with little sympathy from those, who feel that there is no necessity for walking in the dark. In the long interval which elapsed before his re-appearance as a writer, his circumstances had become materially altered for the better, and his views and feelings had undergone a corresponding change: he was in the enjoyment of a competent fortune; assiduously engaged in that discharge of duty, which brings with it an exceeding great reward, and possessed of some leisure to devote to that study of mankind, which can only be pursued by the contented and the tranquil. The miserable man, instead of studying others, dwells upon his own impulses and feelings, and from these infers how others think and act and feel; and there are few who do not wonder at the alterations in the aspect of the world around them, as their spirits rise or fall. Mr. Crabbe is said to have remarked, that he derived less pleasure from the contemplation of a beautiful prospect, than from standing in the highway, to watch the faces of the passers by; and the remark, we think, serves to afford an explanation of the character of his later writings.

Natural beauty excites but a small share of his enthusiasm ; it is rare for him to dwell on any lovely scene, though he occasionally describes those of an opposite character with great vividness : with the exception of the ocean, with which many of the associations of his childhood were connected, and whose changing aspects he portrays with remarkable force of colouring, the grand and beautiful in nature have few charms for him. Motives,—feelings,—passions,—all that relates to human character and action,—these are the points which he seizes on with a master's hand, and unfolds with a stern energy and truth, which convince us that he is engaged with no creations of fancy, but is describing what he has actually seen and studied. No English poet since the time of Shakspeare has painted those diversities of character, which one meets in the ordinary intercourse of life, with equal fidelity or with equal effect. He sees them not through a distorted medium, nor within the shade of intervening objects : he has obtained that point of philosophical elevation, neither so lofty as to confuse the sight, nor so low as to confine it, where every object appears in a true light and in its just proportions ; the results of his observation are neither things of speculation nor of fancy, but the strong, distinct, vivid portraiture of classes of our race.

Mr. Crabbe is certainly entitled to the praise of a reformer. Before his day, no poet would have dreamed of resorting to humble life for any thing beyond a theme of ludicrous caricature, or the personages of a Beggar's Opera. Even at the present time, critics are apt to shake their heads with looks of peculiar wisdom, when they come in contact with such innovations : they are willing to admit that 'The Borough' is well enough in its way, but deem the effort to invest such subjects with poetical attraction as hopeless as to draw the living waters from the rock. The poets themselves have yielded to this prejudice, and, instead of copying from nature, when they wish to introduce a peasant, have made him as unlike reality, as is the waxen image to the animated frame ; the man of their creation has no affinity with merely mortal flesh and blood. We might as well expect in real life to meet a phoenix, as one of their sentimental swains, musing in rapture as he goes forth to his daily task, or following the plough with unutterable joy and glory. We know that there is enough in humble life which has no claim to the title of poetical, and so there is in every other condition ; but we are not sure, that the materials of poetry are not more abundant in a lowly, than in an elevated sphere ; for feeling is there unfettered by those conventional restraints, which operate like law on natural freedom : the stern rebuke of opinion, which has as much power over those who move in the elevated social walks, as the eye of the keeper over the madman, loses its authority ; passion walks abroad without control, and the reluctant step of the slave is exchanged for the free and elastic movements of the mountaineer. So it is with the utterance of deep emotions ; the natural expression

of feeling is never vulgar, and those who deem it so, show only that they do not know what they condemn. When Scott, in his romances, puts the most energetic and affecting language into the mouths of his unlettered personages, he is entirely true to nature; the gipsy's stern execration of the vain and unfeeling Bertram, the language of Edie Ochiltree, in the fearful night at Halket-head,—the eloquence with which the rude and generous Highland outlaw pours out the emotions of his inmost heart,—who can for a moment doubt that these are natural? On the contrary, it is nothing but their truth which is the secret of their power; and the same simplicity and truth are the only agents which produce the wonders attributed to Indian eloquence.

It is true that the poet, who confines himself to the exhibition of humble life merely, can hardly expect a willing audience. Our interest is so much absorbed by the fortunes of the great, that it seems almost like presumption to ask it for the little; the writers of romance have been well aware of this prepossession, and have employed it for their own purposes: we see their heroes decorated with all the ornaments of rank and accomplishments and title, and bow down to them, as a matter of course. Mr. Burke says that this is natural; it certainly is second nature. Perhaps the world will in time grow wise enough to reserve that admiration for the exalted qualities of the heart and intellect, which has hitherto been lavished on adventitious ones; but that millenium has not yet begun. Undoubtedly, the distinctions which social life infallibly creates are not to be disregarded, but they may be seen with a more just and equal eye; the observer of human nature need not forget the high, while contemplating the lowly; but he will do well to look abroad, when the outlines of the trees and mountains are distinctly marked on the clear blue sky, and not merely when they are magnified by the gorgeous drapery of mist. When all the exhalations of prejudice and of fashion shall have passed away, the moral interest will be more equally distributed among the different conditions of life. The simple energy and truth of Crabbe will be more valued by the many, than they have been heretofore; if his intellectual vision does not, like that of the most glorious of the sons of light, comprehend all space, it will be acknowledged to be keen, wide, and faithful. Shakspeare, from his watch-tower, caught every change of many-coloured life; the great volume of our nature was wide open before him; and whether he unveils the humble bosom, or describes the fierce struggles of jealousy, ambition or remorse, or the sorrow quickened into madness of the credulous old king, no one ever thought of doubting that the portraiture was real. Crabbe generally aspired to no such wide extent of observation, though, when he has attempted it, his success is complete; he saw and studied all the beings around him with no less interest and care than he pursued his researches into the secrets of inanimate nature; and what he undertakes to describe,

neither Scott nor Shakspeare could have painted better. His purpose is a moral one; he never aims to dazzle or to please; he conceals no defect, softens no deformity, and aims not to exaggerate a single beauty; he makes few sacrifices on the altar of fastidious taste: whoever admires him, admires him for his plain truth and manly power.

For many years before his death, Mr. Crabbe underwent severe tortures from the *tic douloureux*, and the rapid approaches of infirmity gave warning, in the beginning of the year 1831, that the period of his departure was at hand. 'Mine,' says he, 'is an old man's natural infirmity, and that same old man creeps upon me more and more.' Early in February of that year, he died, after a few days of great suffering. The closing scene was marked by the same religious hope, which had shed a beautiful lustre over his useful and protracted life. He retained to the last, in the intervals of pain, that calmness and serenity, which viewed without terror the event which he felt to be approaching; and he exhibited throughout that interest in others, which had bound many hearts to his. The testimonies of respect, that were freely paid to his memory by the people of his neighbourhood, were of that character, which nothing but the loss of a good man would call forth, and nothing but affectionate veneration would bestow.

We ought not to omit to notice the manner in which the life of Mr. Crabbe has been recorded by his son. He formed the plan of preparing a biography, some time previous to his father's death, and has not thought it expedient to alter that portion of it which was written in his lifetime. We think this a judicious resolution; this portion of the work is undoubtedly more animated and attractive to the reader, than it would have been had it been written in the immediate contemplation of the loss. There is little reason to fear, that the son has omitted any thing particularly worthy of remembrance; while he has certainly collected much, that would not easily have been accessible to others. On the whole, it will be regarded as a just and gratifying tribute to a man of superior genius and virtue, whose moral qualities command our veneration, while his poetical abilities will ensure him a high and permanent rank among the poets of his country.

ART. VIII.—*The Darker Superstitions of Scotland. Illustrated from History and Practice.* 8vo. London: Whittaker and Co. 1834.

AN authentic view of the superstitions of mankind is one of the most important branches of moral history. A knowledge of their various points of belief evidently goes deep into a correct illustration of their sentiments, habits, and occupations. Credulity has abounded in every age and country, and each succeeding generation has departed from some glaring absurdities only to take up others.

“Hence,” as Mr. Dalrymple says, “the powerful, though temporary sway of astrology, physiognomy, chiromancy, and even the ardour of certain pursuits of practical science, which might have benefited learning in wiser hands.” One general principal may be laid down, that in Christendom credulity was in past ages characteristic of mankind, and incredulity in this; or it may be put thus in reference to the present era, that its characteristic credulity is, that nothing is ascertained or to be credited. Of these two states of prevailing opinion, the former is certainly the most interesting and dramatic. Warmth and enthusiasm, and all the drapery, so to speak, with which the mind can invest any thing, belong to it; whilst coldness and nakedness are the qualities of the latter.

Now, were we to attempt a careful comparison of these two states of the human mind, with the purpose of balancing their merits upon the most rational grounds, we should perhaps find that the facility to believe the most extraordinary and extravagant nonsense was not worse or so bad as the disbelief of the plainest and simplest truths. But not to go farther into such a comparison, and to keep by the business before us, the superstitions that characterized the people of Scotland were dark, partaking of the depth and weight which a romantic and energetic race exhibited in every developement of mind. The mass of their extravagances in this way is rude and disorderly; but our author has done much to arrange and systemize it. It will be found, he says, ~~that~~ their superstitions originated partly from astronomy, partly from theology, and partly from medicine. Now, all these fields, so open and ripe with matter for the imagination to work on, found amongst the nervous minds in the north the boldest cultivators. They could fathom, soar, and pierce where duller eyes could not open. The very character of their land and their climate fed their powers. The solitude of their mountains, the mists and clouds that o’ertopt them, the silence of their sleeping lakes, and the thunder of their cataracts, were things that afforded scope unlimited, and gave strength uncontrolled to all the creative energies of imagination. It is rare that any man, though long schooled in all the monotony of a busy city, can traverse the glens or the mountain-brows of Scotland, where the clouds, the boundless waste, the wail of ocean, or the roar of waters, obtrude themselves, with undisturbed influence, without thinking he sees and hears a supernatural power in them all. And to this day among such scenes, whither modern discovery has but partially reached, do the people find and follow signs in every thing.

Mr. Dalrymple has been at great pains to collect every matter that can throw light upon the origin, the influence, and the extent of the darker superstitions of his native land. We shall follow him in his course according to his arrangement, and present our readers with some of the more remarkable extravagances shown us. We were going to be particular with Mr. Dalrymple’s manner before entering upon his matter; but the one is comparatively unimportant, and

we shall not do more, in way of exposé of his artificial style, than give the two first paragraphs of the book.

“ If mankind sickening, wasted and died, while the secret source of corrosion was unseen, the superstition of darker ages ascribed it rather to demoniac agency, than to distempered organization. When the fruits of the earth were blighted ; or the work of patient industry perished ; if disappointment loured over the morning of life, and its evening set in sorrow ; such calamities were charged to the enmity of supernatural beings, with whom credulity associated the more obnoxious of the human race. No account was held of the casualties inseparable from sublunary dispensations ; celestial energies were forgot, in the dreaded faculties gratuitously conferred on terrestrial creatures.

“ The terror of invisible shafts, exaggerated an insane apprehension of danger : hope fostered illusion ; nature’s immutable ordinances were neither rendered expletive of remarkable incidents ; nor was there any appeal made to reason, though matured by experience. Inconsistency unhinged the mind, which, in its disturbance, invested contemptible products with miraculous virtues ; and yielded to the most extravagant ceremonies, in the vain confidence of deriving infallible efficacy from their practice. Dreams and visions, originating in a morbid constitution, were accepted as divine inspirations ; oracles emanated from ebriety ; angelic oracles floated on the moaning of the winds ; atmospheric coruscations announced spiritual presence ; destiny was read in the stars.”— pp. 1, 2.

Now, is this the manner in which men converse or speak ? One thing is certain, that not while here below is such language theirs. It belongs, doubtless, to a higher sphere, which we can in some degree suppose natural to Mr. Dalrymple, from the length of time he must have dwelt among unearthly intelligences whilst composing the work before us. There is one comfort, however, in the fact, that though he starts in every new chapter and division with similar strides above our heads, he gradually comes lower, till we soon find him on a level with ourselves. It seems, therefore, that he set himself every now and then to astonish us with an exploit, but soon expended the forced strength of his wings, and had again to clap them to his sides to repose, and to recruit for another display some time afterwards.

An evil eye, that is, the power of its malevolent fascination, the author truly says, has been as extensively believed in as any extraordinary or supernatural influence. He tells us, that it is only a few years since a domestic in his own family, having died of small-pox, the mother, on arriving from the western parts of Scotland, expressed her conviction that he had fallen a victim to an evil eye. We ourselves know of a woman in the lowlands, not many years ago, whose eye was so bad, that a glazier would not handle glass in her presence ; if she entered a house when they were making butter, they would cease churning, persuaded that otherwise the butter would never gather. Nay, so impressed was she with the belief of her being possessed of such an eye, that she avoided putting herself in

the way of any nice operation, lest she might mar its success; for she was a highly respectable and virtuous woman. Indeed, we should maintain that the prevalent notion of some people having lucky hands, and that the first transaction of a morning gone into with such persons, ensures prosperity throughout the day, is just as irrational and foolish as a credulity in an opposite influence. We shall add, that a rusty nail placed beneath the churn in the case above-mentioned was a sufficient security against the old lady's evil eye. "In various quarters, ready acquiescence yet attends the importunity of the mendicant, from dreading the consequences of refusal; and should an uncouth demeanor and aspect be conjoined with his vocation, objects of interest are carefully withdrawn from his gaze. Children have been thought the most susceptible of injury." But the best illustrations of this sort of fascination are from its supposed effect on the brute creation:—

"Robert Kirk, minister of Aberfoyle, speaks of the destruction of that animal whereon the eye glances first in the morning; and he names a man in his parish, 'who killed his own cow after commending its fatness, and shot a hare with his eyes.' Also, it is gravely recorded, as a woman milked her cow another 'lookit in ower the duir, quhairvpoun the calf died presentlie, and the cow fell seik, that schoe wold nether eat nor yield milk.' In describing the 'Devoll's Rudiments,' which formed no slight subject of apprehension in his era, King James specified 'such kinds of charmes, as commonlie daft wives uses for healing forspoken goodes, for preserving them from *evill eyes*, by knitting rountrees or sundriest kind of herbes to the haire and tailles of the goodes.' Belief in the existence of an evil eye was certainly tantamount to credulity in the power or practice of sorcery. One was americiated for having slandered Gilbert Thomasoun, saying, that 'the hail thing that he did and *luikitt* on wold never thryfe."—pp. 4, 5.

The rountree is the mountain ash, and is still held by some as efficacious in repelling evil, and this may account for the prevalence of this species of tree in the hedges and gardens connected with almost every old farm house in Scotland.

"But in other countries, the same superstition assumes a much more definite shape, under the name of *overlooking*, *eye-biting*, and *fascination*. A certain woman tried at Youghall in Ireland, in the year 1661, for bewitching Mary Langdon, denied the fact, though admitting that she might have *overlooked* her. Between these, she said, there was a great difference; for unless by touching her, she could not have done her any harm; whereon Glanvil, the most credulous of men, remarks, 'How overlooking and bewitching are distinguished by this hellish fraternity, I know not.' Two or three centuries since, the Irish spoke of their children and their cattle as 'eye-bitten, when they fell suddenlie sick.' The commendation of either was dreaded, unless repelled by an antidote from invoking a blessing, as was done on children in Scotland, or by spitting on it: and if evil followed the praise of a horse, the Lord's prayer was whispered in the animal's right ear. Old women were invited to restore the health of fascinated horses by their prayers."—pp. 10, 11.

Mr. Dalrymple traces the credulity in fascination, as prevalent in many countries and ages; and then asks if there be truly any rational foundation for that belief. "Does the presence of an object unseen produce an irresistible impression? or does it reside in the imagination only?" He does not venture upon a decisive answer, but throws out some ingenious conjectures; such as,—if fascination exists, its principle must be sought in some natural cause, operating in such a manner on the person as to occasion disturbance of the mind.

"Doubtless, certain sensations originate from the presence of objects which never meet the eye. Our senses are not sufficiently refined to detect, of themselves, the elements, finding an invisible channel of transmission, though they may be discovered and arrested by foreign auxiliaries. Does not infection spread through the medium of a vehicle absolutely invisible, and after a mode unknown and imperceptible by the most delicate sense? The sight, the hearing, and the feeling, may be rendered more acute: they may become obtuse; all the faculties may be lulled in languor; and the sleep of death extinguish them for ever, while the agent escapes the keenest search of human scrutiny.

"One region is salubrious to the person, and exhilarating to the mind; yet the whole system droops and decays in another. The natives of the mountains differ from those of the plains, while those residing amidst woods and marshes resemble neither.

"Pestilence is borne on the winds.

"At certain seasons, penetrating emanations from the animal and vegetable world occupy the atmosphere, surely for the conservative or destructive designs of nature. The reciprocal influence of living beings on each other, though far asunder, is decided, though the medium of communication be unknown; domesticated animals of prey, and those employed in field sports, illustrate to mankind in society, what is advancing constantly in the natural state. Thus, quadrupeds, birds, even insects, seem to be paralyzed for the moment by some hidden external impression, never to be discovered but by the demonstration of its effects; for the means of detection are not enjoyed by man. Whether it be in stimulating effluvia, whether in a narcotic vapour, or in some other quality indescribable, nothing is established better, than the transmission of impressions through invisible means.

"Sympathy and antipathy, so familiar by name, yet so little understood, are alike inexplicable. If the attraction and repulsion of inanimate matter yet elude explanation, it may be safe to conclude, that the combination of physics and ethics have been insufficiently appreciated, in hypotheses on the cause of sympathetic affections.

"It is common, in this country, for one to exclaim, when shuddering involuntarily, that a human footstep crosses his grave. On the continent of Europe, a similar impression, whereby mankind are struck with extraordinary perturbation, has been ascribed to the glance or the vicinity of a murderer. This is defined *perculsio ex homicidæ præsentia aborta*, or *man-slacht*, in the vernacular dialect of Friesland and Westphalia, to which it was more peculiar. Instead of analyzing its precise nature, the source of it was sought in the machinations of Satan. The author has not heard any example of the subsistence of the like in Scotland."—pp. 15—18.

Fascination was by the laws of England comprehended along with sorcery as a capital offence ; but never in the Scottish code.

Invocation is the next matter considered by the author ; which instead of being confined to God, has been extended to men and to demons. Under this head he considers *Incantations*, or certain words arranged in a metrical form, which the ancients and the moderns have assumed and trusted in. Nor were these always used as a watchword to the devil, to cause him to do wonders. They were sometimes intended as pious exercises. An invocation interrupted became abortive. Good was expected from this exercise, but evil from *Maledictions*. Alas ! how varied and abundant have these been, according to the folly, the passions, the malevolence of mankind. And the superstitious when unable to account for misfortunes, if anxious to find a definite cause, traced them to the malice of some one of their neighbours.

“ Mawse Gourlay, spouse of Andrew Wilson, quarrelling with Margaret Robertson, Agnes Finnie’s daughter, called her ane witche’s get, to the quhilk disdainefull word,—Margaret Robertson, in grit furie and raidge, maid this answer—‘ Gif I be ane witche’s get, the devill ryve the saull out of ye befoir I come again:’ according to the quhilk crewall and devillische imprecatione,—Andro Wilson,—within aucht houris thereftir, be your sorcerie and witchcraft practeizet be yow wpon him, be your dochteris instigatione,—became frenatik, and ran stark mad, his eyeis standing out in his head in maist feirfull and terrible maner,—evir uttering thir words, as his ordiner and continuall speiches pronuncit in that his madnes, ‘ the devill ryve the saule out of me ! ’ ”—pp. 34, 35.

The practice of *Maledictions* is most strikingly proved to have existed in very early times, by the story of Balak inviting Balaam to come and curse the Israelites. In the year 1661, the malediction of parents was rendered a capital offence : and assuredly it is a very heinous thing. Now-a-days the church takes cognizance of such daring immorality.

On the effects of the *Touch*, we shall give a few examples, as handed down to us, and believed in. By a superstition dangerous to the innocent, and long prevalent in Scotland, blood springing from a murdered person at the touch of another, was held decisive of his guilt. Sometimes the innocent underwent the test fearlessly to their destruction.

“ A man and his sister were at variance : he died suddenly, and his body was found in his own house naked, with a wound on the face, but bloodless. ‘ Althoe many of the nychtbours in the toun came into the hous to sie the dead corps, yett schoe never offered to come ; howbeit hir dwelling was nixt adjacent therto : nor had schoe soe much as any setming grieff for his death. But the minister and baillifes of the toun taking great suspitione of her, in respect of her carriage, commanded that schoe sould be brought in. But when schoe come, schoe come trembling all the way to the hous, schoe refused to come nigh to the corps, or tuitche, saying, that schoe never tuiched a dead corps in hir life. But being earnestlie entreated by the minister and bailliffes, and

her brother's friends, who was killed, that schoe wold but tuitch the corps softlie, schoe granted to doe it. But befoir schoe did it, the sone schyneing in at the hous, schoe exprest herself thus: 'humbly desyring, as the Lord made the sone to schyne and give light into that house, that also he wyld give light in discovering that murder:' and with these woordes, schoe tuitching the wound of the dead man verie softlie, it being whyt and clein, without any spot of blood or the like; yet, imediatlie while her finger was vpone it, the blood rushed out of it, to the great admiration of all the beholders, whoe tooke it as ane discoverie of the murder, according to her awne prayer."—p. 39.

Of cure by the touch, the most prevalent practice was that by royalty.

"When queen Elizabeth practised so eminent a prerogative, all were allowed to approach her—young and old, rich and poor, indiscriminately. But the surgeons of the household received the names of the patients previously, and determined whether they were truly scrofulous; which being communicated to the queen, she appointed a time for the ceremony, without preferring any day in particular. After she had prepared herself for it by religious exercises, the patients were introduced. Then the liturgy having been read, prayers said, and a discourse delivered on the last chapter of Mark, when reaching verse fourteenth, relative to the incredulity of the disciples, she applied her bare hands to the parts diseased. The patients now receded during farther reading, until completing the ceremonies. At these words in the first chapter of John, 'that was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' the queen arose, and each patient having been brought back, she made the sign of the cross on the distempered part, with a gold coin attached to a ribbon, and delivered it to be suspended from the neck. Each then receded again, the remainder of the scripture was read, and the queen, with her attendants, having knelt in prayer, the patients departed, congratulating each other on their cure."—pp. 63, 64.

But in Scotland, Charles I. seems to have on his visits conducted this branch of his prerogative on the largest scale. Nay, in a subject it was accounted treasonable to assume the office. It does not appear, indeed, that anterior to that monarch's reign, the function was ever executed in Scotland; but in England it is referred to the age of Edward the Confessor.

The supposed virtue of *spittle* is thus shortly and strongly placed before the reader:—

"The properties of the human saliva have enjoyed singular notice in history, sacred and profane. Among the ancient pagans, Pliny devotes an entire chapter to its efficacy, as an antidote to fascination, as a preservative from contagion, as counteracting poisons—and in pugilistic encounters as aggravating the vehemence of a blow. With equal confidence, the moderns spit into their hands when they fight—and spit under the humiliation of discomfiture: they spit on money received in traffic: on throwing aside the combings of their hair: on wounds in the flesh, and on the bite of venomous snakes to cure it. They spit as a token of the most sovereign contempt: And in one of the remotest Scottish islets, spitting into the grave forms part of the funeral ceremony."

“The most noted application of the human saliva by the ancients, was for the restoration of sight.—So many cures are confidently averred and recorded, that it would be a most interesting topic of investigation whether any solvent, sanative, or medicament, lost to modern oculists, was not known of old. But that facility with which the testimony of any unnatural condition or miraculous event has been always at command, cannot be overlooked by the sagacious. No superiority can be claimed for either ancients or moderns in this respect. Thence it may be presumed, that the cure of blindness has been too frequently, too easily, and precipitately ascribed to a fallacious source.—Those who pronounce as familiarly on the precise interference of Heaven, as if they had shared in the Divine counsels, are not the most pious of men.”—pp. 71—74.

Mr. Dalzell remarks that the simplest ingredients were converted to superstitious purposes; such as *water* and *salt*: and either from their intrinsic virtues, or such as are merely fanciful. As to water, the medicinal quality of certain springs was enough to establish its sacred character; whilst the manner in which the imagination regards this beautiful, simple, and wonderful element could not but gain a favour due to a supernatural principle. In Scotland, south running water was endowed with extraordinary virtues. But salt is the most essential ingredient in superstitious ceremonies; and it is to this day used in certain instances, but chiefly as an antidote to demoniac influence. He does not however, so far as we have discovered, take notice of the practice still prevalent in Scotland, of putting a saucer filled with salt on the breast of a corpse, till the moment it be shut up in the coffin: the meaning of the observance is to deter evil spirits approaching with unhallowed purposes.

In the chapter on amulets, the author says they were employed as antidotes, palliatives, and cures. Some appear to have been things just as they came simply from the hands of the Creator; others were evidently the production of human art; and perhaps both underwent a mystical process to impregnate them with virtue. Among those held in greatest repute in Scotland was the adder stone, as a charm in a multitude of different cases. It is known to be an ancient bead. But we ourselves have, not many years ago, known adder stones to be used to cure the bite of an adder. Those that we refer to were black rings, made of some pebble, yet the common country people tell, that on a particular day in the year the adders congregate and set about making this stone in a very mystical style, and in the west, it is a usual saying, hence derived, when a knot of people are seen together, to say to them, “Y’are makin’ an adder stone, I see.”

The author next treats learnedly of propitiatory sacrifices and charms, and justly gives, as the utmost limits of human superstition, human sacrifice, which certain innocent ceremonies practised in Scotland perhaps indicate to have at one time been common there, though of this there is no direct evidence. But we cannot enter into this dreadful subject. Of propitiatory charms nothing is so

interesting in empirical superstition as the projects hazarded for alluring the love or subduing the virtue of the softer sex. Two expedients were principally practised—framing inscriptions, and giving philtres or amatory potions. By the last-mentioned method, enchantment, it was presumed, could be introduced into the corporeal frame, in the shape of sustenance, or along with it.

“ Sir John Colquhoun, of Luss, had married Lady Lilius Graham, eldest daughter of John, fourth Earl of Montrose, and sister of the celebrated marquis bearing that title previous to the year 1633. Having received Lady Katherine, his sister-in-law, as an inmate of his family at ‘ Roisdew,’ he cast the eyes of unlawful affection upon her: and not forgetting the ordinary arts of seduction, which require little tuition, he ‘ in craftie and politique manner, first insinuat himself be subtile and entyseing speiches,’ into her favour. But the delusion of these proving ineffectual, the seducer availed himself of the mystical expedients then in vogue, to spread a new snare for her virtue with necromantic aid. He had a servant, an adept in occult charms, whom, among others, he consulted on his project; and ‘ procureit from him, ane necromancer, certain philtra, or poysones, or poysonable and inchantit toakynes of love: speciallie ane jewall of gold, set with divers pretious diamantis, or rubeis, quhilk was poysonet or intoxicat be the said necromancer, and had the secreit and devillische force of allureing and forceing the persone ressauer thair of, to expose hir bodie, fame, and credeit, to the will and unlauchfull plesour of the gevar and prorpynner thair of.” Having obtained this marvellous talisman, the seducer did not neglect to profit by its occult qualities: nor do these seem to have been exaggerated, judging at least by the issue,—for after having delivered the ‘ jewell of gold set with the said rubeis and diamondis, devillischlie intoxicat and inchantit, as said is,—scho was so bewitchit and transpoiritit, that scho had no power of herself, to refuse the said Sir John Colquhoun.’

“ After carrying on their intrigue at home, the parties eloped to London, where they continued to live together: the aggressor was outlawed, for he prudently avoided exposing himself to a criminal trial, his offence being aggravated by the affinity of his paramour. Whatever might have been the consequences in respect to him, the tenor of a charge against the necromancer, his accomplice, renders it probable that sentence would have followed conviction.”—pp. 210, 211.

In our notices of new works in this number of our Review, will be found that of a tragedy founded on the story told of the Countess of Essex, who divorced her husband in the reign of James I. of England, and was alleged to cast an amorous eye on the Viscount Rochester. Two persons, Mrs. Turner and Dr. Forman, combined to enchant the Viscount’s affection toward her.

Relative to marriage, superstitions have been innumerable, some for promoting the harmony of the wedded pair, many for ensuring that most decisive test of divine approval—the gift of progeny. Various expedients antecedent to the matrimonial union by way of divination were resorted to.

“ Some were practised in solitude, amidst the darkness and silence of the midnight hour; the future spouse was expected to check a thread

while unwinding from a clue,—or during ceremonies before a mirror, an apparition of either helpmate should present itself, along with the reflected image of the querent.—Water and fire were resorted to alike : nuts were burnt together or singly : so that, flaming in concert or starting apart, an augury might be formed of the love or aversion of either sex subsisting unseen.

“In Scotland, two crosses were fabricated for either party, and laid in water. The suitor’s left shoe being cast over the house, afforded a propitious omen if falling towards it; if falling from it, he should be disappointed.

“Astrology has ever had an important influence over the affairs of mankind. Their destinies have been believed to be dependent on the celestial deities represented by the orbs of the firmament. The canon law anxiously prohibited observance of the moon as regulating the period of marriage; nor was any regard to be paid to certain days of the year for ceremonies. If the *Lucina* of the ancients be identified with *Diana*, it was not unreasonable to court her care of the parturient, by selecting the time deemed most propitious. The strength of the ecclesiastical interdiction does not seem to have prevailed much in Scotland. Friday, which was consecrated to a northern divinity, has been deemed more favourable for the union. In the southern districts of Scotland, and in the Orkney Islands, the inhabitants preferred the increase of the moon for it. Auspicious consequences were anticipated, in other parts, from its celebration at full moon. Good fortune depended so much on the increase of that luminary, that nothing important was undertaken during its wane.”—pp. 284—286.

The following are highly interesting and attractive passages, for the length of which we need not apologise, at least to our readers of the tender sex :—

“No satisfactory elucidation of the origin, signification, or use of the symbols interchanged at marriage, can be gleaned from antiquity. Neither can the sources or the purpose of several concomitant jocular customs, sports and festivities, be discovered. Some hold the ring an earnest, others deem it a pledge of fidelity. It was put on the fourth finger, because the older anatomists, or the superficial of the superstitious, affirmed, that a vein communicated immediately from that organ to the heart : and this is recognised by the canon law. The same opinion, however, is very ancient; it is ascribed to the Egyptians and to the earlier Greeks. An amatory charm consisted in drawing a circle with blood from the ring finger, on a wafer which was afterwards consecrated. Other ceremonies having intervened, half of it was taken by the person enamoured, and half pulverized was administered to the object of affection, for the purpose of inspiring mutual love. It was essential that the marriage ring should be round. Marriage with a diamond ring foreboded evil : because the interruption of the circle augured that the reciprocal regard of the spouses might not be perpetual. Hence a plain and perfect golden circle is now invariably in use; and it is considered ominous in Scotland ever to part with the marriage ring. A scurrilous author of the seventeenth century denies the use of the ring in Scotland,—a fact scarcely credible, unless it had been abandoned temporarily from the abhorrence entertained of ceremonies and symbols by the rigid presby-

terians. 'They christen without the cross, marry without the ring, receive the sacrament without reverence, and bury without divine service. They keep no holydays, nor acknowledge any saint but Saint Andrew, who, they say, got that honour by presenting Christ with an oaten cake after his forty days' fast.' They think it impossible to lose the way to heaven if they can but leave Rome behind them.

"The virtues ascribed to a circle may have determined some of the superstitions regarding the figure of the marriage ring.

"The ring was symbolical of union. Hence Queen Elizabeth said to Secretary Maitland in the course of a negociation, 'I am maryed alreddy to the realme of England, when I wes crownit, with this ring quhilk I beir continewallie in taikin thair of.'

"According to Moresin, women previously avoided appearing unveiled for several days after marriage: but in his time they had become bolder, for they showed themselves immediately. Formerly also, in some districts, when the bride went bareheaded to church, she remained so during the day of her nuptials, and covered herself ever after. Veiling in marriage has perplexed the canonists as much as the use of the ring; nor is the reason assigned for it in the Decretalia satisfactory: namely, that it is a token of constant conjugal subjection. Tertullian, one of the most authoritative of the fathers of the church, devotes a copious treatise to the use of the veil. The customs of Scotland may have vacillated according to the religion professed by the inhabitants. Covering the head or veiling the countenance, has been always an important part of the rites and ceremonies, civil and religious, of most nations throughout the globe; but sometimes for an opposite purpose.

"The *true love knot* and *marriage knot* have some mysterious etymology, such as hitherto unexplained satisfactorily: and probably the distribution of bride's favours in knots is in relation to it. Hickes views the true love knot as a symbol of indissoluble friendship, love, and fidelity: and thence he derives its name from words significant of its purpose. But this etymology is questionable. The same author adds, that it is customary in the north to carry home, from nuptials solemnly celebrated, the head dress presented to the bride, curiously interwoven in circles and knots, as a testimony of the indissoluble fidelity of the spouses. More probably the formation and distribution or solution, were originally connected with charms which might impair matrimonial felicity. Was their absence inferred with the removal of knots as gifted?"—pp. 287—310.

We pass over the chapters on the ingredients and instruments of sorcery, mystical plants, and mystical animals, to introduce an extract or two from that on mystical mankind.

"About thirty years ago, a person of rustic habits, named Sullivan, in the south of Ireland, generally designed the *whisperer*, was celebrated for the remarkable control which he could exercise immediately over vicious horses. After entering the stable, where he remained some time alone and unwitnessed, he led forth the most untractable animal in perfect subjection, or on opening the door he was seen lying beside it in tranquillity. Sometimes on mounting a fiery, restive, or vicious steed, such as others durst hardly approach, in the shortest period, while the perspiration hailed from it in terror, it showed an absolute obedience to the rein. He never testified dread of any; all became alike subdued, and thenceforth useful

for their respective service. Above twenty years have elapsed since the whisperer died, and the real secret, whereby he accomplished his art, never having been disclosed, has perished with him. Some have alleged that it consisted in the use of oil, of smoke, or other things, but it is generally ascribed to *whispering* in the horse's ear. Thence Sullivan was known every where simply as the *whisperer*."—pp. 444, 445.

Personal deformities or imperfections being declared by the Deity to be his own work, may have conferred on those labouring under them a mystical character. In this country the faculty of prediction has been associated with the dumb.

"Persons in the more humble sphere of life, are not always disposed to consider an idiot child as the most calamitous dispensation. They rather deem it as some peculiar, though inexplicable token of the divine protection extended to their family: nay, in Ireland, 'sanctity is generally ascribed to fatuity.' A recent traveller observed, that the 'Arabs have a profound respect for idiots, whom they consider as people beloved of heaven, and totally unable to think of the things of this world.' A festival in honour of fools was instituted in France, the description and ceremonies of which are commemorated in different literary compositions. An unfortunate family, comprehending four children, all born in idiocy, was once pointed out to the author in Scotland."—p. 446.

Under the head *Second Sight*, the author presents us with much curious matter. It generally embraced sad and dismal objects; and in the strictest sense, the vision was cotemporary, though it sometimes bordered on futurity.

"On the morning of the battle of Bothwell Bridge, "Mr. John Cameron, minister at Lochend, in Kintyre," became very melancholy, when Mr. Morison, one of his elders, observing him "throu his chamber dore, sore weeping, and wringing his hands—continued knocking, till at lenth he opened to him: and he asked what was the matter: if his wife and bairns wer weel? 'Little matter for them,' says he, 'our friends at Bothweel are gone.' When Mr. Morrison told him it might be a mistake, and a fit of melancholy, 'noe, noe,' sayes he, 'I see them flying as clear as I see the wall:' and as near as they could calculate by after accompts, it was at the very minute they fled, that this hapned at the Lochhead of Kintyre."

"It appears, that in the first years of the commonwealth, while Mackensie of Tarbat, afterwards the Earl of Cromarty, was riding in a field among his tenants, who were manuring barley, a stranger 'called that way on his foot, and stopped likewise, and said to the countrymen, 'You need not be so busy about that barley, for I see the Englishmen's horses teathered among it; and other parts moused down for them.' Tarbet asked him how he knew them to be Englishmen, and if he had ever seen any of them? He said 'No; but he sau them strangers, and heard the English wer in Scotland, and guessed it could be no other than they.' In the month of July, the thing hapned directly as the man said he saw it.' This is both a contemporary and prognosticative vision. The instances of the second sight in purity—that whereby an event strictly contemporary is represented—seem to be rare."—pp. 475, 476.

The author tells us that one family in Shetland still claims the

prerogative of the second sight, and that by inheritance. But it reposes in the head or representative of the family alone. The truth is, the longer that ignorance prevails, the longer will all such credulity be indulged, prediction, prognostication, and divination, are separately considered by the author with his usual discrimination and knowledge. The gift of foresight is a proof of a superiority of observation; but mankind have hence claimed the singular gift of prophecy. Besides we never hear of abortive predictions.

“ The reputation of some of the Scottish prophetesses seems to have been very great: they were firmly believed to be gifted with supernatural insight into futurity. ‘ Wally fall that quhyt head of thine, but the pox will take thee away from thy mother,’ exclaimed one of them to a child. In some weeks small-pox became endemial, and the child died: no doubts were entertained of the sybil’s prescience. ‘ Thow can tell eneugh if thow lyk,’ said the mother to her, ‘ that could tell that my bairne wold die so long befor the tyme.’ ‘ I can tell eneugh if I durst,’ she returned in mysterious reply. It was alleged on the trial of Besse Skebister, ‘ that all the honest men of the Yle declarit, that it was ane usuall thing quhen they thought boatis war in danger, to come or send’ to enquire ‘ how they war, and if thay wold come home weill? quhairv-poun ane common proverb is, vsit, ‘ Giff Bessie say it is weill, all is weill:’ and the currency of this proverb was found by her jury—Bessie was strangled and burnt.”—p. 491.

Diviners, those that made experimental enquiries after futurity, were chiefly of the Gypsy race in Scotland.

“ A shirt dipped in a well which ‘ brides and burials passed over,’ was hung before the fire, perhaps that some form should appear and turn it. Distempers were ascertained from the aspect of apparel and anticipations of the issue. Thus an elf-shot or witchcraft were declared the source of the evil: One affirmed it, if she had got the shirt of a deceased person in time, he should not have died; and that of another being carried to ‘ Jonet Murrioth, in Dumblane,’ with a query whether he should die,—‘ Not this year,’ she answered, cast a knot on the sleeve and desire it to be put on the patient. If the left shoe cast over the house, fell with the mouth upwards, a divination of recovery was obtained: a distemper was mortal if falling downwards.”—p. 520.

There is a long chapter on Imaginary Beings; the notice taken of a benevolent and favourite sort is thus correctly given:—

“ *Brownie* in Scotland seems to have corresponded with *Robin Goodfellow*, and the *Terrei Virunculi* of the continent. King James considered Brownie as a rough man, Martin as a tall man. Brand looked on this being as an evil spirit: King James, and perhaps the physician Ramesey, as a Satanic metamorphosis; and Kirk thinks Brownie peculiar to his native country, and belonging to the class of fairies. A similar office, in rocking cradles, domestic services, taking care of horses and cattle, was also deemed the province of these beings, in all countries: and it was discharged in the night. In the Orkney Islands, stacks of corn, called Brownie’s stacks, were always safe. A portion of food was set apart in houses for Brownie; and a libation of milk or wort, poured into a cavity of a stone, called Brownie’s stone to ensure favour and protection.

Credulity in the existence of such supernatural beings abated in the end of the seventeenth century. They were said to have been chained up by the event of the reformation, but again let loose on introduction of the English liturgy here, as expressed with controversial asperity. The nature of Brownie was pacific and munificent—but spite of his unwearied services, when offended once he appeared no more.”—p. 530.

The Fairies, “men or people of peace,” are kindly beings.

“They partake of human and spiritual nature; their size is diminutive: they perpetuate their race: and offspring descends also of their intercourse with mortals. They can become invisible, when they do not scruple to mix with mankind, and abstract the goods of the upper world to their subterraneous abodes. Thither also, they convey the parturient for nurses, and new born babes. They are addicted to merriment: they have been seen dancing, and dressed in green. Animals from the flocks or herds, shot with elf arrows, serve for their banquets. The influence of fairies is greatest on Friday; at noon, and at midnight: and from certain jealousies which they entertain of mankind, their name is avoided by the populace, or treated with respect: thence, perhaps, they are called good wights, or good neighbours.”—p. 535.

But of all the evil imaginary beings, Satan is the most formidable. He misled exemplary Scottish matrons by assuming the semblance of their own husbands. His voice is thick and hollow, like one speaking into an empty cask. He sometimes appears in white raiment and sometimes in black, and indeed he is any thing and every thing as he chooses.

“In human form, his demeanour was always consistent. He was affable, polite, sometimes even officious,—occasionally violent, crafty, under a plausible exterior, and very amorous. Such repeated and invarying evidence establishes this, that, had the youthful and attractive borne witness to the fact, instead of the repulsive, old, and haggard part of the sex, asseverations of such Satanic disguise could have been only thought a veil for their levities. Female testimony here is more than minute. But alleged amours with Satan became a cruel and common vehicle for slander. On one occasion, he introduced himself as a ‘pleasant young man,’ saying, ‘where do you live, goodwyf—and how does the minister?’ Jonet Ker, reaching Tweedside, he arose at the water, helped her over, and enquired whether she intended to return, as he should help her back again: another represents him sitting at table as a gentleman, ‘who drank to her, and she drank to him.’ Likewise, he appeared to Jonet Barker, Margaret Lauder, and Jonet Cranstoun, ‘in lyknes of ane tryme gentillman, and drank with thame all three, and imbracit Margaret Lauder in his airmes.’ Meeting one on the hills between Harray and Rendall, ‘he gart hir milk the kyne, quhill he suppit as fast as she milkit.’ Because Margaret Sonnes, who had engaged in his service, ‘was not speedie in following the devill, he did drag her be the coat, and brak the band thereof.’ For infringing an appointment, Alexander Hamilton was ‘maist rigorouslie strukin with ane battoun,’ by him thereafter. He was equally resentful in other countries.”—pp. 554, 555.

We pass over the subject of spectral illusions to come to the last chapter on the tests, trial, conviction, and punishment of

sorcery; of which a sentence or so. And here a terrific field is opened of the ignorance, the bigotry, the malice and the cruelty of human kind. How easy was it to charge the innocent with sorcery! and what more dangerous amidst the darkness of superstition! suspicion was the harbinger of death. Safety could not be found in flight; an asylum was denied the accused by their fellow creatures. Contrivances were practised to ratify the information lodged by confession. Hunger, confinement and terror often drove poor ignorant women distracted, and not unfrequently to believe themselves possessed of that which was formidably charged against them, and, under torture of body as well as of mind, to confess; and all this was prosecuted with the view of glorifying God, by literally interpreting the injunction "thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." The victims were chiefly women. The sentence generally was to be strangled and burnt.

"But besides the noted doom of Eufame Macalyane to be burnt alive, the frequent marginal notices of *convicta et combusta*, in the original records, afford too definitive evidence how often this cruel fate awaited others. Heresies are expiated by the flames.

"Perhaps the faggots were regularly piled around the miserable victims, dragged forth amidst the execrations of a ferocious multitude exulting in this visible defeat of Satan, while more combustible ingredients promoted fiercer conflagration.

"Several unhappy women, inhumanly committed to the stake, though persevering in asseverations of their innocence to the last, 'were burnet quick after sic ane crewell manner, that sum of thame deit in dispair, renunceand and blasphemand: and vtheris half brunt brak out of the fyre, and wes cassin quick into it agane, quhill thay war brunt to the deid.' " —p. 672.

We conclude our notices of some of the contents of this volume, by giving it as our opinion, that it is a very important help to a thorough knowledge of Scottish history, and even is of much more extensive application. It is a careful, learned, and well-written (notwithstanding the fault as to style formerly pointed out by us) treatise; a clear analysis of hithertodisordered materials. It opens the way to farther research, and probably to a new, as well as more apparent illustration of the history of the human mind.

ART. IX.—*Guide to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.* By G. and P. Anderson. London: Murray. 1834.

THIS is by far the fullest, the most correct, and the best written Guide to the Highlands of Scotland that has ever been published. There have been tours and sketches innumerable, some of them highly descriptive of the scenery and people of this portion of the empire, but none of them combine all the points and features of the present: none of them are at all equal to it as a useful guide to every thing that can interest or direct travellers and visitors of every description. Works of this nature are of the greatest national

service. There is by the most efficient means; reciprocity of knowledge hereby encouraged in every useful department. The visitors as well as the visited are benefited; not merely is he who travels for pleasure or health, and those among whom he spends his money thus blessed, but in every important particular, so obviously as needs not to be more than hinted at, does all kind of knowledge, the best moral ends, the most beneficial habits, come to be increased and sustained by the interchanges that take place through travellers.

When a book, such as the present, gives, besides an accuracy of innumerable facts, an attractive account of them, it deserves doubly to be well spoken of. Knowledge that is finely sweetened, necessarily thereby becomes an object of desire. It is the pleasure one has in reading such a book as this, that leads to the benefits we have alluded to. What for instance is the amount of solid and practical good that has been conferred on Scotland and on the thousands that have repaired to its shores, and to its mountains, and valleys, through Scott's "*Lady of the Lake*," and his "*Waverley*." It is incalculable. And we predict that the volume before us, will be the means of sending thousands upon thousands more to reap mental vigour and tenderness among the people of the north, and to diffuse all the peaceful arts of civilization. With the purpose of giving encouragement to the works, that through it the nation and the world may find good; we shall present a slight outline of its general observations on the character of the people, the scenery, the condition, and the capabilities of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

The portion of Great Britain which this guide delineates, comprehends, besides the Hebrides, Orkney, and Shetland Islands, the greater part of Scotland to the north of the Friths of Tay and Clyde, and the river Forth, with the exception of the counties on the eastern coast to the south of the Moray Frith. The very minutely and correctly detailed map which accompanies the volume will, on a short inspection, point out distinctly the portion referred to. It is an extensive tract, and, when compared to the whole of the kingdom, becomes a most considerable territory. The general name of *Highlands* intimates its elevated appearance. The mountains, of course, greatly vary in height, the highest being about 4,400 feet above the level of the sea. In general they extend in chains across the country in a direction from south-west to north-east, and the larger valleys which intervene have a parallel direction, while the intersecting openings observe no such regularity. The eastern side of the north of Scotland for the most part presents a continuous unbroken line of coast, whilst the western is indented by numberless narrow arms of the sea. The latter coast, also, is flanked by clusters of islands, forming an almost complete breast-work, between the open ocean and the mainland; the eastern shore is exposed to the full swell of the German Sea. Lakes and rivers, the most varied in every respect, are interspersed among the valleys,

into which many streams find their way from the adjacent high-grounds. Heath or ling is a prevailing covering of the mountains, those of the west being more verdant, and not so heathery as the other parts. The native rock, however, protrudes in mighty masses in many places, and the slopes and bases of the hills are often covered with gravel or fallen fragments. Native woods clothe the acclivities frequently, overhanging or fencing the lakes and the streams. The valleys are gladdened by luxuriance.

Such a surface must exhibit every variety of scenery. There is the loveliest of marine views and champaign landscapes; the solitude of wildernesses, shut up from the great world; there are ravines, fastnesses, alpine heights, grassy meadows, thundering cataracts, and sleeping lakes, almost perennial snows, shrouding mists, and sunny valleys and straths. There is the magnificence of frightful precipices and sullen wildness, intermixed with the gentler grandeur of long arms of the sea, sending their silver waters far into the bosom of the land; together with the most picturesque lakes, studded with islets, that mirror the impending and adjacent mountains. No wonder that this "land of mountain and flood" should awaken the song of bards, and lend the people the romantic character they possess; wild, pensive, and tender as it is; and that whether ambition call or misfortune drive them to distant parts of the globe, the recollection of their native home should haunt them to the last: no wonder that such profuse greatness and beauty should attract from every part of Europe, the admirers of noble scenery and romantic character.

The progress of the Highlanders to a state of assimilation with the rest of the inhabitants of the kingdom till a late period, was remarkably slow. The inaccessible nature of their country shut them out from the gentler arts of civilized life. The chieftains were stormy, their vassals ignorant and rude; the whole, hardy, brave, and warlike, and characterized by all the virtues as well as vices of people so situated. The two rebellions of 1715 and 1745, had some tendency towards introducing new manners amongst them. The soldiery stationed by Cromwell in the forts constructed by him, had considerable effect previously; but the abolition of heritable jurisdictions, and the coercive measures of government, together with the formation of the military roads, at last broke up the old system. A new field of adventure was unfolded to the young in civil and military professions; a spirit of independence and industry in the useful arts, was universally diffused. Mail and other coaches regularly run to Inverness; and steam-boats visit, it may be said, every creek and island of the remarkable shores. Indeed, to this last-mentioned means of communication, the most astonishing results are to be attributed; and still farther important benefits will be derived. Steam has brought Glasgow and Edinburgh within a few hours travelling of places that were before wont to be visited once in a lifetime only by the most curious.

The drudging artizans as well as wealthy citizens of these large towns, can, in an afternoon, travel to the scenery of their birth-places, that before were at a dangerous uncertain distance. Very many of the Highlanders may breakfast in their own shealings, and ere the sun go down—be parading the busy streets of splendid cities. And to come nearer ourselves; the Londoner may in one week, have set his foot on board of a gallant and splendid steamer at the Scotch wharfs on the Thames, dive into the wild recesses of the Highlands, and again be in his counting-house in overgrown London. With this Guide in his hand, such a visitor may in a few days, know more of the Highlands of Scotland, than one in a hundred of the inhabitants of its metropolis half a century ago knew. He may carry his goods in such a short time to parts, that the Glasgow manufacturer not long ago durst not visit with a view to business, and, indeed, did not well know how to approach. Merchants, naturalists, artists, sportsmen, and tourists of every description, encounter little trouble, incur trifling expense, and waste but a short time, in now understanding all the peculiarities of Highland hospitality and scenery.

We shall extract a few passages from this Guide to the celebrated and now classic Highlands of Scotland, from which a judgment may be formed of the character of the work: and which may more particularly interest one or other of the various classes of travellers. Inverness, as the capital of this great northern department, deserves, as it has received, a copious and careful consideration; we select the following particulars:—

“Inverness has been strangely underrated.” So observes a late elegant writer, who has even gone the length of drawing a comparison between the beauties of its neighbourhood and that of Edinburgh. ‘The Frith of Forth must yield the palm to Moray Frith, the surrounding country must yield altogether, and Inverness must take the highest rank. Every thing is done, too, for Inverness that can be effected by wood and cultivation; the characters of which, here, have altogether a richness, a variety, and a freedom, which we miss round Edinburgh. The mountain screens are finer, more various, and more near. Each outlet is different from the others, and each is beautiful; whether we proceed towards Fort George or towards Moy, or enter the valley of the Ness, or skirt the shores of the Beauly Frith, while a short and commodious ferry wafts us to the lovely country opposite, rich with wood, and country seats, and cultivation. It is the boast, also, of Inverness to unite two opposed qualities, and each in the greatest perfection: the characters of a rich open lowland country with those of the wildest alpine scenery, both, also, being close at hand, and in many places intermixed; while to all this is added a series of maritime landscape not often equalled.’

“The name of Inverness denotes its situation as near the estuary of the river Ness, which flows from the great inland lake, into whose waters fall those of the celebrated cataract of Foyers. Hence the Gaelic word *ess*, signifying a waterfall, has been bestowed on the whole country, as well as on the loch and river. The course of the last is only about

seven miles, and it is equally 'noble, broad, clear, and strong,' whether we observe it at its junction with the sea or where it flows from its parent lake. Its banks are fringed with rows of trees, and many beautiful seats and villas; and within a mile of the town it is divided into two branches by an island, or rather a series of islands, luxuriantly wooded. These, in ancient days, were celebrated as the scenes of rural feasts given by the magistrates of Inverness to the king's judges when they came here to hold assize courts. Fresh salmon, caught in an adjoining pool, are said to have formed the chief delicacy at these banquets; while claret, brandy, and hollands, and even the classic sack, flowed in abundance among the guests. Their more refined descendants have cut the surface of the islands into pleasure walks; and it is intended to connect them with the opposite banks by chain bridges, one of which only has as yet been finished."

"So late as the period of the Disarming Act, men in all parts of the Highlands appeared on Sundays as if fully accoutred for war; and, sixty years ago, only *three* ladies with straw bonnets were to be seen in the High Church of Inverness. It appears, by the town records, that the streets were for the first time cleaned at the public expense in 1746, by order of the Duke of Cumberland. From the cheapness of foreign wines, spirits, and ale, dissipation prevailed here, and in all the northern towns, even to the end of last century, to a degree almost inconceivable. Now, no distinctions can be perceived in the dress, manners, or modes of living of the inhabitants of the burgh from those of other towns in Scotland. Indeed, the people of Inverness are usually regarded as more advanced in refinement than most of their neighbours.

"The town is ruled by a provost, four bailies, a dean of guild, a treasurer, and fourteen councillors. The magistrates walk to church on Sundays preceded by their lictors as in the days of ancient Rome; and, till lately, when required, they attended in a body the funerals of the inhabitants.

"Trade, by means of the Caledonian Canal, is reviving. Living is not dear. The spirit of industry and speculation has called forth several companies for the employment of capital and the embellishment of the town. Steam-boats and coaches have rendered it a great thoroughfare. Access is easily had from Inverness to all parts of the county; and its inns, for elegance and comfort, are nowhere surpassed in Scotland."—pp. 65—71.

The following passage regards the battle of Culloden.

"According to the general accounts, there were but 1200 men killed in this engagement, and as many on the English as on their opponents' side. The wounded were left three days on the field, and such as then survived were shot by order of the Duke of Cumberland. He set fire to a barn to which many of them had retired. In the town of Inverness, he instituted a complete military government; treated the inhabitants and magistrates with contempt; and he was afterwards obliged to sue out an act of indemnity from the British parliament for these and other atrocities, of which it is notoriously known he was guilty. Prince Charles's resources, notwithstanding the loss of this battle, were by no means desperate. Eight thousand men were ready to meet him at Ruthven in Badenoch, had he signified his desire to attempt the battle-

strife over again; but, after some days' deliberation, his only answer to the chiefs who awaited him there was, 'Let every man seek his safety in the best way he can.'

"The following lines express the thoughts likely to arise in the tourist's breast on visiting this scene, and with them we close our sketch:—

" 'Why linger on this battle heath,
 So sterile, wild, and lonely now?
 Stranger, it tells a tale of death,
 That well befits its barren brow.
 Nay! rest not on that swelling sod,
 But let us hence: it marks a grave!
 Whose verdure is the price of blood,—
 The heart's stream of the vainly brave.
 " 'Long years ago, from o'er the sea,
 A banish'd prince, of Stuart's line,
 Came hither, claiming fealty,
 And succour in his sire's decline.
 A triple diadem—a throne—
 Ambitious toys—his birthright were;
 Of valleys, lakes, and mountains lone,—
 Of all our country was he heir.'"—pp. 111, 112.

Here is another renowned scene: it is Cawdor Castle.

"If the name of this castle be not sufficient to excite curiosity, the beauties of its situation, the freshness in which all its appurtenances of ancient feudal gloom and grandeur, and means of defence, remain, will amply recompense the tourist for the trouble he may be put to in visiting it.

"Perched upon a low rock, overhanging the bed of a Highland torrent, and surrounded on all sides by the largest sized forest trees, which partly conceal the extent of its park, it stands a relic of the work of several ages, a weather-beaten tower, encircled by newer and less elevated dwellings; the whole being enclosed within a moat, and approachable only by a drawbridge, which rattles on its chains just as in the years long gone by. This castle is still inhabited: the staircase, the iron-grated doors and wickets, the large baronial kitchen, partly formed out of the native rock, the hall, the old furniture, the carved mantel-pieces, the quantity of figured tapestry, and even the grotesque family mirrors, in use 200 years ago, are still cherished and preserved by the family. The drawbridge and gateway are particularly worthy of notice.

"Tradition in this quarter asserts that good King Duncan was murdered in this castle by his relative Macbeth, who was his sister's son. Some of the old Scottish chronicles, as interpreted by Lord Hailes, refer to a smith's hut, in the neighbourhood of Elgin, as the place where the mortal blow was given, and render it probable that the unfortunate monarch breathed his last within some of the religious houses then already built there; while Shakspeare and his commentators, following the authority of Buchanan, assign Macbeth's castle at Inverness as the scene of the murder. Few would feel an interest in searching out the disagreeable truth on this point, even were it now practicable to do so. It is, at least, undoubted, that Macbeth may have had strong holds in all the places mentioned, as, on his marriage, he became, in right of his

wife Grouch, Maormor, or great Celtic lord, of Moray, having by birth the same power attached to that name in the adjoining country of Ross; and that King Duncan was betrayed and slain while residing at one of his nephew's castles, on his way to reduce Torfin, the Scandinavian Jarl of Caithness, to submission, he having refused to render the customary tribute to the Scottish crown.

"The scenery about Cawdor Castle, as already stated, is of the richest and most picturesque description. In the park are several of the largest oaks, sycamores, limes, elms, ash, and pine trees in the north of Scotland; one magnificent stem of ash alone measuring twenty-three feet in circumference at a foot from the ground, and seventeen feet in girth at the distance of eight feet from the root. The garden also presents a fine specimen of an ancient yew tree, and the adjoining woods and rocks abound in many interesting plants, deserving the search of the botanist, and especially in ferns, among which the splendid *Scolopendrium vulgare* occurs in great luxuriance."—pp. 114—118.

Some idea may be formed of the scale of the floods that roll down from the Highland mountains and along the plains from the following account of one of the greatest on record, which occurred between the 2nd and 4th of August in the year 1829.

"The previous summer had been a remarkably dry one, especially in Morayshire. An accumulation of vapours appears to have taken place to the north-east of the British Isles, and a storm of wind and rain, commencing at the Orkneys, seems to have been impelled across the Moray Frith, and to have discharged itself on the Cairngorm and Monaliagh mountains, the first high ground which it met. On the coast but few indications of the coming deluge were perceived, except vast columns of clouds hurrying to the southward. After these, however, were broken on the mountains, the whole atmosphere became surcharged with moisture, which descended in a small, penetrating rain, almost as fine as dew, but so continuous, that, at Huntly Lodge, where accurate observations were taken, in the course of twenty-four hours, $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches of rain fell; which, as compared with the average of all the years from 1821 to 1828 inclusive, is equal to one sixth part of the whole annual allowance of rain for these years.

"The loss of human life on this occasion was, on the whole, very inconsiderable: but the value and quantity of land destroyed, of houses overturned, and of valuable timber torn up by the roots along the Findhorn and the other rivers affected by the flood, extending over a line of from 500 to 600 miles, exceeded all calculation. Some idea, however, of the awful effects produced by this impetuous torrent of water may be formed from the fact, that, in the Findhorn (as related in the very interesting and complete account of the flood published by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder), it rolled along masses of rock of from six to eight tons' weight; that in the Streens it rose from fifteen to twenty-five feet above its ordinary level; forty feet at Dulsie Bridge; and at the more open space where the Farness Bridge stands, it overtopped the parapets twenty-seven feet above its usual bed. The height of the parapet of Daltlich Bridge, above the common line of the stream, is forty-four feet, of which the flood rose thirty-one feet; and at the gorge below, on the Relugas property, the water actually ascended over the very tops of the rocks,

forty-six feet beyond its usual height, and inundated the level part of Rannoch-haugh, which lies over them, to the depth of four feet—*making a total perpendicular rise at this point of no less than fifty feet.* In the rapids of the Essex, on the Logie property, the flood also stood at this last-mentioned height; but below the estate of Sluie, the quantity of water was more easily ascertained by its destructiveness to the fields, mills, and other buildings along its banks, than by its depth. Of the beautiful bridge of Findhorn, near Forres, consisting of one arch of ninety-five feet and two others of seventy-five feet span each, no trace was left but a fragment of the northern land-breast and part of the inclined approach from the south. All the salmon pools in the river were changed or filled up; and the water was so long impregnated with sand and mud, that the fish have not even yet returned in such numbers as they were wont to do.”—pp. 143, 144.

Glenmore presents great magnificence of a certain class: owing to its simple grandeur of character; there is another cause for the strong feelings it excites in the bosom of the travellers.

“But it is the wreck of the ancient forest which arrests all the attention, and which renders Glenmore a melancholy—more than a melancholy—a terrific spectacle. Trees of enormous height, which have escaped alike the axe and the tempest, are still standing, stripped by the winds even of their bark, and, like gigantic skeletons, throwing far and wide their white and bleached bones to the storms and rains of heaven; while others, broken by the violence of the gales, lift their split and fractured trunks in a thousand shapes of resistance and of destruction, or still display some knotted and tortuous branches, stretched out in sturdy and fantastic forms of defiance by the whirlwind and the winter. It is one wide image of death, as if the angel of destruction had passed over the valley. The sight even of a felled tree is painful; still more is that of the fallen forest, with all its green branches on the ground withering, silent, and at rest, where once they glittered in the dew and the sun, and trembled in the breeze. Yet this is but an image of vegetable death: it is familiar, and the impression passes away. It is the naked skeleton bleaching in the winds, the gigantic bones of the forest still erect, the speaking records of former life, and of strength still unsubdued, vigorous even in death, which renders Glenmore one enormous charnel-house. The wood in this valley was sold to the York Buildings Company for 10,000*l.*; and it is said their profits exceeded 70,000*l.*—p. 167.

The tour by the Caledonian Canal has become a favourite one; and no where in the British Isles is such a continuous extent of romantic and varied scenery to be found. Several steam boats ply weekly between Glasgow and Inverness, by this line. We cannot find room for particulars about the extent of trade connected with this great canal. We rather present two traits of the highland character in ancient times as exhibited in its vicinity.

“Two chiefs, Glengarry and Lochiel, to try the comparative merits of their followers in the honourable art of thieving, agreed that the two men in their respective *tales* most reputed for their skill should be sent together to make trial of their abilities, at the expense of the often *burned* Invernessians. Having met by appointment, they jogged along very

condially, revolving schemes to distinguish themselves in the eyes of their chiefs, and fellow-clansmen. When they had advanced beyond Invermoriston, however, the Glengarry man, in unwonted strain, began to express to his companion his dissatisfaction at being thus called upon to obey every capricious whim of his chief; and at last said he was resolved, in this instance at least, to gratify his own inclinations at all risks, and that he was determined to trouble himself no more about their present object. The Lochiel candidate readily consented to their returning homewards; agreed that they should pass the night where they then were, and, congratulating himself on the prospect of his easy triumph, he gave himself up to deep and unsuspecting slumber. He accompanied Macdonell to Invergarry, that he might enjoy the chief's mortification at the singular behaviour of his chosen servant. Glengarry and his clansmen clamorously vented their wrath against the supposed culprit, and were about to inflict a punishment suitable to his offence, when he slyly asked Cameron to unfold his plaid. On doing so, it was found that the cunning Macdonell had, while Cameron slept, cut from a part where it was least likely to be missed as much of his plaid as served to make a pair of hose, in fashioning which, he employed the hours of night, and travelled in them to Invergarry. This exposé completely turned the tables against poor Cameron, whose discomfiture was extreme at finding he had been so easily overreached, and that his observation had been too obtuse to remark the circumstance of his companion wearing all day hose of the Cameron pattern. Such is an example of the sort of incident which served to relieve the ennui of ancient feudal times."—pp. 247, 248.

This display took place nearly opposite the house of Foyers, in the neighbourhood of the celebrated falls of that name. The Raid of Cillie-christ (Christ Church) was connected with the same locality.

"In the early part of the seventeenth century, Agnus, eldest son of Glengarry, had made a foray into the Mackenzie's country: on his way home, he was intercepted by a gallant little band of Mackenzies, and slain with a number of his followers. Some time thereafter a strong party of Glengarry's men were sent, under the command of Allan Mac Raonuill of Lundy, to revenge his death. Allan led them into the parish of Urray, in Ross-shire, on a Sunday morning, and surprised a numerous body of the Mackenzies assembled at prayer within the walls of Cillie-christ, near Beaully; for so was their little chapel called. Placing his followers so as to prevent all possibility of escape, Allan gave orders to set the building on fire. The miserable victims found all attempts at escape unavailing, and were, without a single exception,—man, woman, and child,—swallowed up by the devouring element, or indiscriminately massacred by the swords of the relentless Macdonells, whilst a piper marched round the church, playing an extemporary piece of music, which has ever since been the pibroch of the Glengarry family.

"The work of death being completed, Allan deemed a speedy retreat expedient: but the incendiaries were not to escape with impunity; for the funeral pile of their clansmen roused the Mackenzies to arms as effectually, as if the fiery cross had been carried through their valleys. Their force was divided into two bodies: one commanded by Murdoch Mackenzie, of Red Castle, proceeded by Inverness, with the view of

following the pursuit along the southern side of Loch Ness; whilst another, headed by Alexander Mackenzie of Coull, struck across the country, from Beaully to the northern bank of the lake, in the footsteps of another party which had fled in this direction, with their leader, Allan Mac Raonuill. The Mackenzies overtook these last, as they sought a brief repose in some hills near the burn of Altsay. The Macdonells maintained an unequal conflict for some time with much spirit, but were at length forced to yield to superior numbers, and fled precipitately to the burn. Many, however, missed the ford, and, the channel being rough and rocky, were overtaken and slain by the victorious Mackenzies. Allan Mac Raonuill made towards a spot where the burn rushed through a yawning chasm of great depth and breadth. Forgetting the danger of the attempt in the hurry of his flight, and the agitation of the moment, and being of an athletic frame, and at the time half naked, he vigorously strained at, and succeeded in clearing the desperate leap. One of the Mackenzies inconsiderately followed him, but, wanting the impulse of those powerful feelings which had put such life and mettle into Allan's heels, he had not the fortune to reach the top of the bank: grasping, however, the branch of a birch tree, he hung suspended over the abyss. Mac Raonuill, observing his situation, turned back and lopped off the branch with his dirk, exclaiming, 'I have left much behind me with you to-day; take that also.' Allan got considerably ahead of his followers; and, having gained the brink of the loch bethought him of attempting to swim across, and, plunging in, he lustily breasted its cool and refreshing waters. Being observed from the opposite side, a boat was sent out which picked him up.

"The party of the Macdonells, who fled by Inverness, were surprised by Red castle in a public-house at Torbreck, three miles to the west of the town, where they stopped to refresh themselves: the house was set on fire, and they all, thirty-seven in number, suffered the death they had in the early part of the day so wantonly inflicted."—pp. 248, 249.

Of the falls themselves.

"The falls of Foyers are distant about a mile from the inn; and being close to the public road to Fort Augustus, can easily be found without a guide. The river Foyers, after passing across the highly elevated and chiefly moorland and open district of country lying to the south of Loch Ness, on its reaching the hills which skirt that lake, enters a deep and narrow ravine, at the commencement of which it is precipitated over a ledge of rock, about thirty feet in height, forming the upper fall. To view it to the best advantage, (and the traveller should first visit this upper fall, to which the public road and a bridge across the river will lead him,) it is necessary to descend to the channel of the river below the bridge. From this position, the appearance of the headlong and tumultuous mass of waters is very imposing; while the high and perpendicular rocks between which the river pours its noisy and troubled flood, and the aerial single-arched bridge which has been thrown across the chasm, add much to the picturesque effect. A pathway will be found immediately beside the bridge, and on the west side of the stream, which conducts to the proper point of view. It is, however, somewhat difficult to reach this situation; and the generality of visitors content themselves with the view from the bridge or the rocks above the fall. Below the fall, the channel

of the river is deep and rocky, and shelves rapidly down towards the lake: the mountain sides are clothed with luxuriant woods of birch; and the river, interrupted in its course by numerous masses of rock, is lashed into foam, and hurries impetuously forward for about a quarter of a mile. It then encounters a second abrupt descent, and is dashed through a narrow gap, or opening, over a height of about ninety feet, into a deep and spacious linn, surrounded with lofty, precipitous rocks. From one side of this gulf, a high ledge of rock, projecting in front of the fall, obstructs all sight of it from any point along the margin of the river. As we approach this greater cataract, the ground is felt to tremble from the shock of the falling water; and the ear is stunned with its sullen and ceaseless roar. A winding footpath strikes off from the public road, at the commencement of a parapet wall, and leads down to a green bank, on the point of the projecting barrier, directly opposite to and on a level with the middle of the fall. Here the eye can scan the terrors of the troubled gulf beneath, the whole extent of the fall, and of the stupendous overhanging rocks, waving with birch, and partially covered with a rank mossy vegetation, forced into life by the volumes of vapour which float around. The accompaniments of wood and rock, and mountain slope, are always attractive; but when the river is swollen with rain, the scene assumes the features of sublimity, and the spectator regards it with mingled feelings of awe and admiration. The living spirit of the waters wakens, with thundering call, the echoes of the solitude: every other sound is drowned, and all nature seems attentive to the voice of the falling element; and the mighty cauldron is filled with shifting masses of spray frequently illuminated with the bright and lambent tints of a rainbow."—pp. 252—254.

In the neighbourhood of Fort William, the most prominent feature is Ben Nevis, long though inaccurately reputed the highest mountain in Great Britain.

The following is a felicitous description of an appalling aspect of waters.

"Corryvreckan, the strait between the northern extremity of Jura and the mountainous island of Scarba, possesses a wide-spread notoriety. The commotion of the tides pouring through this narrow passage is heightened by a large sunk rock. This dangerous communication is studiously avoided by vessels; and to small craft at certain times it would prove sure destruction. The author of the Statistical Account of Jura gives us the following lively picture of this whirlpool:—'The gulf is most awful with the flowing tide; in stormy weather with that tide it exhibits an aspect in which a great deal of the terrible is blended. Vast openings are formed, in which, one would think, the bottom might be seen; immense bodies of water tumble headlong as over a precipice, then, rebounding from the abyss, they dash together with inconceivable impetuosity, and rise foaming to a prodigious height above the surface. The noise of their conflict is heard throughout the surrounding islands.'—p. 366.

Here is a finer and lovelier subject.

"Loch Lomond, 'the lake full of Islands,' is unquestionably the pride of Scottish lakes, from its extent, its numerous islands, and the varied character of its scenery. Its length is about twenty-three miles. At

its lowest extremity, where it insinuates its waters into the Vale of Leven, it is for a space quite narrow; it then expands on either hand, but especially on the east side, and attains in some places a breadth of seven or eight miles. Its banks again approach towards each other, and thence to its termination the lake, winding among the projecting arms of primitive mountains, and slightly altering at intervals its general bearings, alternately contracts and dilates its surface, as it meets and wheels round the impending headlands, among which it at last loses itself in a narrow, prolonged stripe of water. The mountains, in general, gradually increase in height, steepness, and irregularity of surface towards the head of the lake. Those on the west are intersected by various successive glens, as Fruin, Finlass, Luss, Douglas, Tarbet, and Sloy. The opposite mountains are more unbroken. Numerous little bays indent the shores, their bounding promontories consisting at the lower end of flat alluvial deposits, but towards the upper parts of the lake passing into inclined rocky slopes and abrupt acclivities. At the lower extremity also, there are large tracts of arable ground; while above Luss they occur only at intervals in the mouth of the glens, at the bottom of ravines, or in open spaces created by the partial receding of the hills. Interrupted masses of wood and coppice diversify the face of the hills on the south side; while broad zones envelope the lower portions of the mountains at the head of the lake, oak coppice, mixed with alder, birch, and hazel, predominating. In the broader part, the surface of the water is studded with islands of many sizes and various aspects—flat, sloping, rocky, heathy, cultivated, and wooded. The islands are about thirty in number; and of these, ten are of considerable size, as Inchconagan, which is half a mile long; Inchtavanach and Inchmoan, each three quarters; Inchlonaig, a mile; and Inchmurren (the most southerly) two miles in length. These two last are used as deer parks by the families of Luss and Montrose, and it was long the practice to place insane persons and confirmed drunkards in some of the islands. Several gentlemen's residences, which encompass the lower end of the lake, are surrounded by richly wooded parks. A few miles beyond Luss we have to admire successive mountain slopes, rising one behind another in rugged acclivities, feathered with oak coppice, and irregular rocky precipices, shooting up above; the ample sides of Ben Lomond, in particular, extending north and south in lengthened slopes, his lofty head—a compressed peak—aspiring to the clouds; while towards the head of the lake the towering alps of Arroquhar and Glenfalloch, with their bulky forms, abrupt sides, peaked summits, and jagged outlines, terminate the prospect.”—p. 340.

From these extracts some notion may be obtained of the elegance and fulness with which this volume treats of every thing interesting in the highlands. We can speak of its accuracy, many of the parts described being well known by us. There are besides a guide to tourists in search of the beautiful and sublime, chapters on the Geology and Botany, the Antiquities, the Vitrified Forts, &c. of the highlands and islands, which are densely filled with information; and we conclude by declaring that in every respect the work is highly valuable, and should be in the hands of every one who either purposes to make a highland tour, or become versant in the history of such an important portion of the British Empire.

NOTICES.

ART. X.—*The Countess of Essex, a Tragedy.* London: Murray. 1834.

THE leading characters in this five-act drama belong to the reign of James I. of England. There is the Countess of Essex, who divorced from her first lord, becomes through a guilty passion, the Countess of Somerset. There is the Viscount Rochester, her second husband, afterwards Earl of Somerset, favourite of the king; and Sir Thomas Overbury, who through the machinations of the Countess, is imprisoned and poisoned. Disgrace overtakes the guilty pair: and the tragedy ends with a separation between them, occasioned through the remorse, and returning virtue of Somerset. There is good writing in the piece, and some striking situations; but it wants variety, stir, and power. The plot is meagre and feebly managed; and the winding-up not equal to the earlier scenes,

ART. XI.—*The Romance of History. —Italy.* By C. Macfarlane. In three vols.—Vol. 1. London: Ball & Churton, Holles-street, 1834.

THIS first volume of a work that is well known, contains *The Festival of Mouza; The Wandering King; The Last of the Lombards; The Pope's Daughter; The Captive Queen; and The Norman Pilgrims.* The work is printed and bound up according to the present fashion of the libraries, and the popular collections of novels, poems, and other celebrated publications, that appear monthly; consisting of a series of volumes. These tales belong to the dark ages, Mr. Macfarlane thinking such periods

peculiarly within the province of *Romantic Annals*; and more to the south of Italy than to the north, because the history and scenery of the kingdom of Naples, are, in his opinion, still more suitable to his purpose than those of Upper Italy.

It seems a very indefinite and uncertain attempt thus to illustrate History; and nothing short of an intimate acquaintance with the age and its materials can enable a writer to embody the characteristic features and spirit of a country and people. Scott in his historical romances and tales has succeeded so well, as perhaps, to afford a more vivid likeness of his subjects, than the most grave and laborious chroniclers have ever done. Mr. Macfarlane, we will not say, has come up to the great magician, still his attempt is good and praiseworthy; whilst his tales, as such, are beautiful and tasteful. The illustrations of this volume by Landseer, are as lucidly detailed, yet soft and delicate, as any thing in the same order of art, we ever beheld.

ART. XII.—*The Hanwell Extracts.* London: Longman & Co., 1834.

IN the preface we are told, that the Hanwell Academic Institution was established for the purpose of advancing a system of education, in which, emulation, rewards, and punishments are superseded by purer and more enduring motives,—those arising from the culture and regulation of the affections; and, that ere long, the experiment was suc-

cessful, and proved the superiority of the principle recognised and held forth as a guide. In selecting exercises for reading, those passages which inculcate or celebrate sentiments at variance with the moral culture of the pupils, have been avoided. Shakespeare, therefore, and other distinguished writers, have been in a great measure forsaken, because revenge, or a love of military glory are the great themes of their praise. Even the speech of Young Norval, in the tragedy of Douglas, falls under this charge. Instead of these things, an attempt is made to generate a disposition that will confer dignity on useful pursuits and humble efforts.

This attempt which is so praiseworthy, looks therefore, much more to the moral influence of the passages extracted, than to the merit of composition. Accordingly we have matter drawn from sources not usually resorted to in such collections as this. The works quoted from are chiefly modern, among which we observe the Penny Magazine figures. We have no objection to this: but in not a few instances we think higher authority, and happier extracts might have been found, than several here resorted to. The only other peculiarities of importance in this compilation are, that particular duties and subjects are treated in the chapter, and without separating the poetry from the prose, with such a distribution of anecdotes as tends to illustrate and enliven the sentiments inculcated.

Every good man must wish success may attend the endea-

vours of the conductors of the Hanwell Academy. We of the old school ere only somewhat sceptical as regards the practical results of the experiment. Yet, it seems to be in consonance with the principles of Christianity, and if wisely managed; if on a basis sufficiently broad and enlightened all the branches of the Institution be regulated, we doubt not of its success.

ART. XIII.—*A Letter to General Ld. Beresford, being an Answer to his Lordship's assumed Refutation of Colonel Napier's Justification of his Third Volume.* By W. P. NAPIER, C. B. London: T. and W. Boone, New Bond Street. 1834.

WE cannot here undertake to give an opinion on the merits of this controversy, respecting matters in themselves so disputable, and so distant from our cognizance. One thing, however, is manifest, and to a remarkable degree, that Colonel Napier is no ordinary antagonist. There is a clearness, a strength, a comprehensiveness, in his writings, that not only must command our admiration of his talents as a military historian, but gain our favour over to the view he entertains and enforces, and our reliance upon his statements, when opposed or contradicted by a feebler hand. We accordingly consider that it will hereafter be the best thing Lord Beresford can do, in reference to this controversy, to let it drop entirely on his side; for he may depend upon it, that he will have the worst fall at the end. We cannot, however, do more than recommend to those who are curious or skilled in military tactics, or to those to whom controversy and hard hitting are agreeable, the present and the foregoing statements, regarding

Lord Beresford's military skill and behaviour at Campo Mayor and Albuera.

ART. XIV.—*Report of the Committee of the Doncaster Agricultural Association on the Turnip Fly, and the means of its Prevention.*

THE inquiry on the turnip fly was undertaken in 1830, and this pamphlet contains the returns received from 102 correspondents, in different parts of England and Scotland. A number of points were put to those correspondents, on which answers were requested to be made, and these answers have been embodied in an analysis, appended to the report, forming a useful and experimental body of information. The ravages of this fly are lamentable. It is one of the most formidable enemies that can attack a crop. As soon as the plant appears above ground, in its first and weakest state of growth, the insect fastens on it. A few wounds is then too often fatal to the tender vegetable. This insect, it would appear, has never been subjected to the eye of the entomologist. The manner of its generation, its earlier habits, and infant growth, have not been ascertained; and this leaves the correctives of the farmer to theory and imagination.

The results of the investigation set on foot on this occasion by the Doncaster Agricultural Association, whose exertions have not only been praiseworthy hitherto, but are, as we are happy to hear, continuing to be conducted with spirit and judgment, have been several highly important practical points of information. The following are a few of the directions drawn from the facts and opinions transmitted to the Committee:—

“The most effectual way by which to insure the speedy growth of the turnip plant, is to have the land in

the best possible state of cultivation; that scuffling and ploughing the land before winter, and clearing the hedge-bottoms, and any other place likely to harbour the insect, should be systematically observed; that the fallow should be completed as early as possible, to give an opportunity to sow at a favourable season; that the system of ridging, with manure under the rows, and drilling on the ridge, be adopted; that this ridging be when the land is not in too dry a state; that the seed be not deposited in the manure, but the manure be thinly covered with soil, and the seed drilled in this soil; that a very liberal allowance of seed be given, three or four pounds per acre for drill, six or seven for broadcast, this seed being of one year's growth; that as soon as the plant appears above ground, it be dusted with quick lime, and this repeated as often as rain or wind beats it off, and the fly re-appears; and that in places which suit, and in seasons particularly dry, watering by a machine be resorted to.”

Under these precautions, the Committee confidently trust that the loss of crop from the turnip fly may be, in most cases, prevented. We recommend the pamphlet to the attention of practical men.

ART. XV.—*The Book of Penalties, or Summary of the Pecuniary Penalties, inflicted by the Laws of England, on the Commercial, Manufacturing, Trading, and Professional Classes, in their several occupations and businesses, &c.*

THESE penalties, imposed for the protection of the public revenue, for the purposes of police, and for the security of individual transactions, as we are told in the preface, are extremely numerous, and not unfrequently ruinous in operation. Hardly a pursuit of

civil life, whether of pleasure or profit, can be entered upon, without becoming liable to penal visitation. We cannot travel on the highway, swing a gate, read a newspaper, buy a pair of stockings, receive or pay money, take medicine, nor even engage in religious worship, without being obnoxious to some overt or latent enactment scattered through the wide waste of the '*Statutes at Large*'.

In estimating the intricacies of the ramifications of society, the extent of our activities as a people, and our peculiar genius, the nature and multitude of these salutary prohibitions afford as distinct a key, as any one kind of information can do. From what is anxiously forbidden, we may gather what is most fondly chosen; from what we can bear, our strength can as well be calculated, as from what we can do. The volume before us brings into a small compass this negative and passive sort of evidence. It is, besides, a most curious compendium of legislation, such as no fancy could have planned, and no intelligence can reconcile. Every species of produce and industry is most carefully protected and fostered by enactments in one shape or another, whilst it may be averred, that in another, the same things are the objects of suspicion and extinction. So that it has long been a difficult task for any man to tell what he may or may not safely do.

This work is the first attempt that has been made, to simplify and elucidate such a heterogeneous mass. The whole of the pecuniary penalties are lucidly arranged and comprised in it: whether they point to the pursuits of importers, merchants, ship-

owners, bankers, manufacturers, shop-keepers, victuallers, tradesmen, or housekeepers. What the offence is, and what the penalty incurred, are pointed out: Whilst the section and act of parliament under which each penalty is inflicted, are carefully specified. This was clearly a work of difficulty, particularly as only the penalties that are enforced are attended to, whilst the repealed ones are left out. This Manual in a cheap and convenient form, enables individuals to learn, the snares with which they are environed. It does more, it enables any one after a slight inspection, to perceive the practical absurdity of much disjointed theoretic wisdom, and should, therefore, lead to great amendments.

At the end of the work, is subjoined a Digest of the Local Acts of the Metropolis, with an Appendix of the Customs and Privileges of the City of London: which renders it much more valuable to those immediately concerned, and, indeed, to every person in the empire; for who is there of the whole of our population that stands unconnected with the metropolis? The shortest glance at the heads of any one of the different chapters into which the volume is divided, will satisfy any one that it contains, not merely an immense deal of necessary information, but information that he himself is deeply concerned in. We therefore, recommend it to every one, especially in active life; or rather, a sight of the book itself, will instantly be the best recommendation. Hereafter, at any rate, it will be a man's own fault in a great measure, if he incur any, pecuniary penalty.

THE
MONTHLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1834.

ART. I.—*The Angler in Wales, or Days and Nights of Sportsmen.* By Thomas Medwin, Esq. London: Richard Bentley. 1834.

WE love to think of the Angler's 'silent trade.' How oft ere we knew the many turns of this tortuous world, have we wandered far and away, by some classic stream, following our favourite pastime! It was in Scotia's sheltered vales, and among her rugged or heathery hills we learned to wile the wary trout from his hiding-place, or take him at his greedy seasons. There are pleasures for anglers, which none but anglers know. But they have been familiar to us from our tiny boyhood. So much so, indeed, that we made the solitude and the waste of the uplands, near our father's home, all our own. It was not the sport alone which won our love. The thousand silent surrounding monitors, or symbols of purity and peace, that dwelt within the region of our pastime, were far better than all that rod or pannier could present. For he who understands this pensive employment knows, that, like woman's gentle occupations, it usurps not too much of the subtle and soaring spirit, but that the hand may be at once expert, and the thought excursive.

We say it was among the loveliest and the remotest scenes of Scotland we learned, or rather knew, the angler's art in our boyhood.

We 'paidled in the burn when simmer days were fine,' without society and without companions. We, on the green pastures by the quiet waters, ever and anon basked in the sun, eat our crust of bread and cheese, and recruited ourselves for renewed achievements with rod and line. But no learned book had we ever read to teach us the 'gentle art.' We know not how we came by it, but still, as if courting our hand, there was no lack of prey. Forgive us then, ye erudite sportsmen, if we are somewhat incredulous respecting your sage maxims, and philosophic rules. It was with spliced ash or hazel rod we worked; our flies were like nothing above or beneath the earth; our hooks had more than once been bended pins,

and yet the pannier, of our own rough workmanship too, became heavy with spoil. Alas! those days are gone; we are now middle-aged, grey hairs are to be seen among our locks, and wrinkles implanted upon our forehead; yet we venture to wager a Scotchman's winter dinner of beef and greens, fit for half a dozen hungry curlers, with punch to boot, or some summer daintier food, that even at this day we'll astonish 'The Author of the Conversations of Lord Byron,' Mr. Thomas Medwin, and beat him hollow at the 'gentle art,' though he be the writer of these two goodly octavos.

The volumes are very pleasant reading, and just the sort of thing that becomes an angler to write; we mean in respect of that off-hand matter that is every now and then brought in just as fancy chooses. It is according to the same sort of propensity, that all true men of the rod and line make themselves such lightsome and tasteful companions: yea, and instructive. For we admit that the author is a water sportsman of considerable experience. But still, when we hear him so profuse with observations upon the colour and shape of flies, and so frequently mentioning the action of the reel, we must declare, that, according to our practical knowledge, he is not a first-rate angler. He talks not seldom of spinning the minnow. If we had an answer to one question, his status could be soon accurately fixed by us, at least in relation to our own selves. The question is,—Does he patronise a swivel? If the answer be in the affirmative, then we tell him he has no chance with us, in that branch of the art; and that with his swivel, his reel, and his finely *busked* and described flies, we can only set him down as a good Cockney fisherman by *burn* and river, and never able to compete with us, who belong to the same class as did the dextrous urchin of the Red Gauntlet, at the mouth of the Nith. But we must proceed to point out whatever has most particularly claimed our notice in these volumes, in which there is much more to praise than blame. Nor shall we, after having placed the author in his proper sphere as an angler, be, in what follows, inclined to say much more on that head; and the rather, because we have just this moment discovered that he recommends spliced ash-wood rods before every other sort or fashion. This is speaking like a man of practical knowledge, and raises him a step higher, in our estimation, among anglers. But, before we give any thing of the author's about the piscatory tribes, here is something of the canine. The scene is far from Wales, for indeed, he is almost as often on the Continent or in India as at home.

"Byron had a Cerberus, in the shape of an English bull-dog. As I said before, his name was Tiger. He was fastened at the top of the colossal flight of steps in the Casa Lanfranchi, with a rope long enough to enable him to guard the passage to what some, who attribute to Lord Byron a cloven foot, might call his *inferno*. The animal was an intelligent one; and though little inclined to make new acquaintance, soon learned to distinguish his master's *habitués*, and allowed him the

entrée, contenting himself with growling at one and wagging his tail at another—a compliment, however, seldom paid to any but Shelley. Byron was much attached to this fine creature, and frequently had him loosed when playing at billiards, his favourite game. An anecdote is told, very characteristic of the poet, in which my gruff friend Tiger played a distinguished part.

“It has become an historical fact, and one of almost as great importance as the meeting of the Triumvirate to decide the fate of the world, that ‘Childe Harold’ and the ‘Bard of Memory’ met at Pisa. Rogers, in one of his sentimental notes, had announced the probability of this interesting event, and Byron heard at length that he had *decendu* at the ‘Tre Donzelle.’ Knowing that Rogers was momentarily to appear, Byron gave orders to Tita to introduce the monkey and bull-dog. I think I see Byron in his jacket, stumping round the billiard-room with the heavy sound that, once heard, could not be mistaken, and, after making some successful hit, bursting out into one of his usual gibes or flashes of merriment, which success always inspired, or dividing his caresses between Jacko and Tiger. There existed no slight jealousy between the two favourites, which showed itself on the part of the latter by a short, loud, angry bark at his rival, whilst the ape sat perched out of reach, grinning and chattering defiance, to the no small amusement of their master. The coming of the expected guest was now announced by a bark of deeper intonation, which Byron made no effort to repress, but returned to the game, to which he affected, with one of his cynic grins, to pay more than common attention. In the mean time Tiger rushed furiously at the stranger, who backed to a corner of the room, shivering and breathless with terror. Byron, without casting a look towards the poor bard at bay, contented himself with drawling out, at intervals, ‘T—i—ger, Ti—i—ger,’ but in such an accent as rather to encourage than check the baiter, who continued a furious concert of menaces at the ‘Death in life, or departed Mr. Rogers.’ Byron at length pretended to discover the cause of the affray; to kick Tiger aside, and press his ‘dear friend’ in his arms, was only the affair of an instant. It was a fine piece of acting: the mock fervour of his profession of regard, his upbraidings and threats to Tiger—nothing, in stage language, could surpass the situation.”—pp. 24—26, vol. i.

This was a joke too practical for our liking: but we come to the comparative merits of trolling and fly-fishing. The last certainly is by much the finer art, but the other the more deadly, if the weight, not the number of fish be counted. The subject is in this instance treated of in the shape of dialogue.

“‘I should be sorry to become a convert to your doctrines. So you have discarded the fly altogether?’

“‘I used it at first; but my objections to it were taken from observing that, amongst the most expert fly-fishers, no one was perfectly satisfied. The day was too fine, or too foul; the water too clear, or too muddy; the wind too violent, or too low, or in the wrong quarter; and if none of these vexations could be referred to, there was a never-failing reason for unsucces:—it was not the right fly.’

“‘That reason is an obvious one, doubtless. It is essential to hit the exact colour and form of the fly. But go on.’

“‘Essential as that point may be, how often is it accomplished? A trolling bait, such as mine, will answer at all seasons, weathers and places. The fly can only be thrown at particular spots of a rapid, rocky, wood-fringed river, and these generally are the very spots least frequented by the monarchs of the stream. But should you make a fortunate cast, and find one of them at home, first he is disturbed by the agitation of the surface; next, you are open to his observation—a circumstance of itself sufficient to scare and banish every trout that has arrived at years of discretion. As to the small trout, you may have them at all times, for age and experience make an extraordinary difference in the habits of fish, as of other animals.’”—pp. 39, 40, vol. i.

We have a word to say about ‘the exact colour and form of the fly,’ on which all dandy anglers are so eloquent. It is this:—that this exactness is never found; neither is it necessary, by any means, to the extent which all that are *young* in the art would lead one to believe. We have often found an artificial fly of quite an opposite form and colour to the natural one on the water, kill in a manner, and at a rate, that set at nought all such rules as merely look pretty upon paper; and the plain fact was and is this, that a vast deal more depends upon the management of the fly than upon its size, shape, or shade. In the author’s words, the fly must ‘drop like the parachute of the dandelion!’ And we add, it must fall within six inches of the precise spot you wish it to do. And what is still more essential, the angler must give it a style of movement, such as upon the crisping curls of the stream, deceives and seduces the object of his sport. ‘A line of the right colour’ is also insisted on, to suit that of the water. Alas! when bare-legged, and never possessed of more than the hairs pulled from a colt’s tail, which were as often black as white, what should we have thought, if dyed gut had been alone efficient! All we could command was a rod of our own making, a cast-line of a length to puzzle the hand and head of any ordinary full-grown man, thick and heavy near the top of the rod, but gradually lessening to the strength of two perfect hairs. Then, in right or left hand, it mattered little which, we played around us with all the ease and gracefulness of a master of fencing. And thus we filled our basket. In truth it is, as Mr. Medwin in part knows and tells, that no rules or apparatus, however perfectly prepared, can at all equal one day’s observance of a practised hand.

We are presented with a discourse concerning the degree of acuteness in the senses of the piscatory tribes. Sir Humphrey Davy had a hard-hearted theory on the question, and received from Christopher, in *Blackwood’s Magazine*, who is one of the best anglers in the world, a suitable lecture. The great chemist says, a pricked fish will not rise again, though he gives an instance of a pike’s voracity, by one being produced at table, with his hooks and tackle within it, which he had lost some short time before.

“He mentions no such fact regarding trout, but I can tell you one that happened to me the other day at Postlip, near Winchcomb, in Gloucestershire, where I was indebted for a good day’s sport to their liberal and

hospitable proprietor, Mr. Tregent. I had been told there were some good fish in the mill-dam, and thither this gentleman and myself proceeded. Scarcely a minute elapsed ere my companion (we both used the same bait) hooked a fish, whose strength proved, after some struggling, too much for his tackle. The gut broke some inches above the hook, and the fish was lost. In the same spot, and within a few minutes, not more than five, I found myself engaged violently, and succeeded in landing the trout. The identical hook and tackle lost by my companion, and which he had just time to supply, was sticking in the mouth of the animal. His weight exceeded three pounds."—pp. 60, 61, vol. i.

To this we append, that trouts have broke away from us, and in the course of the same day have again been caught, having the lost fly still sticking in their lips. But in all such cases, the hold was so slight, as evidently not to reach the seat of much vitality. Yet, these instances are extremely rare, nor have we any reason to believe that a pricked fish will soon forget the narrow escape he made. One thing is clear, if the hook fixes in the tongue he soon dies, and we should suppose the pain is exquisite.

To leave off for a little this topic; Mr. Medwin, we should suppose, is, on religious points, a latitudinarian, and not a little fond of showing that he is so. This sceptical sobriety and coldness suit badly our conception of a true angler, pensive and pious, as such ever stand well defined in our mind's eye.

"All religions have their mummeries, and the ignorant and unenlightened, who can form no metaphysical notion of the attributes of a God, must have some type of his goodness or power, by which to be taught to acknowledge Him. The true Brahman is like the philosophers of old: but, not to enter into this subject, the mythological worship of Greece and Rome, that of the saints and relics of the Romish Church, and the adoration of the Virgin, are not more ridiculous than this baptism and regeneration of the poor Hindus, which they perform in honour of one of their Nine Incarnations."—p. 72, vol. i.

So, all religions have their mummeries. How very liberal! how wonderful the extent of *our* knowledge! There are people too that can form no metaphysical notion of the attributes of a God. Can you, late of the First Foot Guards, tell us what you mean by the Infinitude of Deity, or his Spirituality? If we mistake not, your negative descriptions will come no nearer the truth than the peasant's thoughts carry him, whilst the boasted strength of your metaphysics chills your heart many degrees below the countryman's warmth.

Here's a good anecdote of little Moore:

"A friend and himself made an excursion to Greenwich to eat white bait, which I am told is as fine as the Mango fish at Calcutta, or Pomfret at Madras. This friend was no other than Lord Strangford, who, determined to hoax his brother bard (*quelle malice!* as you say), had bought, before he left town, a small-toothed horn comb, which, when the soup was served, he dropped secretly into the tureen. Moore found the contents delicious, and was over persuaded by his titled *bon vivant*

(though, according to the immortal Brummel, it is highly incorrect) to be helped a second time to soup; when, what should be ladled out into the plate but the damning evidence of the cook's *cleanliness*? Tommy's fertile imagination peopled it with a hundred—hairs. The story goes to say, he ate no white bait that day."—p. 99, 100, vol. i.

The next story is as good.

"My friend, Sir Ulysses O'Shaunessey, was walking with his lady in the environs of the lake of Killarney, where he was going out salmon-fishing, and met an old beldam, named Mrs. Malwadding.—'The top of the morning to you.'—'The same to you, Mrs. Malwadding.'—'I dreamed a drame, your honour.'—'What was your dream about, Mrs. Malwadding?'—'Och! I dreamed that your honour's honour would give me a pound of *tay*, and your ladyship's ladyship a shiner.'—'Well, but dreams always are verified by their contraries.'—'Och, then, it is your honour's honour that's to give me the shiner, and your ladyship's ladyship that's to give me the *tay*.'—Need I tell you that Mrs. Malwadding's wit ensured her both the tea and the money?"—p. 117.

These volumes abound with marvellous stories of escapes by 'flood and field.' After a well-told and affecting account of the deaths of two officers in India, the author gives the following remarkable illustrations of coincidences in human history:—

"It is only those who do not keep a register of their lives, who disbelieve, that the principal occurrences which influence their happiness or misery take place at the recurrence of stated and particular periods. Napoleon was a striking instance of this startling truth. All his great battles were fought on the same day, and, extraordinary indeed must have been his power, and little less than that of a God here, if he could, at his own *arbitrium*, so regulate his times as to overturn empires, and make himself master of half the civilized world, by throwing the same number on a die. It was from similar remarks that the ancients drew horoscopes, and had tables for calculating lucky and unlucky days—those '*cretâ aut carbone notandæ*.' Hence the descendants of the ancient Persians, the Parsees, consult their chronological records before they embark in any undertaking; and it is from a recollection that on a Friday the seat of their empire was wasted with fire and sword by the followers of the Prophet, that those great merchants never allow any of their ships to sail from Bombay on that day. Not that that prejudice (if you choose to call it one) is confined to their nation, for it is common to many other people, ourselves among the number; and a Welsh bard has this passage, quoted to me by Humphrey:—

"On Friday I saw great anxiety, Urien raged."

"It was from some such similar remembrance that Lord Byron would never commence any work, nor even be introduced to one whose acquaintance he wished to cultivate, on that day in the week. And, speaking of him, he is almost as remarkable a corroboration as Buonaparte of my position, seeing that the three great and remarkable events on which his destiny hinged, the fatal wedding of Miss Chaworth, his own unfortunate marriage, and his still more lamented death, took place when he was sixteen, twenty-six, and thirty-six, or at intervening periods of ten years, called by the Romans two lustres, a term probably not derived

from such periods being physical climacterics, but from an observation that they, as from a mirror, reflected the lights of other times; or, as (though with a different application) has been beautifully said, cast the shadows of former years before them. You have also told me that he said he should most likely die in Greece, yet with some influence foreign to, and perfectly independent of his own will, he was urged by fate to that very country to confirm his own prediction, his own predestination, and, what is still more singular, to the very spot where in the same month, if not on the same day, he had been attacked by a similar fever, and barely escaped falling a victim to its malignity."—pp. 57, 59. vol. ii.

The description of an otter hunt is to our liking, and such as is familiar to us; but we have only space for the issue.

"The contest promised to be a severe one. Vixen was, as I said, in advance, and on her the brunt of the onslaught, the odds much against her, fell, for she was forced to swim in order to get at the foe. She was soon in upon him, and pinned him by the neck, a favourite point of attack of her's, as I afterwards heard from her master; but the powerful animal soon shook her off, and seized her in turn in his terrific jaws.

"No animal is so hard-biting as an otter. Their mouths are armed with teeth as sharp as needles, and wherever they make good their hold, the breadth of their nostrils enables them to retain it like bull-dogs. None but a very *varmint* dog, to borrow a phrase of Charter's Amazon, when severely punished, will face one of these water-weazels a second time. Not so Vixen, who, extricating himself from his gripe, returned with fresh courage to the conflict.

"Owing to the projection of the bank, and the thick bush overhanging the water, R—— could not come to the assistance of his little favorite, and stood, not without some misgivings as to the result, within a few paces of the combatants. The battle was a terrific one, and long doubtful; but at length the dourghie seized Vixen by the throat, and made his fangs meet in her jugular vein. The water was dyed with blood. The bitch gave a short low howl of agony, and in a few moments we saw her extended as if dying, on her back, and borne down with the current.

"R——, forgetting the otter in his anxiety for his little pet, rushed into the water up to his middle, and succeeded in reaching and bearing her out, when he laid her on the grass and endeavoured to stanch the blood with his handkerchief.

"In the mean while the dourghie dashed from behind the bank where he had effected so much mischief, evidently the worse for the affray, and, closely followed by Viper, recrossed the stream, and succeeded, though with difficulty, in gaining a stronger position than ever among the roots of some hawthorns, whence R—— did not attempt to dislodge him, for he was so much affected at the piteous state of Vixen, that, taking her up in his arms, he called off Viper, and we made the best of our way back to Tregaron.

"The sufferings of the little creature were great, but she was too *game* to show them by whining, or any outward expression of pain. The blood kept fast oozing from her neck though tightly bandaged.

"On our arrival at the inn, having washed it with brandy, we made a bed for the patient in a corner of the room, and she soon fell into a deep sleep.

"The affection of the two terriers for each other was such as few human beings show, and might have been a lesson for humanity. Viper laid down by Vixen, and by low whines told the excess of his grief, and endeavoured to lick the mortal wound. He could not be induced to take any food, or to quit her side."—pp. 162—164. vol. ii.

We are never weary of hearing of Byron, and the second of these volumes contains many notices of him, which must be equally acceptable to our readers.

"The Byron of Geneva, and the Byron of England and Italy, were widely different persons. *Certain* family affairs, and the dilapidated state of his finances, caused by a long course of extravagance, had produced in him a despondency sometimes bordering on madness. But he was suffering from wounded pride rather than hurt affections; from a morbid sensitiveness rather than a healthful sensibility. He had more of the misanthropy of the snarling Apemanthus, than the injured Timon—the difference between a hatred of his species and their vices. In fact he possessed nothing of that within—

"Quod se sibi reddit amicum,
Quod purè tranquillat."

"Never were there such different accounts as are given of his person. I have heard from some, that, as to his feet, one could hardly be distinguished from the other in make or shape.

"Much was done by Sheldrake towards straightening them. An Aberdeen schoolfellow of his told me, that when he was young they were both turned inwards. A Harrow woman said, that one leg was shorter than the other, and that he used to wear a patten on it at school. There seems to be as great uncertainty on this subject as on his character, which his biographers have found irreconcilable; in fact, he was a riddle, as difficult to solve as the Sphynx's."

"He had the character, when he left England, of being remarkably handsome; his complexion ruddy; his hair dark brown, and glossy, and full of curls as the Antinous's, or Hyperion's; his forehead expansive; his eyes possessing wonderful fire and expression.

"If so, he must have much altered, marvellously. The greatest change, however, took place in him in a few months at Venice, where I saw him in 1818. I should hardly have known him. The life he led there surpassed Rochester's or Faublas's, and fitted him well for the Bolgi of the 'Inferno,' into which Dante plunges those immersed in such degrading pursuits as he then indulged in. As Chesterfield said of Bolingbroke, his youth was there distracted by the tumult and storm of pleasures in which he most licentiously triumphed, disdaining all decorum. His fine imagination often heated and exhausted his body in celebrating and deifying the prostitute of the night, and his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagance of frantic Bacchanals. His passions impaired both his understanding and his character."—pp. 173—175. vol. ii.

There is nothing very new in this, however; neither in the paragraphs we next extract. Byron is now at Pisa, in the year 1820.

"He had then grown grossly corpulent, 'vulgarly fat.' His palace on the Lung' Arno was a specimen of the Italian palazzi, large, gloomy, and uncomfortable. Below was a stone hall that struck with the chill of

a crypt or catacomb, which its arched roof resembled. A perpendicular flight of steps led to the *primo piano* or *piano nobile*, guarded by Lion. A narrow corridor, which was his den, conducted to another dark anticavern, to the end of which the eye could hardly reach. I found him in his sanctum. The walls of it were stained, and against them hung a picture of Ugolino, in the 'Torre della fame,' the work of one of the Guiccioli's sisters, and a miniature of Ada. The apartment had neither carpet nor mat, and an arm and a few other chairs formed, with a table, the *ensemble* of the furniture; unless some boxes and saddle-bags in one corner might bear such a denomination. I found him a laughing philosopher—a Don Juan.

“His talk at that time was a dilution of his letters, being full of *persiflage*, and abounding in humour that was not wit. He always remembered me of Voltaire, to whom he would have thought it the greatest of compliments to be compared, and if there was one writer more than another whom Byron admired, perhaps envied, (for he was even jealous of Shakspeare), it was the author of *Candide*. Like Voltaire, he never argued, looking upon converse as a relaxation, not a toil of mind; or he might think that reason sterilized the fancy, and rendered less vivid the imaginative faculties. Both possessed the same power of changing at will the subject from the grave to the gay; the same mastery over the sublime, the pathetic, and the comic—no! in one particular he differed from Voltaire, he never scoffed at religion. His organ of veneration was strongly developed, and had he returned to England, he would, I have little doubt, have died as Rochester died, and as Tommy Little lives—in the odour of sanctity. He was a disciple of Rochefoucault and La Bruyere, and had no faith in virtue for its own sake; in love, undivested of the animal passion; or of friendship, if disinterestedness and self-sacrifice form its essentials. Friendship, he used to say, according to an Englishman's definition, means eating and drinking together; and he frequently quoted (no one more echoed himself) Walpole's *bon vivant*, who, having lost his friend, said, 'I will go to the club and find another.'”
—pp. 178—180, vol. ii.

Of Byron in Greece:—

“Missolonghi is just as wretched a collection of houses and huts as can be well imagined. It stands in the recess of a large and shallow bay, upon a morass which extends from the bay to the foot of the hills, which rise two or three miles inland. The season was very rainy and the houses were insulated among mire and water, the communication being kept up by stepping-stones and attempts at *trottoirs*, which resembled low walls, in passing over which, the least loss of equilibrium would plunge the unfortunate peripatetic in deep mud. A visit to Lord Byron was our first step in landing; his abode was a tolerable house close to the part of the beach most convenient for landing or going afloat. It had, for the place, great *pretension*, and was approached by a gateway opening into a little miry court-yard, surrounded by a wall, with some small offices on one side. The principal and only tolerable room was approached by an outward stair. Three sides were furnished with sofas in the Turkish taste. A deal shelf, apparently stuck against the wall, was loaded with books; the floor was encumbered with packing cases, some nailed down, some opened; the latter filled with books, as, I took for granted, were the former. Round the

walls were appended to numerous nails and pegs, fowling-pieces and pistols of various descriptions and nations; sabres and yataghans. The corridor or antichamber, or whatever else it might be termed, swarmed with Mainotes and others, armed to the teeth. We were ushered in by Tita, his Lordship's chasseau, who reminded me of the French Sapeurs, as he wore a bushy beard, with his livery, which was set off by two silver epaulettes. He was an immense fellow, upwards of six feet in height, and although well-proportioned for such a herculean figure, his frame was too large and heavy for his stature to come within the description of elegant. His page was a young Greek, dressed as an Albanian or Mainote, with very handsomely chased arms in his girdle, and his *maitre-d'hotel*, or factotum, an honest looking, though not remarkably elastic Northumbrian, named Fletcher, who seemed, and doubtless with reason, a great favourite with his master.

"On sitting down to dinner, which, to deliver us from plague and pestilence, was set on a deal table, without the intervention of a cloth, he laughingly apologised for his table, which from the circumstances wherein he was then placed, was not, as he said, *trop bien montée*; but he felt the less annoyed when he reflected that persons of our profession understood those things, and were of course prepared for all sorts of privations. He then bustled about, actively assisted by Fletcher, who was but poorly aided by the Greek menials in placing the dishes to the best advantage, drawing corks, and all the *et cætera* of the table. To dispose the table was rendered a service of some difficulty by its compendiousness. On opening a bottle of wine, and inspecting its contents, his lordship questioned Fletcher as to its name and lineage. 'I really don't know, my lord,' was the reply. 'Then away with it,' he rejoined; 'I hate anonymous wine.'

"On looking over the arms about the room, his Lordship asked the principal of the party if he would like to try a shot with pistols? On his answering affirmatively, they walked up to the landing-place of the outside stairs, from which they fired at Maraschino bottles, placed on a pilaster in the court, upwards of twelve paces off. They had an equal number of shots. Byron struck each time. His antagonist missed once, although a very good shot. But one of Lord Byron's was excellent:—the upper rim of a bottle which his competitor broke, fell on the top of the pilaster, and remained there, reduced to a size not much larger than a finger-ring. Instead of having another bottle placed, he took aim at this fragment, and reduced it to dust. His precision was the more surprising, because his hand shook as if under the influence of an ague fit, and the time he took to take aim would have made any other man's hands unsteady. On trying at the same marks, placed out of everything like pistol-range, neither succeeded. As each fired, a large Labrador (*Bull*) dog, named Lion, ran and picked up the bottle, which he laid at the bottom of the stair. I remarked to Lord Byron, as we were laughing at his officiousness, 'That is an honest Tyke of yours.'—'Oh! oh!' he replied, 'I find you are half a countryman of mine.'—'I answered I was a whole Scotsman.'—'Then, we are half countrymen,' said he; 'my mother was Scotch.'"—pp. 198—207, vol. ii.

We close our extracts from this rambling work of 'Days and Nights of Sportsmen' in Wales, with the author's farewell to that country.

“Those who travel in order to enjoy the beauties of nature, and who merely wish to find a comfortable shelter for the night, and a sufficiency of wholesome food, may be well accommodated at almost every inn in Wales, may proceed fearlessly night or day, from mountain to mountain, from lake to lake, from river to river, as fancy or inclination directs—may even, if pennyless, enter into any cottage, and share the peasant’s humble meal, and find himself, ‘though a stranger,’ in the words of a Welsh poet, ‘kindly greeted.’”*

“Let the valetudinarian, the *malade imaginaire*, and the epicure, and those who make their happiness to consist in indolence, and what they call *comforts*, remain in their easy chairs at their clubs; to each of them I would say in the words of Horace—‘*tu nidum servas.*’ They are unworthy to breathe the pure mountain air, or to revel in the varied delights that are to be found in the wild and wonderful of nature—to trace the Tivy from its source, or to see the sun rise or set over Cader Idris.”—pp. 270, 271, vol. ii.

And so say we. But to conclude; these two volumes abound with pleasant narratives, and considerable information regarding the ‘Gentle Art,’ which indeed the author should be well qualified to give, from his experience on so many different rivers, in various regions of the earth. But for ourselves, we have never found much benefit from books on this subject, and we presume Mr. Medwin, has rather here adopted the character of an Angler, whereon to hang every thing else he wished to tell, than with the view or hope of becoming a guide in the art.

ART. II.—*Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More.* 4 Vols.

London: Seeley and Burnside. 1834.

ON two different grounds this work deserves particular notice; first, on account of its own intrinsic merits, and next, as presenting that which belongs to an age lately gone by. As to the first point, we are of opinion that Hannah was fully rewarded during her lifetime; that she was in this sense lucky to an extraordinary degree; at the same time, it is our desire that her writings should take a permanent stand amongst our modern literature, chiefly by reason of their modest purity, and exalted religious character. There is another strong claim which they possess to popular favour,—we mean the abundance of anecdotes presented in them, connected with the greatest names of a bye-gone age. Mrs. More’s materials were thus as attractive and excellent as her powers in handling them could be. The very hasty manner in which we have glanced at the first volume, does not authorize us to speak with much particularity of its contents in a critical point of view. One thing is manifest, that it is full of highly interesting matter: and, we believe the work will have a good sale.

But before entering upon the direct history of Mrs. More, which has fallen into the hands of a highly gifted biographer, we must

* Onid cyvarwydd cyvarch.

dwell for a little on the marvellous transitions that have taken place in literature, as well as in society, since she began to write and to obtain fame. And here we cannot do better than use the words of him who presents us with her life. "It is," says he, "a matter of no light moment to bring the memory of Hannah More fairly before the world. Her history and her character, in great part, belong to and represent an age, the form and pressure of which has of late been rapidly disappearing, and to give place to a new order of things and a very different system of manners,—whether better or worse, may be variously affirmed: in some points professedly better, in others not so good; but certainly very differently constituted, and disclosing very different tendencies. In the twilight of the old, and in the dawn of the new era, Mrs. More accomplished her date here,—succeeded it may be by ladies more talking and talked about, but probably by none so capable of making the voice of instruction echo from the cottage to the saloon,—from the house of clay to the hall of cedar. To embody the likeness and perpetuate the remembrance of such a person is to preserve the best specimen of the past, to be contrasted with the present generation, and in some sort to repress the rising fancies, fopperies, and excesses, which are apt to accompany the development of new opinions, and to propel the mind in a career of self-adulation to a dangerous distance from old paths and the lights of experience. There was a happy balance in the qualities of this gifted lady, which kept her from all extremes. With a due estimate of the value of modern advancement, she retained the savour of our island character, as it was once distinguished by its probity and plainness among the communities of Christendom. What woman was, and what woman is, in her best state, in the past and present periods of our domestic history, were displayed in her deportment; and what woman should be under all estates, was illustrated in those principles, which raised her character above the reach of shifting opinions, and made it a pattern for all times and all countries."

Her life is to be found nearly complete, in a series of letters, partly written to, and partly written by some of the greatest persons of George the Third's reign. Her father's name was Jacob, of a respectable Norfolk family, and she was the youngest but one of five daughters. She was born, however, in Gloucestershire, whither he had removed. She got some instruction from him in the Latin tongue and mathematics, but seems chiefly to have been indebted to her elder sisters who had been educated for school-mistresses, and who opened a boarding-school at Bristol. The elder Sheridan was lecturing in that town when she was in her sixteenth year, with whom she became acquainted through a copy of verses she addressed to him; for her talent was precocious. Her father, indeed, is said to have been frightened at his success in his early attempts to instruct her. Among her earliest writings were "Sup-

posititious letters to depraved characters, to reclaim them from their errors, and letters in return expressive of contrition and amendment :—

“ In her days of infancy, when she could possess herself of a scrap of paper, her delight was to scribble upon it some essay or poem, with some well-directed moral, which was afterwards secreted in a dark corner, where the servant kept her brushes and dusters. Her little sister, with whom she slept, was usually the repository of her nightly effusions ; who, in her zeal lest these compositions should be lost, would sometimes steal down to procure a light, and commit them to the first scrap of paper which she could find. Among the characteristic sports of Hannah’s childhood, which their mother was fond of recording, we are told that she was wont to make a carriage of a chair, and then to call her sisters to ride with her to London to see bishops and booksellers ; an intercourse which we shall hereafter show to have been realised. The greatest wish which her imagination could frame, when her scraps of paper were exhausted, was, that one day she might be rich enough to have a whole quire to herself. And when, by her mother’s indulgence, the prize was obtained, it was soon filled with supposititious letters to depraved characters to reclaim them from their errors, and letters in return expressive of contrition and resolutions of amendment.”—pp. 13, 14, vol. i.

In her seventeenth year, 1762, she wrote the pastoral drama, called ‘The search after Happiness,’ which led to her introduction to the best society in London, both in a literary point of view and as regarded eminence of station. The constant and strong interest which Garrick and his wife took in her success was the great cause of her speedy advancement in popular and high favour ; and through this intimacy she was enabled to give a faithful picture of the celebrated actor’s domestic life, which is truly gratifying. Burke and Dr. Johnson came of course to be added to the list of her acquaintance, and to have become besides, her hearty friends. Her sister gives a spirited account of Hannah’s first interview with the great dictionary man :—

“ We have paid another visit to Mrs. Reynolds. She had sent to engage Dr. Percy (Percy’s collection—now you know him), quite a sprightly modern, instead of a rusty antique, as I expected. He was no sooner gone than the most amiable and obliging of women (Miss Reynolds) ordered the coach to take us to Dr. Johnson’s *very own house* ; yes, Abyssinia’s Johnson ! Dictionary Johnson ! Rambler’s, Idler’s and Irene’s Johnson ! Can you picture to yourselves the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion ? The conversation turned upon a new work of his, just going to the press, (the *Tour of the Hebrides*,) and his old friend Richardson. Mrs. Williams the blind poet, who lives with him, was introduced to us. She is engaging in her manners ; her conversation lively and entertaining. Miss Reynolds told the Doctor of all our rapturous exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said, ‘ She was a *silly thing*.’ When our visit was ended, he called for his hat (as it rained), to attend us down a very long entry to our coach, and not Rasselas could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*. We are en-

gaged with him at Sir Joshua's, Wednesday evening. What do you think of us?

"I forgot to mention, that not finding Johnson in his little parlour when we came in, Hannah seated herself in his great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genius; when he heard it he laughed heartily, and told her it was a chair on which he never sat. He said it reminded him of Boswell and himself, when they stopt a night at the spot (as they imagined) where the Weird Sisters appeared to Macbeth; the idea so worked upon their enthusiasm that it quite deprived them of rest; however, they learned the next morning, to their mortification, that they had been deceived, and were quite in another part of the country."—pp. 49, 50, vol. i.

One never tires with hearing of this wonderful literary giant. Her 'Sir Eldred of the Bower,' appeared in 1776, and was complimented extravagantly soon afterwards. Another amusing letter was written by her sister, which we must quote:—

"If a wedding should take place before our return, don't be surprised,—between the mother of Sir Eldred and the father of my much-loved Irene; nay, Mrs. Montagu says if tender words are the precursors of connubial engagements, we may expect great things; for it is nothing but 'child,' 'little fool,' 'love,' and 'dearest.' After much critical discourse, he turns round to me, and, with one of his most amiable looks, which must be seen to form the least idea of it, he says, 'I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honourable employment of teaching young ladies.' Upon which, with all the same ease, familiarity, and confidence we should have done had only our own dear Dr. Stonehouse been present, we entered upon the history of our birth, parentage, and education; shewing how we were born with more desires than guineas; and how, as years increased our appetites, the cupboard at home began to grow too small to gratify them; and how, with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes; and how we found a great house with nothing in it; and how it was like to remain so, till, looking into our knowledge-boxes, we happened to find a little *larning*, a good thing when land is gone, or rather none: and so at last, by giving a little of this little *larning* to those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return; but how, alas! we wanted the wit to keep it.—'I love you both,' cried the innamorato—'I love you all five—I never was at Bristol—I will come on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together!—I will come and see you—I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came—God for ever bless you! you live to shame duchesses.' He took his leave with so much warmth and tenderness that we were quite affected at his manner. If Hannah's head stands proof against all the adulation and kindness of the great folks here, why, then, I will venture to say nothing of this kind will hurt her hereafter. A literary anecdote:—Mrs. Medalle (Sterne's daughter) sent to all the correspondents of her deceased father, begging the letters which he had written to them; among other wits, she sent to Wilkes with the same request. He sent for answer, that as there happened to be nothing extraordinary in those he had received, he had burnt or lost them. On which, the faithful editor of her father's works sent back to say, that if Mr. Wilkes would be so good as to write a few letters in imitation of her father's style, it would do just as well, and she would insert them."—pp. 66, 67, vol. i,

When speaking of 'Sir Eldred,' it is natural that we should look twice upon any reference at so early a date made to our journal, the oldest and most lasting of the family it belongs to. The ancient and honourable character of our *House* cannot be questioned :—

"I'll tell you the most ridiculous circumstance in the world. After dinner, Garrick took up the *Monthly Review* (civil gentlemen, by the bye, these Monthly Reviewers), and read 'Sir Eldred' with all his pathos and all his graces. I think I never was so ashamed in my life; but he read it so superlatively, that I cried like a child. Only think what a scandalous thing to cry at the reading of one's own poetry! I could have beaten myself; for it looked as if I thought it very moving, which I can truly say, is far from being the case. But the beauty of the jest lies in this: Mrs. Garrick twinkled as well as I, and made as many apologies for crying at her husband's reading as I did for crying at my own verses. *She* got out of the scrape by pretending she was touched at the story, and *I*, by saying the same thing of the reading."—p. 70. vol. i.

There are two features in Mrs. More's character, that frequently and pretty early displayed themselves; different indeed but not incompatible. The one is a composed and satisfactory conception of her own literary merits; the other, that tone of seriousness, which amidst the great gaiety of her younger years, was found to have been familiar to her. Think of her patronizing Sheridan's 'Rivals,' in these authoritative words :—

"We have been to see the new comedy of young Sheridan, 'The Rivals.' It was very unfavourably received the first night, and he had the prudence to prevent a total defeat, by withdrawing it, and making great and various improvements; the event has been successful, for it is now *better* though not *very* much liked. For my own part, I think he ought to be treated with great indulgence: much is to be forgiven in an author of three and twenty, whose genius is likely to be his principal inheritance."

Garrick wrote a prologue and epilogue to her maiden tragedy, 'Percy,' and she with great complacency tells :—

"When Garrick had finished his prologue and epilogue (which are excellent) he desired I would pay him. Dryden, he said, used to have five guineas apiece; but as he was a richer man, he would be content if I would treat him with a handsome supper and a bottle of claret. We haggled sadly about the price, I insisting that I could only afford to give him a beef steak and a pot of porter; and at about twelve we set down to some toast and honey, with which the temperate bard contented himself. Several very great ones made interest to hear Garrick read the play, which he peremptorily refused."—p. 122, vol. i.

However, all this was very excusable in one whom the dons of fashion and erudition were so unsparingly loading with praise. Her serious moods were more attractive and becoming. Indeed, she looks best when plain common sense and careful observation guides her. It is of the Opera she thus writes :—

Bear me, some god, O quickly bear me hence,
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of——

‘Sense,’ I was going to add in the words of Pope, till I recollected that *pence* had a more appropriate meaning, and was as good a rhyme. This apostrophe broke from me on coming from the Opera, the first I ever *did*, the last, I trust, I ever *shall* go to. For what purpose has the Lord of the universe made his creature man with a comprehensive mind? why make him a little lower than the angels? why give him the faculty of thinking, the powers of wit and memory; and, to crown all, an immortal and never dying spirit? Why all this wondrous waste, this prodigality of bounty, if the mere animal senses of sight and hearing (by which he is not distinguished from the brutes that perish) would have answered the end as well; and yet I find the same people are seen at the Opera every night—an amusement written in a language the greater part of them do not understand, and performed by such a set of beings! But the man

‘Who bade the reign commence,
Of rescued nature and reviving sense,’

sat at my elbow, and reconciled me to my situation, not by his approbation, but his presence. Going to the Opera, like getting drunk, is a sin that carries its own punishment with it, and that a very severe one. Thank my dear Doctor S. for his kind and seasonable admonitions on my last Sunday’s engagement at Mrs. Montagu’s. Conscience had done its office before; nay, was busy at the time; and if it did not dash the cup of Pleasure to the ground, infused at least a tincture of wormwood into it. I *did* think of the alarming call, ‘What doest thou here, Elijah?’ and I thought of it to-night at the Opera.”—pp. 55, 56, vol. i.

Again:—

“Would you believe it? In the midst of all the pomps and vanities of this wicked town, I have taken it into my head to study like a dragon; I read four or five hours every day, and wrote ten hours yesterday. How long this will last I do not know—but I fear no longer than the bad weather. I wish you could see a picture Sir Joshua has just finished, of the prophet Samuel, on his being called. ‘The gaze of young astonishment’ was never so beautifully expressed. Sir Joshua tells me that he is exceedingly mortified when he shews this picture to some of the great—they ask him who Samuel was? I told him he must get somebody to make an Oratorio of Samuel, and then it would not be vulgar to confess they knew something of him. He said he was glad to find that I was intimately acquainted with that devoted prophet. He has also done a St. John that bids fair for immortality. I tell him that I hope the poets and painters will at last bring the Bible into fashion, and that people will get to like it from taste, though they are insensible to its spirit, and afraid of its doctrines. I love this great genius for not being ashamed to take his subject from the most unfashionable of all books. Keeping bad company leads to all other bad things. I have got the headache to-day, by raking out so late with that gay libertine Johnson. Do you know—I did not—that he wrote a quarter of the *Adventurer*? I made him tell me all that he wrote in the ‘Fugitive pieces.’ ”—pp. 71, 72, vol. i.

The finest and most instructive parts of the volume, which embraces a period of forty years, from the birth of its subject in

1745 to the year 1785, are those that regard what she sees and hears, rather than what she has done and is. Yet we must not charge her directly with vanity; her good opinion of herself was rather simple and artless than ostentatious; and we cannot but regard her with the kindest affections, when it is remembered that on returning to Bristol, as her biographer tells us, after a six months' absence, four of which had been passed between the Adelphi and Hampton, it was remarked, that success and applause had not made any change in her deportment. Take the picture of the trial of the Duchess of Kingston:—

“I wish it were possible for me to give you the slightest idea of the scene I was present at yesterday. Garrick would make me take his ticket to go to the trial of the Duchess of Kingston; a sight which, for beauty and magnificence, exceeded any thing which those who were never present at a coronation, or a trial by peers, can have the least notion of. Mrs. Garrick and I were in full dress by seven. At eight we went to the Duke of Newcastle's, whose house adjoins Westminster Hall, in which he has a large gallery, communicating with the apartments in his house. You will imagine the bustle of five thousand people getting into one hall! yet in all this hurry, we walked in tranquilly. When they were all seated, and the King-at-arms had commanded silence on pain of imprisonment, (which, however, was very ill observed,) the gentleman of the black rod was commanded to bring in his prisoner. Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess Dowager of Kingston, walked in, led by black rod and Mr. la Roche, courtesying profoundly to her judges: when she bent, the lord steward called out, ‘Madam, you may rise;’ which, I think, was literally taking her up before she was down. The peers made her a slight bow. The prisoner was dressed in deep mourning, a black hood on her head, her hair modestly dressed and powdered, a black silk sacque, with crape trimmings; black gauze deep ruffles, and black gloves. The counsel spoke about an hour and a quarter each. Dunning's manner is insufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every three words; but his sense and his expression, pointed to the last degree; he made her Grace shed bitter tears. I had the pleasure of hearing several of the lords speak, though nothing more than proposals on common things. Among these were Littleton, Talbot, Townsend, and Camden. The fair victim had four virgins in white behind the bar. She imitated her great predecessor, Mrs. Rudd, and affected to write very often, though I plainly perceived she only wrote as they do their love epistles on the stage, without forming a letter. I must not omit one of the best things; we had only to open a door, to get at a very fine cold collation of all sorts of meats and wines, with tea, &c.—a privilege confined to those who belonged to the Duke of Newcastle. I fancy the peeresses would have been glad of our places at the trial, for I saw Lady Derby and the Duchess of Devonshire with their work-bags full of good things. Their rank and dignity did not exempt them from the ‘villainous appetites’ of eating and drinking.”

If Garrick's partiality towards his protégée, affords a lively picture of genuine goodness, her devotion in return was no less remarkable. She must have nicely understood and ardently admired his ‘Hamlet:’—

"In every part he filled the whole soul of the spectator, and transcended the most finished idea of the poet. The requisites for Hamlet are not only various, but opposed. In him they are all united, and as it were concentrated. One thing I must particularly remark, that, whether in the simulation of madness, in the sinkings of despair, in the familiarity of friendship, in the whirlwind of passion, or in the meltings of tenderness, he never once forgot he was a prince; and in every variety of situation, and transition of feeling, you discovered the highest polish of fine breeding and courtly manners."—vol. i. pp. 85, 86.

The great actor's death in 1779, was an era in her life, and the chief interest arising from the perusal of the first volume, may be said to belong to what goes before that event. At least her gaiety in a great measure ceases from that period. We are sure that our readers will peruse with much satisfaction and profit, the following long passage, which has deeply affected ourselves. There is more than fine writing in it, and more than David Garrick's death. Hannah from a sick bed, goes to attend the new-made widow; and here is their meeting:—

"Adelphi, Jan. 1779.

"From Dr. Cadogans, I intended to have gone to the Adelphi, but found that Mrs. Garrick was that moment quitting her house, while preparations were making for the last sad ceremony; she very wisely fixed on a private friend's house for this purpose, where she could be at her ease. I got there just before her; she was prepared for meeting me; she ran into my arms, and we both remained silent for some minutes: at last she whispered, 'I have this moment embraced his coffin, and you come next.' She soon recovered herself, and said with great composure, 'The goodness of God to me is inexpressible; I desired to die, but it is his will that I should live, and he has convinced me he will not let my life be quite miserable, for he gives astonishing strength to my body, and *grace* to my heart; neither do I deserve, but I am thankful for both.' She thanked me a thousand times for such a real act of friendship, and bade me be comforted, for it was God's will. She told me they had just returned from Althorp, Lord Spencer's, where he had been reluctantly dragged, for he had felt unwell for some time; but during his visit he was often in such fine spirits that they could not believe he was ill. On his return home he appointed Cadogan to meet him, who ordered him an emetic, the warm bath, and the usual remedies, but with very little effect. On the Sunday he was in good spirits and free from pain; but as the suppression still continued, Dr. Cadogan became extremely alarmed, and sent for Pott, Heberden, and Schomberg, who gave him up the moment they saw him. Poor Garrick stared to see his room full of doctors, not being conscious of his real state. No change happened till the Tuesday evening, when the surgeon who was sent for to blister and bleed him, made light of his illness, assuring Mrs. Garrick that he would be well in a day or two, and insisted on her going to lie down. Towards morning she desired to be called if there was the least change. Every time that she administered the draughts to him in the night, he always squeezed her hand in a particular manner, and spoke to her with the greatest tenderness and affection. Immediately after he had taken his last medicine, he softly said, 'Oh! dear,' and

yielded up his spirit without a groan, and in his perfect senses. His behaviour during the night was all gentleness and patience, and he frequently made apologies to those about him, for the trouble he gave them.

“On opening him, a stone was found that measured five inches and a half round one way, and four and a half the other, yet this was not the immediate cause of his death; his kidneys were quite gone. I paid a melancholy visit to the coffin yesterday, where I found room for meditation, till the mind ‘burst with thinking.’ His new house is not so pleasant as Hampton, nor so splendid as the Adelphi, but it is commodious enough for all the wants of its inhabitants; and besides, it is so quiet, that he never will be disturbed till the eternal morning, and never till then will a sweeter voice than his own be heard. May he then find mercy! They are preparing to hang the house with black, for he is to lie in state till Monday. I dislike this pageantry, and cannot help thinking that the disembodied spirit must look with contempt upon the farce that is played over its miserable relics. But a splendid funeral could not be avoided, as he is to be laid in the Abbey with such illustrious dust, and so many are desirous of testifying their respect by attending.

“I can never cease to remember with affection and gratitude, so warm, steady, and disinterested a friend; and I can most truly bear this testimony to his memory, that I never witnessed, in any family, more decorum, propriety, and regularity than in his: where I never saw a card, or even met, (except in one instance) a person of his own profession at his table: of which Mrs. Garrick, by her elegance of taste, her correctness of manners, and very original turn of humour, was the brightest ornament. All his pursuits and tastes were so decidedly intellectual, that it made the society, and the conversation which was always to be found in his circle, interesting and delightful.”—vol. i. pp. 147—149.

But the drama of life, and the fashion of this world, are more highly finished by this farther account:—

“*Adelphi*, Feb. 2, 1779.

“We (Miss Cadogan and myself,) went to Charing Cross to see the melancholy procession. Just as we got there we received a ticket from the Bishop of Rochester, to admit us into the Abbey. No admittance could be obtained but under his hand. We hurried away in a hackney coach, dreading to be too late. The bell of St. Martin’s and the Abbey gave a sound that smote upon my very soul. When we got to the cloisters, we found multitudes striving for admittance. We gave our ticket, and were let in, but unluckily we ought to have kept it. We followed the man who unlocked a door of iron, and directly closed it upon us, and two or three others, and we found ourselves in a tower, with a dark winding staircase, consisting of half a hundred stone steps. When we got to the top there was no way out; we ran down again, called, and beat the door till the whole pile resounded with our cries. Here we staid half an hour in perfect agony; we were sure it would be all over; nay, we might never be let out; we might starve; we might perish. At length our clamours brought an honest man,—a guardian angel I then thought him. We implored him to take care of us, and get us into a part of the abbey whence we might see the grave. He asked for the Bishop’s ticket; we had given it away to the wrong per-

son; and he was not obliged to believe we ever had one; yet he saw so much truth in our grief, that though we were most shabby, and a hundred fine people were soliciting the same favour, he took us under each arm—carried us safely through the crowd, and put us in a little gallery directly over the grave, where we could see and hear every thing as distinctly as if the Abbey had been a parlour. Little things sometimes affect the mind strongly! We were no sooner recovered from the fresh burst of grief than I cast my eyes, the first thing, on Handel's monument, and read the scroll in his hand, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Just at three the great doors burst open with a noise that shook the roof; the organ struck up, and the whole choir in strains only less solemn than the 'archangel's trump,' began Handel's fine anthem. The whole choir advanced to the grave, in hoods and surplices, singing all the way: then Sheridan, as chief-mourner; then the body, (alas! whose body!) with ten noblemen and gentlemen, pall-bearers; then the rest of the friends and mourners; hardly a dry eye,—the very players, bred to the trade of counterfeiting, shed genuine tears.

"As soon as the body was let down, the bishop began the service, which he read in a low, but solemn and devout manner. Such an awful stillness reigned, that every word was audible. How I felt it! Judge if my heart did not assent to the wish, that the soul of our dear brother now departed was in peace. And this is all of Garrick! Yet a very little while, and he shall 'say to the worm, Thou art my brother; and to corruption, Thou art my mother and my sister.' So passes away the fashion of this world. And the very night he was buried, the playhouses were as full, and the Pantheon was as crowded, as if no such thing had happened: nay, the very mourners of the day partook of the revelries of the night;—the same night too!

"As soon as the crowd was dispersed, our friend came to us with an invitation from the bishop's lady, to whom we had related our disaster, to come into the deanery. We were carried into her dressing room, but being incapable of speech, she very kindly said she would not interrupt such sorrow, and left us; but sent up wine, cakes, and all manner of good things, which was really well-timed. I caught no cold, notwithstanding all I went through.

"On Wednesday night we came to the Adelphi,—to this house! She bore it with great tranquillity; but what was my surprise to see her go alone into the chamber and bed, in which he had died that day fortnight. She had a delight in it beyond expression, I asked her the next day how she went through it? She told me very well; that she first prayed with great composure, then went and kissed the dear bed, and got into it with a sad pleasure."—vol. i. pp. 156—159.

From the death of Garrick to her retreat to Cowslip Green, an interval of about five years, Miss More spent much of her time with the great actor's widow; but during this period she was gradually detaching herself from the dazzling attractions of the gay world, and becoming better prepared for the vocation which she afterwards so consistently followed. When we said, therefore, that the chief interest of the first volume belonged to what goes before the death of Garrick, we meant only in so far as concerned her intercourse with fashionable and celebrated characters, and the fasci-

nations of a brilliant town life. But to persons of a kindred mind, the progress of the transition of her trusting heart and calculating head to another style of living and occupations will be a more valuable portion of biography. We are pleased to find, that this change was neither hasty nor undergone without a full inquiry on her part, into the end and the means she had in view so that the admirable consistency of her religious history, cannot but be instructive, and beheld to be rational. It is usual to hear, even from the lips of respectable people such trite sayings, regarding persons of Hannah More's character, as intimate that a less decided system of opinions would have been more creditable than those which she for very many years most becomingly upheld. This seems a very pitiful mode of detraction, and argues, at least, a lukewarmness on the part of the objector, which can never be commendable, and particularly in momentous concerns. But what is worse, Hannah More has not unfrequently been the object of the most uncharitable and ungrounded insinuations: for it is not to be endured by some, that such excellence should be left to shine unsullied. Because no slip is to be found in her life that can be quoted to the ridicule of her high religious profession, the slanderer's tongue has first presumed that she could not have been so faultless, and next distorted certain facts to prove a *faux pas* in her history. We allude to a period of her life we have passed beyond in our extracts, and to certain transactions, which when fairly stated, redound greatly to her honour. Our meaning will be made manifest by the following passage:—

“At about the age of twenty-two, she received the addresses of a gentleman of fortune, more than twenty years older than herself. He was a man of strict honour and integrity, had received a liberal education, and, among other recommendations of an intellectual character, had cultivated a taste for poetry, and had shewn much skill in the embellishments of rural scenery, and the general improvement of his estate. But for the estate of matrimony he appears to have wanted that essential qualification, a cheerful and composed temper. The prospect of marriage, with the appendage of an indifferent temper, was gloomy enough, but there were other objections, on which it is unimportant to dwell. It will be enough to produce an extract from a letter received by the executrix of Mrs. More soon after her decease, written by a lady whose early and long intimacy with Mrs. More, and personal knowledge of this delicate transaction, coupled with the great respectability of her character, entitle her testimony to the fullest credit*.

“Keynsham, near Bristol, Feb. 10, 1834.

“My dear Madam,—I knew the late Mrs. Hannah More for nearly sixty-four years, I may say most intimately; for during my ten years' residence with her sisters, I was received and treated, not as a scholar, but as a child of her own, in a confidential and affectionate manner; and ever since the first commencement of our acquaintance the same friendly intercourse has been kept up by letters and visiting. I was living at

* The widow of the late Captain Simmons.

her sister's when Mr. Turner paid his addresses to her; for it was owing to my cousin Turner (whom my father had placed at their school) that she became acquainted with Mr. Turner. He always had his cousins, the two Miss Turners, to spend their holidays with him, as a most respectable worthy lady managed and kept his house for him. His residence at Belmont was beautifully situated, and he had carriages and horses, and every thing to make a visit to Belmont agreeable. He permitted his cousins to ask any young persons at the school to spend their vacations with them. Their governesses being nearly of their own age, they made choice of the two youngest of the sisters,—Hannah and Patty More. The consequence was natural. She was very clever and fascinating, and he was generous and sensible; he became attached, and made his offer, which was accepted. He was a man of large fortune, and she was young and dependent; she quitted her interest in the concern of the school, and was at great expense in preparing and fitting herself out to be the wife of a man of large fortune. The day was fixed more than once for the marriage; and Mr. Turner each time postponed it. Her sisters and friends interfered, and would not permit her to be so treated and trifled with. He continued in the wish to marry her; but her friends, after his former conduct, and on other accounts, persevered in keeping up her determination not to renew the engagement.

“I am, dear Madam, &c.”

“In this difficulty (we borrow still from the same authentic source), Sir James Stonehouse was applied to for his timely interposition, and his assistance was promptly afforded. In the counsel of such a friend she found resolution to terminate this anxious and painful treaty. The final separation was amicably agreed upon, and the contracting parties broke off their intercourse by mutual consent. At their last conversation together Mr. T. proposed to settle an annuity upon her, a proposal which was with dignity and firmness rejected, and the intercourse appeared to be absolutely at an end. Let it be recorded, however, in justice to the memory of this gentleman, that his mind was ill at ease till an interview was obtained with Dr. Stonehouse, to whom he declared his intention to secure to Miss More, with whom he had considered his union as certain, an annual sum which might enable her to devote herself to her literary pursuits, and compensate, in some degree, for the robbery he had committed upon her time. Dr. Stonehouse consulted with the friends of the parties, and the consultation terminated in a common opinion that, all things considered, a part of the sum proposed might be accepted without the sacrifice of delicacy or propriety, and the settlement was made without the knowledge of the lady, Dr. Stonehouse consenting to become the agent and trustee. It was not, however, till some time after the affair had been thus concluded, that the consent of Miss More could be obtained by the importunity of her friends.

“The regard and respect of Mr. T. for Miss More was continued through his life; her virtues and excellencies were his favourite theme among his intimate friends, and at his death he bequeathed her a thousand pounds.”—vol. i. pp. 31—34.

We have quoted this long passage, because Hannah More has not sojourned upon earth without provoking the “strife of tongues.” “Her hand was once more solicited and refused,” we are told, with

consequences not unlike those that followed the former case, and wherein her conduct presented that moral strength which seems to have characterised every part of her life. We like the ardour with which she passed from the great world to Cowslip Green near Bristol, where she occupied herself in cultivating her garden, with all the genuine enthusiasm of her early years, when she longed for "a habitation" too low for a clock ! Still it was her fortune to mingle much and often with the great, where her tongue became bold to proclaim those principles which her pen afterwards so strongly and successfully it may be said, vindicated. Barley Wood was the next place of her abode, which was also in the vicinity of Bristol, where she long resided and enjoyed the choicest society. Indeed it is to be lamented, that the world broke in upon her from every quarter, and that her correspondence was so extensive as to take up much of her valuable time. Her removal in 1828, to Clifton, the last place of her earthly habitation, may be considered to have been coeval with the close of her literary, active, and intellectual life.

We have not attempted to give any thing like even the slightest continuous outline of the history of Hannah More's literary works, or of her life, as laid before us in these four volumes, which are filled with letters either to or from her, and from which the narrative is to be alone properly collected ; for this would, if conducted with any ordinary degree of minuteness, have led us into a length quite inconsistent with our limits. The number of incidents, traits, and characters introduced, can only be obtained by a perusal of the work itself, which will no doubt be popular with the religious public.

It may be generally affirmed that the subject of this biography met with remarkable success and prosperity, in a worldly point of view, and that she was far from insensible to these blessings. Indeed, her moral character was, in all respects, one of the most perfect we ever read of. It is not a little singular, that her external condition and physical powers were as an index to her imperishable qualities. Her eye to the last grew not dim, her hearing was little impaired, the lineaments of her face continued unwrinkled nearly to the close of life, and few of the infirmities usually inseparable from sinking nature assailed her yet ; she spent, almost four score and ten years in her pilgrimage on earth. The last scene in which she performed a part upon this stage was of a piece with all that had preceded it :—

"The gradual dissolution and departure of this gentle ornament of her sex shall be described in the natural and affecting language of the friend who cheered and comforted her last days and her last hours, and counted the last beat of her pulse. 'During this illness of ten months, the time was past in a series of alternations between restlessness and composure, long sleeps, and long wakefulness, with occasional great excitement, elevated and sunken spirits. At length, nature seemed to shrink from further conflict, and the time of her deliverance drew near. On Friday, the 6th of September, 1833, we offered up the morning family devotion

by her bed-side: she was silent, and apparently attentive, with her hands devoutly lifted up. From eight in the evening of this day, till nearly nine, I sat watching her. Her face was smooth and glowing. There was an unusual brightness in its expression. She smiled, and endeavouring to raise herself a little from her pillow, she reached out her arms as if catching at something, and while making this effort, she once called, 'Patty,' (the name of her last and dearest sister,) very plainly, and exclaimed, 'Joy!' In this state of quietness and inward peace, she remained for about an hour. At half-past nine o'clock, Dr. Carrick came. The pulse had become extremely quick and weak. At about ten, the symptoms of speedy departure could not be doubted. She fell into a dozing sleep, and slight convulsions succeeded, which seemed to be attended with no pain. She breathed softly, and looked serene. The pulse became fainter and fainter, and as quick as lightning. It was almost extinct from twelve o'clock, when the whole frame was very serene. With the exception of a sigh or a groan, there was nothing but the gentle breathing of infant sleep. Contrary to expectation, she survived the night. At six o'clock on Saturday morning, I sent in for Miss Roberts. She lasted out till ten minutes after one, when I saw the last gentle breath escape; and one more was added 'to that multitude which no man can number, who sing the praises of God and of the Lamb for ever and ever.'"—pp. 310, 311, vol. iv.

The able biographer concludes the work which is full of entertainment, and the purest principles, with a fine passage, valuable alike for its truth, taste, and feeling; which cannot but have much weight in recommending the whole to public favour:—

"I now commit the life and correspondence of this Christian lady to the sentence of the great public, throughout which her name and fame may be said to have circulated. That all opinions should agree respecting the merit of one who has so often stood in strong opposition to prevailing practices, could only be expected by those who in their reliance on the power of truth, and their admiration of virtue, have forgotten the discrepancies of temper and taste, the influence of habit upon the judgment, and the enmity of the world towards those who have lived above it. The value of this record will be variously estimated. That of her who was calumniated in her life time, the memory should be altogether spared, it would be enthusiasm or ignorance to expect; but to one who bore her faculties so meekly, and lived so much for the common good, I cannot but hope that even the exercise of self-denial, the defence of practical holiness, and the abdication of all hope of help but in a sacrificed Saviour, will be pardoned, even by those who hold a standard of right and wrong independent of the gospel, and find their justification in a satisfied conscience.

"It has been my perilous privilege to have the task assigned me of holding out this pattern to imitation. I have attempted it with great fear of doing incomplete justice to such a character, but with an anxiety for the cause connected with that character, which in a crisis like the present throws every other consideration into comparative insignificance. I conclude my humble labour with this final remark—that as it is not meant to be maintained that Hannah More was scripturally or morally perfect, but a sinning mortal, depending on the succours of Divine grace; so neither

is it intended to represent her works as faultless; but on the contrary, as coupling with their excellence the defects which belong to the vacillations of genius. There will be found in them some redundancies of sentiment and language, some tautologies, some errors in grammar, some incongruities of allusion and illustration, and there may be some inconsistencies in reasoning; to which may be added, inadvertencies imputable to her habitual haste of composition, and her disadvantageous distance from the press. But her mistakes were, in general, such as common critics are proud to discover, and uncommon talents are prone to commit. And upon the whole it may be questioned whether any one in modern times has lived so long with less waste of existence, or written so much with less abuse of ability;—whether wisdom has been better consecrated or religion better seconded, in this our day at least, by the pure and prudent application of popular talents.”—pp. 397—399, vol. iv.

ART. III.—*Alphabet of Natural Theology, for the Use of Beginners.* By JAMES RENNIE, M.A. 18mo. London. Orr and Smith. 1834.

THE announcement of an Alphabet on this profound theme sounds in our ears as not a little strange. We are acquainted with similar little rudimental works from the same quarter, on various arts and sciences, all of which contain a vast deal within a very small compass, and arranged in such a lucid shape as to prove that the author is not only master of the most varied knowledge, but of simplicity. But the doctrines of Natural Theology, which have hitherto been treated in abstruse or bulky volumes, to be taken up as one of the family of these little Alphabets, and addressed to the capacities of beginners, is, to say the least of it, a novel attempt.

And yet, when one thinks of the works of creation, he cannot but see that there is much particularly suited to the comprehension and engagement of the young or unsophisticated inquirer's mind, to testify the existence of a Creator. How much is there of beauty, of power, of goodness, displayed in every thing that meets the eye, or arrests the reasoning faculties! It is a sweet, and uniformly a successful employment for a father, when in his garden, or when traversing his fields, to point out to his child the evidences of a beneficent Creator. Nay, the young mind is naturally curious and inquisitive, and questions with a pointedness, in a manner that leads to the direct merits of the subject. We remember how greedily, while on our knees, and leaning upon a mother's lap, as she sat by a bed of flowers, on a summer sabbath, we would interrogate “who made the skies, and the flowers.” We remember not when or how it was, that she first unfolded to us the marvellous and delightful truth to the innocent mind—*there is a God*; but sure we are, from all we can recollect, that it met with an apt ear, and a reliance, not only that a parent spoke truth, but with an acquiescence so easy and rapid, as to prove that the capacity was able, without a cavil, to take up the theme, and to make it our own. An Alphabet for the use of beginners, on this most important and engaging of all subjects to the unperverted mind, is not, therefore, in so far as the

theme itself is concerned, an unreasonable, or merely ingenious attempt.

There are, however, many things to encounter by him who endeavours, in a printed form, to teach and elucidate the most apparent evidences of the being and perfections of God. Atheists have, with great plausibility published their doctrines ; and, though truth has a natural simplicity and charm over the most cunning subtilties to the young, yet the mind, as it expands, and becomes better acquainted with a tortuous world, can easily have its ingenuity perverted, its natural and immediate dictates of reason supplanted by doubts, and all the pride of the heart engaged, in showing off, as being wiser than others, were that wisdom nothing more than singularity. Thus we have many *would-be* atheists ; and thus he, who, as the author before us, would teach the most important and obvious truths, has at the very threshold to wade through many cunning and ingenious perplexities invented by vicious and hard-hearted men, and to surmount not a little learned rubbish. For it is a fact, and one too that may be extensively taken as a guide, that truth is simple and obvious, whilst error naturally seeks perverse and dark ways. And, in reference to the doctrines of Natural Theology, we may lay it down as a safe rule, that when the arguments on the one side are less intelligible than the evidence on the other, there can be little question where the error lies.

But, besides those who have wickedly perverted evidence on this mighty subject, there are not a few avowed and zealous friends of the truth, who have darkened it by a multitude of words without knowledge, by unnecessary efforts, or untenable arguments, betraying the inquirer, who trusted to them, first into confusion, and last into confirmed scepticism. Our author, therefore, has thrown himself into a sea of trouble, and evinced not a little hardihood in undertaking to direct the ingenious inquirer amid the rocks and the breakers of such a waste.

Before we call upon our readers to behold how he has conducted himself in this difficult, because perplexed inquiry, we have a word for some of those to whom it is addressed. Our foregoing observations refer chiefly to the young, but there are others who may justly be called *beginners* in the field. How many thousands are there in our populous and refined cities, men, too, of handsome exterior, and lofty bearing, who are as ignorant as when they were little boys of the subjects here discussed ! We venture to affirm, that many a man who is wise in his worldly business, may be found, who speaks of God, too, very frequently, that yet cannot give a reason for the faith that is in him ; who knows nothing of the character of the Almighty ; who, in short, only believes in him according to the report of the country. How very irrational is all this ! Pains, to excess, are taken to become master of any other subject of inquiry ; but of Him who made man, and is to judge man, there are those who never spend an hour in learning any thing. Now if we should find that

this little half-a-crown volume is well calculated to yield them much of that which they so remarkably require, both in directly teaching, and in dexterously sweeping away the flippancies of scoffers, or the foolishness of false philosophers, it will be a still more fearful degree of carelessness that hereafter characterizes the ignorant among us of whom we speak, should they remain as they are.

At the commencement of the little volume we have explanations of the words Theology, Deism and Deists, Atheism and Atheists, in a very clear and forcible shape.

“ We are indebted to the Greeks, as in many other similar instances, for the term *Theology*, meaning literally ‘ God-study ;’ which, though it seems to sound harsh and singular, would not probably have done so had it been early introduced into our language, and rendered as familiar to the ear as the word ‘ Theology.’ I shall, therefore, only use it here as a familiar illustration of the term derived from the Greek, having no wish to interfere with established and well-known terms.

“ The branch of study comprehended under Theology has two grand divisions, according as it is confined to the doctrines derived from biblical sources, termed ‘ Revealed,’ or ‘ Christian’ Theology ; or, as it is confined to facts and reasonings derived from examining the works of creation, termed ‘ Natural’ Theology. It is the latter only of which it is proposed to treat in this Alphabet.

“ It may be well to remark, however, that it is not always possible to separate Natural Theology from Christian Theology, in consequence of what Lord Bacon terms ‘ Idols of the Den,’ or peculiar modes of thinking produced by early education and by particular courses of reading. From these causes many authors, when discussing the subjects of Natural Theology, reason unfairly, inasmuch as they pretend to draw their materials from the works of creation ; whereas they indirectly, and it may be unconsciously, derive certain notions of God from the Bible, and endeavour to make their arguments from natural sources coincide with these notions. In the same way, it is common to see a theorist build up a goodly fabric of fancies, to the support of which he gathers all sorts of facts suited to his purpose, embellishing some, and shearing others of their fair proportions when they will not square with his views.

“ In writing this little book, I do not pretend that I can free myself from these ‘ Idols of the Den,’ among which writers on Natural Theology often get entangled ; but so far as I shall be aware of it myself, I shall, as I go along, point out the distinction to beginners by reference, in all necessary cases, to texts of scripture. This will be the more important, from the fact that those who call themselves *Deists*, and who reject Christian Theology, most commonly borrow the best parts of their creed from the Bible without acknowledging their debt, like those who having no money of their own live in splendour at the expense of their creditors.

“ *Deism and Deists.*—The words ‘ Deism’ and ‘ Deist’ are not, like ‘ Theology,’ derived from the Greek, but from the Latin ; and may be rendered more in the Saxon form by ‘ God-ism’ and ‘ God-ist ;’ *Deism* implying a belief in the existence of God and the ascribing of certain attributes or qualities to Him ; and *Deist*, an individual who believes in such existence and in such attributes. The deist, as has just been mentioned, professes to derive all his knowledge of God from the observation of nature,

and particularly not to depend upon the Bible for any part thereof, at least, not to consider the knowledge he thence obtains as of any higher authority than that obtained from Cicero, Confucius, or Mahomet.

“The similar terms *Theism* and *Theist* are often used to distinguish a belief and a believer in God, who does not disbelieve the inspiration of the Bible.

“*Atheism and Atheists.*—As Deism or Theism implies belief in the existence of God, ‘Atheism’ implies a disbelief in that existence. The whole reasoning, consequently, of Natural Theology is directed against Atheism, and the arguments which have been devised for its support; the arguments chiefly of certain philosophical sects, and of individual writers who have, from time to time, appeared during the last two thousand years, and are not wanting in the present age, though the doctrine never has, and happily never can become popular or much diffused, inasmuch as, upon the evidence alone of the history of all nations, it is altogether at variance with human nature.

“Individuals, who profess themselves to be atheists, are almost exclusively theoretical philosophers, such as pretend to rise above what they term common prejudices and vulgar belief. Some ignorant persons, hardened in crime, occasionally pretend to disbelieve in the existence of God; but if they ever really do so, which appears doubtful, their disbelief is merely temporary.”—pp. 1—4.

From the next thirty pages or so we shall not extract any part, not because the matter is less valuable, but because it cannot so well be understood unless taken as a whole. We may, however, name the points there treated of, that the reader may perceive the course our author takes. The leading question is, what are the ideas which men have formed of God’s person? Under this the Biblical representations are given; next the Mythological, in various countries and ages. The representations of the Ancient Philosophers follow; then the refutation of Atheistical inferences. Last of all, under the general head mentioned, we have the doctrines of Materialism and Spiritualism shortly stated. The recapitulation of the entire discussion is in these words:—

“The examination and analysis which has been given of the idea of God, in childhood, in manhood, among philosophers, poets, painters, statuaries, as well as the representations in the Bible and of the mythologists of all ages and nations—all lead to the following uniform conclusions.

“1. That every thing connected with the idea of God is borrowed directly or indirectly from human nature, or from some familiar object on earth.

“2. That though atheists thence infer either the non-existence of God, or his possessing exclusively a human form and human attributes, their inference is inadmissible and illogical.

“3. That every human conception formed of God being figurative, and impossible to be otherwise, in the same way as every conception formed of the soul of man is figurative, all our ideas of God are consequently inadequate, imperfect, and obscure; but it would not follow, because we may see the sun through the horizontal misty air shorn of

his beams, that therefore neither sunbeams nor the sun itself have any existence. Yet,

“ 4. That these figurative and metaphorical ideas formed of God are no proof whatever of the existence of God : which rests upon other evidence, to be presently adduced ; they only prove the similarity of human conceptions, by consequence either of education or of tradition.

“ Having thus gone, with considerable fullness of detail, into the analysis of the idea of God, the way will be, as I hope, rendered more clear for proving the existence of God, which atheism denies, and which many philosophers, not professedly atheists, do not at all recognise in their theories and systems.”—pp. 36, 37.

The author next enters directly upon the proofs of the existence of God.

“ Although it is not very probable that any atheist was ever brought to give up or change his opinions by force of argument, yet may arguments against atheism be rendered of much use in confirming the wavering, and still more in leading the minds of younger readers into a right train of thinking upon so momentous a subject.

“ The proofs in question are usually reckoned to be of two kinds. In reasoning, according to the first mode, a cause is assumed as a basis, and the effect is inferred therefrom : as if we should assume that the human soul is destitute of parts and indivisible, inferring from this, that it cannot be destroyed and must consequently be immortal. In reasoning again, according to the second mode, the inferences are all made from effects to causes, as if we should infer the indestructibility of the soul from the fact of our uniform strong desire thereof—‘ our longing after immortality,’ taken in conjunction with the circumstance that means are amply provided for the gratification of all our other desires, which indeed is the only argument, apart from revelation, worthy of the least notice in proof of the soul’s immortality.”—p. 38.

He begins with the second of these modes of reasoning, which has been so finely amplified by Paley. The author cannot do more than condense the arguments of his predecessors in the same line, or enforce them by the most striking examples. And all this he has done in an original manner, as any one at all conversant with the arguments *à posteriori*, as conducted by other writers, will at once perceive. In proof of the existence of an intelligent Almighty Creator, design and contrivance, as displayed in Creation, must be a sound ground to go upon. The instances here given are striking and instructive, at the same time well adapted to the scope of this little volume. He begins with the structure and hatching of various species of eggs ; first giving those of the peacock, the stork, the goose, the eagle, and the crocodile, which are represented by woodcuts, as are several others of the illustrations.

“ The contents of these five eggs are exactly similar, with the exception of a slight difference in that of the crocodile, but slight indeed compared with the difference of the animals produced therefrom. In looking at the first egg, ‘ could imagination,’ to use the words of Dr. Drummond, ‘ ever conjure up, even in the brightest moments of inspired

genius, the idea of a peacock springing out of the shell ; yet the peacock, in all the glory of dazzling colours, is the product of a little glairy fluid contained in a capsule of chalk, and in nowise different, so far as we can perceive, from what produces a barn-door fowl. Has not the hand of Divinity here written, almost without a metaphor, in letters of gold, the wonders of its creative power ? Look at a single feather of the peacock ; consider that its shining metallic barbs, its superlatively beautiful eye, and all the wonders it exhibits of iridescent, rich, and changeable hues, according to the angle in which it lies to the light ; that its form, its solidity, its flexibility, its strength, its lightness, and all its wonders (for in the eye of intelligence every part of it is a wonder), had their origin in a little mucilage ; and then consider whether, in looking on such an object, we should be content with thinking no more about it than simply that it is a peacock's feather. Yet this is too much the practice. Above us, and below ; on the right side, and on the left ; in every element, in every situation, the works of Almighty Power are present, and all abounding in instruction of the highest kind ; and that they make not the impressions they should do upon us is chiefly owing to the extraordinary anomaly, that natural history forms no necessary part of the education of young or old. But if a single feather be so wonderful a production, what are we to think of the entire bird.'

" And what are we to think, I may add, of the wonderful difference between two birds, a peacock and a pea-hen, produced from eggs so like that the eye cannot distinguish them ? Yet the peacock is furnished with a magnificent and gorgeous tail, while the pea-hen is arrayed in plain and unobtrusive colours.

" The second egg, which is not quite so much bulged out at the larger end, and is rather paler in colour, produces the common stork, a bird very different indeed in form and in colour from the peacock. It is all white except the wings, which are black, and while the peacock's tail when expanded would entirely cover the stork, the latter has a very short tail, but its legs are twice as long as those of the peacock. The stork also feeds on frogs and garbage, while the peacock lives chiefly on grain, and in a wild state on pepper.

" The third egg, which is rather less taper at the small end than that of the stork, and at the same time whiter, produces the common goose ; while the fourth egg produces the common eagle of this country, distinguished when full grown by its white tail. No two birds could differ more than the goose and the eagle in their dispositions and mode of life, even from the very time they are hatched. The young gosling, the moment it is out of the egg, can run about and feed itself with the utmost ease and agility ; while the young eaglet is blind and helpless, and must be fed for many days by its parents. The gosling will plunge fearlessly into the first water it sees, and will swim about as dextrously as its dam, but if an eaglet were put into a pond it would inevitably be drowned. The goose feeds on grass, while the eagle would starve rather than swallow a mouthful of it : Spallanzani could not even by any art compel an eagle to taste bread, though a goose would consider this the greatest dainty it could have. Yet the egg of the goose is very similar in all respects to the egg of the eagle, and their slight difference would not be readily detected except by a naturalist who had paid attention to the subject.

“The fifth egg, which produces a crocodile, though nearly of the same size as the other four, differs from them all in a few particulars, which, however, seem of too small importance, so far as external aspect goes, to indicate the extraordinary difference of the reptile from the birds. ‘An egg of a crocodile of fourteen feet long,’ says Count Lacépède, ‘killed in Upper Egypt in the act of laying, is preserved in the *Cabinet Royale* at Paris. It is whitish and of an oval figure, covered by a shell similar to that of a pullet’s egg, not quite so hard, but the film or membrane lining the shell is thicker and stronger. The long diameter is two inches five lines, and the short diameter one inch eleven lines.’ There is within the egg a yolk and a white, as in the eggs of birds; and ‘if broken into a bowl,’ says Dr. Drummond, ‘no eye could perceive the difference.’

“The young crocodile, like the gosling, takes to the first water it can find; but, instead of living like the fowl, on plain vegetable diet, it preys upon every living thing which it can master and devour. Though the crocodile’s egg also, as we have just seen from Lacépède, is similar in size to that of the goose (some are said by M. Bory de St. Vincent to be twice as large) the crocodile hatched from it often grows five times the length of a man, with a body as thick as that of a horse, and consequently many times the size of any of the birds produced from the other four eggs.”—pp. 41—44.

Now can any one not viciously prejudiced believe, that since the eggs of the same animal uniformly produce the exact same creatures, that all this is the effect of chance? As the author says, it seems unavoidably to lead us to Paley’s conclusion, that “upon the whole, after all the schemes and struggles of a reluctant philosophy, the necessary resort is to a Deity. The marks of *design* are too strong to be gotten over. Design must have had a designer; that designer must have been a person; that person is God.”

There was, and still is, a most unphilosophical and unwarrantable doctrine, that there is such a thing as spontaneous existence. And how did the error originate? In a way no less inexcusable than dangerous; and that was, since we did not see how insects and microscopic animalcules were generated, to believe they were produced by some mysterious chemistry, that precluded the necessity of any reference to an intelligent designer.

“The atheistical doctrine of spontaneous generation, so far as it was thought to be supported upon the apparent reproduction, without parents, of microscopic animalcules, seems to have received a death-blow from the recent discoveries of M. Ehrenberg, of Berlin. The late Baron Cuvier, previously a believer in the spontaneous generation of these animalcules, with a candour worthy of his high reputation, avowed that Ehrenberg’s ‘discovery entirely changes received opinions, and demolishes many systems.’

“All previous microscopic observers had been foiled in their investigations of the interior structure of these minute creatures, by the transparency, and consequently the apparent uniformity of conformation in them. M. Ehrenberg got over this difficulty by colouring with indigo and carmine the water where the animalcules, which he was investigating, lived. The colouring matter was by these means introduced into the

bodies of the animalcules, and thus rendered obvious their several organs, previously transparent and uniform in appearance.

“By this method not only have the organs of reproduction been discovered in animalcules invisible to the naked eye, but the eggs themselves, as they lie in the egg-organ before laying. So far as M. Ehrenberg has been able to ascertain, each of these animals is, like the snail and the leech, of both sexes; and in some the eggs appear, as in the case of the grey flesh-fly, to be hatched within the body of the parent, and brought forth alive.”—p. 54.

Such is a specimen of what this little work says on the arguments for the being of an Almighty God. The author next takes up the speculative arguments for and against the doctrines he espouses, and treats, as we think, properly, the exertions of the great champion of *à priori* proofs, Dr. Samuel Clark, as little better than a display of metaphysical ingenuity, which never can make any one believe in the existence and attributes of God, who doubted before reading his profound, and often unintelligible work. But we must here refer to our author's little book, for any insight into those abstruse discussions, which he has handled with an unsparing hand.

We now go forward to the short chapters on the Attributes of Deity, and here shall do little more than quote a few passages.

“The word ‘Attribute,’ as applied to God, means whatever is affirmed or said of God; and consequently a great part of the preceding pages relates to this very subject; such, for example, as the discussion on spirituality and on wisdom, or design manifested in the works of creation; both spirituality and wisdom being attributes of God, very generally acknowledged. But it will be proper to enter more fully into the consideration of the Divine Attributes, the subject forming one of the largest branches of natural Theology. At the outset of the discussion, however, let us first endeavour to guard against certain impressions and thoughts that are apt to gain upon our minds when directed to this profound investigation, owing to the finite nature of our capacities, and the inadequacy of human language to speak of any thing, but by referring every image to sensible objects, or borrowing from the same source. God is to us incomprehensible; and the man of thought and devotion will always be particularly careful, either when speaking or meditating respecting his Creator, not to allow himself to form even a mental image of him. For such a man knows that God is not visible or material, and can only be spoken of and described by saying what he is not, and never by what he is; or at other times, though most inadequately, by the use of superlative words raised on such positive terms, as are employed to express the highest excellencies found among men. God has no equal, and to him, therefore, nothing can be compared. When men think, they comprehend, argue, conclude and demonstrate fully on such themes as the being and attributes of Deity, they deceive themselves. Even the pronoun *He*, as applied to God, can only be excused for want of a better appellative; and it will ever be uttered by a man of rightly constituted principles, with this conviction fully impressed upon his mind. Let us try the particular term, ‘Infinite,’ which is often applied to Deity. It is, indeed, only by such an adjective that we can convey what we intend, either when speak-

ing of his existence or of any of his attributes. It is proper, therefore, that we have an understanding of that which we mean by its use.

“Are we, therefore, under this conviction of our inadequacy to fathom the attributes, the essential and moral character of God, to sit down in despair and banish from our contemplations the source of all greatness, wisdom, and goodness? By no means; for as regards our Creator, there is a field for investigation, ample and fertile enough, on which the richest mind may expatiate, with endless profit to himself. Even the simplest and most unlettered at once detects numberless facts that lead to the loftiest and most instructive conclusions. So that while God, as regards both his being and attributes, is incomprehensible by man, yet these things are capable of being demonstrated to man: for ‘the invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and God-head.’ It is still true that we can form no direct conception whatever of infinity; but it is plain, that a belief in the existence of an intelligent and supreme first cause implies that he is self-existent, which necessarily leads to a conviction of his eternity, and indeed of his infinity in respect of every attribute, as much as of his duration. Infinity of duration or eternity cannot be comprehended by us, but in this way it is capable of being metaphysically proved. Moreover, this can be done, it can satisfactorily be made out, that God is not finite in respect of any one attribute, but surpasses all conceivable perfection, as every one who turns his thoughts to the subject will perceive.

“There is no doubt that the power displayed in the act of creating, not only exceeds all finite comprehension, but is plainly so great as to exclude every rational limitation; and when contemplating such power, no wise man ever attempts or pretends to form any estimate of its extent, but is lost and candidly calls it infinite. For it is impossible for us to suppose that such a power cannot do any thing, and every thing, which does not involve a contradiction.

“It is also to be borne in mind, that man is naturally fitted, by the very constitution of his mind, for acquiring certain notions concerning the existence of invisible and superior beings; concerning their attributes and their influence on human life. Consciousness and feeling give a man a conviction, that there is something within himself of a higher order than the matter of which his body is composed; something which cannot be seen, because it is not material, and which he calls spirit, the very word used when we would describe what is termed the *essence* of God. Man infers the existence, powers, and character of this unseen something from its effects. He concludes the same thing of the spirits or minds of other men; and in like manner this very same thing is also concluded of God. The terms infinity, eternity, and spirituality, may be dark, or when we are driven to affix a meaning to them, may be admitted to be unintelligible, but the character of one intelligent being is susceptible of evidence from experience by another intelligent being, between whom certain relations exist; especially the Intelligence who made man’s mind is an object suited to the inquiry of that mind. There may be a moral evidence, accompanied by as strong and firm a conviction of the mind as any mathematical demonstration ever was. No man can feel himself more certain that a part is not equal to the whole, than that he was alive yesterday.

Indeed this moral conviction is as much stronger than many founded on scientific demonstration, as a vast excess of evidence can produce."—pp. 92—98.

One other extract must bring us to a close ; it comes within the discussion of the proofs of God's benevolence.

"It is asked, if there be an intelligent and benevolent Creator of all things, how comes evil to exist in the world? This has been attempted to be explained in three different ways. Some say, God could not prevent men from sinning. To this I answer, the assertion cannot be proved. There may be orders of beings among whom sin never entered ; and if He prevented it among such, how do we know it could not be universally prevented? Others maintain, that God creates, by an immediate agency of his own, the sinful volitions of mankind. Now this is one of the most distressing and frightful conclusions our minds can form, and, until proved, must not be admitted.

"The metaphysical nature of moral agency, both in God and his creatures, is a subject as difficult and subtle as any in the whole course of human investigation. But to come to the point: the existence of evil does not establish to my conviction that God is its efficient cause ; though I do not see why He might not with perfect benevolence create such moral beings, as, left to their own free agency, yielded to temptations and sin. Temptations seem necessarily to exist in an abundance of good. The good, for instance, which belongs to others may be coveted ; nor do I see that God, by his moral perfections, is to prevent evil originating in this way.

"A third class argue, and as it appears more soundly, that God only permits sin to exist. There certainly is a wide difference between permitting or not hindering, and creating. In the former case, he is supposed to create beings possessed of the full power to originate any moral action, in the latter he created their apostacy. Now it seems as easy to understand that man is an agent, as that God is an agent. If so, where is the necessity for going beyond man for the origin of his actions? But it may be urged, that a perfectly benevolent Creator cannot fail to act so as to produce the greatest good. Can it be proved, that the greatest possible good will not be found in a system where evil has had an entrance. Not knowing the progress and the end of evil, of the minds that are subject to it, nor of any one thing, we cannot tell what may produce the greatest good to the intelligent world ; nor how far the sinfulness and punishments of some moral agents may go to the standing and the enjoyment of the great body.

"The restless and inquisive mind still asks why did God suffer such a distressing thing as sin to exist? It is answered, that it is more than probable, that the present is but a state of trial, and not the whole of man's existence. Now a state of trial supposes a capability of erring, and cannot be without it. Where is there any ground for maintaining that a benevolent God is obliged to prevent it? If free agents are rewarded for obedience with happiness, as long as they are obedient, perfect goodness can ask or give no more ; and that benevolence may propose such a reward, appears a natural dictate of reason. It appears, therefore, that whilst there is no complete argument against God's being possessed of this attribute, gathered from the existence of evil, there are

many direct proofs even here, in behalf of the doctrine urged. For, mark, how many blessings are bestowed on sinful beings; the highest exercise of benevolence we can imagine. Nay, the best men are those, of all others, that most fully and cordially acknowledge their unworthiness. Infants, it may be objected, suffer beyond their deserts. Here again is an assertion without any proofs. We know not the moral state of a mind with which we can hold no communication. Whilst one thing is manifest, that every child, the instant its moral feelings are understood, proves itself to be sinful.

“ May not the truth be, that evil is a necessary part of the most benevolent system of dispensation towards moral beings? As things are constituted, many things we call evils in this life are absolutely necessary. What causes corruption and death, is, in many cases, the means or the avenues of life and death. Pain and sickness are often the beacons that guard us from destruction. Good men universally acknowledge that their afflictions are conducive to their welfare. And were we careful to separate the evils caused directly by God from those produced by man, we should be astonished at the smallness of the number chargeable against the former. Man, probably, either originates or increases every evil of this life. The truth appears strikingly to stand thus: that so long as we are confined to the light of nature and reason only, we are in such uncertainty as to the future existence and state of the thinking sentient principle of man, that we cannot come to a full understanding on this matter, neither perhaps are our minds, as at present constituted, capable of entertaining all the bearings of the truth on this subject:—for, surely, there may be truths we cannot grasp. But still to me it is clear, that whilst no solid argument can be found, even from the existence of evil, by which we can be led to doubt or impugn the benevolence of Deity, there are many and cogent ones that go directly to establish the attribute in a way highly consolatory,—I would add, beautiful; and when His justice and truth are considered, we shall more fully behold how venerable and awful His goodness becomes.”—pp. 109—112.

We think it is not the least recommendation of this little work, that it leads the inquirer to revelation as the only sure and complete source of a knowledge of God: for, while the author has brought together a vast deal of information, hitherto scattered over many volumes, besides throwing out many ingenious views from his own stores, we are uniformly directed by him to observe how uncertain and short our unassisted reason must ever continue in this field. Were his reasonings unsound in themselves, there could little injury ensue from them, since he constantly states, that whatever may be his speculations, the inquirer must think for himself, and alone can find the whole truth in that book that contains the Gospel. But this Alphabet deserves much better than a negative approval; for its contents are as valuable as the attempt is novel, or as the labour must have been great in its execution. We heartily recommend it to beginners in the study of Theology; nor will the well-informed rise from its perusal without benefit.

ART. IV.—*The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health, and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education.*
By Andrew Combe, M. D., F. R. Coll. Edin. London: Longman and Co. 1834.

PERHAPS it is sometimes to be charged against us, that out of a mass of new works, which usually loads our table, the larger tomes are first taken up, in preference to the smaller. This intimates that we are not unmoved by the mere pretensions, too often however false, that prevail in the world. It is yet not an unnatural thing to suppose that size should, to a certain degree, indicate the amount of sense contained in a book; but the presumption is frequently severely chastised, nor has it fallen to our lot to find the lesson of reproof more signally enforced, than by Dr. Combe's seven shilling volume, now before us. We take blame to ourselves for not, at an earlier date, having lent our aid to spread its contents and worth among our readers; and indeed regret that we should have so long denied ourselves the instruction with which every page of the work abounds. There is one consolation, however, in our delay, that now we have a second edition of the book corrected and enlarged; the last chapter on a subject of the greatest importance, being entirely new.

We shall have occasion as we go carefully through the volume to present our readers with many striking facts and doctrines. In the mean-while we may mention some of the principal features of the performance, that we may be the more fully understood in what follows.

Physiology, according to its etymological import, signifies a discourse on nature; but it is usually employed in a more limited sense, to denote the science which treats of the powers that actuate the component parts of living animal bodies, and of the functions which those bodies execute. It presupposes, therefore, a knowledge of the structure of the body, which is the object of anatomy; and this is conversant with the dead, whilst the other is conversant with the living body. The one may therefore be called the science of organization, the other of life. The general source of our physiological knowledge of the human body is an observation of its actions in all the various states comprehended under the terms *health* and *disease*. The science requires a comparison to be made of the structure and functions of animals in all classes of the animal kingdom. At the same time a knowledge of chemistry is indispensable to the physiologist, in unfolding the structure of the body, as for instance, in the subjects of respiration, perspiration, and the secretions.

Physiology, in the sense we are limiting it to, is still an imperfect science, especially as regards the internal actions and functions of the human body. Although comparative anatomy, and many cruel experiments upon the lower animals, have enlarged our knowledge

far beyond what the access had to the human frame could lead to. Yet what seems inexcusable—the knowledge that is possessed of the science has never in this country been systematically applied, in our great public schools of medicine, as the proper basis, not only of a sound physical, but of a sound moral and intellectual education. “The practical importance,” says Dr. Combe, “of physiological knowledge in the training and education of the young has been overlooked chiefly, I think, from the unnatural separation of the different branches of medical science from each other by its cultivators and teachers, and the excessive devotion of each to his own favourite department. The anatomist, for example, teaches structure and structure only, and refers to the physiologist for an account of the uses to which it is subservient; and the physiologist, on the other hand, expounds functions, but scarcely touches upon the instruments by which they are executed.” “They err, in short, in limiting themselves too exclusively to their own particular pursuits, and devoting too little attention to the relations which these bear to each other, and the great unit, the living being, of which they form a part.” The young practitioner has, therefore, to work out his own knowledge in this department, and after many errors it may be, because it was not a prominent feature in his elementary education. He has not been made sufficiently familiar with the conditions on which the *healthy* action of the animal economy depends, and is more skilled in the means of *recovery* than of *preservation*. Dr. Combe has, however, besides throwing much light on the subject, shed it in such a manner, that it must lead to other exertions in the same line, and, ere long, to rescue it from the uncertain and unsystematic acquirements of individuals. The talent and ingenuity displayed by him are not more conspicuous, than is the sound sense of his views, or the plain manner in which they are unfolded. Beyond these things, the fine feeling, the humane purposes, the religious spirit of the whole volume, lend to it a charm, which must carry it into many a family, and render it a favourite with every class of society.

Many people question, and we think justly, the uses of popular works on medicine and disease; because in unprofessional hands they do a great deal more injury than good. But the tendency of Dr. Combe’s treatise is totally different from those we have in our eye; and were it to take the place of Buchan’s Domestic Medicine in every house in the land, we are fully persuaded the exchange would be of a vast and immediate benefit to the community. Medicinal art has a double scope: that of the preservation of the sound, and the restoration of the sick. To the healthy it offers a continuance of health, to the sick it holds out recovery; nor does it rejoice less in nature’s prosperity, than it is subsidiary in her adversity. Our author directs himself in a popular way to the former, and certainly the most effectual branch. Instead of attempting to instruct every plain unprofessional man how to *doctor* himself when under

disease, he shows in the most winning manner how every man may provide against disease, and the frequent use of any *doctor*. And not by any charm, nostrum, or quackery, but on the most rational and apparent grounds. Neither does our author, although related by the ties of blood to a celebrated Phrenologist of the same name, introduce any doctrine regarding the functions of any part of the body, inconsistent with what the most eminent Anatomists and Physiologists in past or present times have taught.

Dr. Combe well declares, that the all-wise Creator has established organic laws, the observance of which is as indispensable to long life and sound bodily health, as the observance of moral laws is to the rewards of virtue. As an old author quaintly observes, “this body being in a continual flux and reflux, conversant in vicissitudes, as heat and cold, dryness and humidity, filling and emptying, rest and motion, sleeping and waking, inspiration and expiration, and the like, could not subsist, if they were not regulated by order of succession, to convenient times, that they may not encroach upon each other’s privileges.” There is a rule, therefore, proportion, measure, and season to be observed, in all the requisites, supports and helps belonging to our preservation. The thwarting and crossing of Nature in any thing she hath enjoined, either in the substance or circumstance, is violence offered to her. She not only commands what is to be done, but when, how much, how long, after what manner, and in what order—the modifications, circumstances, and requisite qualifications, as well as the thing itself, are to be regarded.” And now all this parade and precision, displayed by the old Physician quoted, will be found amply observed and fulfilled in the treatise before us, to which we proceed with pleasure and hope.

This edition of Dr. Combe’s work on the Principles of Physiology, applied to the Preservation of Health, and the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education, contains ten chapters. The first is introductory, and is devoted to a definition of the term Physiology, to a description of its objects, uses, and capabilities, as well as several other general matters, all bearing on the succeeding parts. He goes to tell us, that, in selecting the subjects for the following chapters, he shall be guided partly by the intrinsic importance of the functions treated of, to the well-being of the animal economy, and partly by the comparative ignorance which prevails in regard to them. That hitherto the digestive functions have been the prominent topic of popular disquisitions, but that there are other organs of nearly equal interest, which have been much less attended to, than they deserve; such as the skin, the muscles, the bones, the lungs, and the nervous system. He accordingly devotes the second chapter to the structure and functions of the skin, and in such a manner as to be highly curious and instructive, as our readers shall immediately learn.

“The structure of the skin, like that of every other part of the animal frame, displays the most striking proofs of the transcendant wisdom and beneficence of its great Creator. Though simple in appearance and in design,

it is a compound of many elements, and the seat of as great a variety of functions. It is composed of three layers of membrane, viz. the thin *scarf-skin* or *cuticle*, the *mucous coat*, and the thick *true skin*, as it is called, which immediately encompasses the body. These distinctions should be kept in view, for, as it is a general law of the animal economy that every part has a use or function peculiar to itself, the various uses of the compound can be understood only by attending to those of the simple elements.

“The *epidermis*, *cuticle* or *scarf-skin*, is the outermost of the three layers, and is that which is raised in blisters. It is a thin continuous and insensible membrane, has no perceptible blood-vessels or nerves, and consequently neither bleeds nor feels pain when cut or abraded. Being homogeneous in structure, it is supposed by many to be merely an exudation of albuminous mucus; and although depressions are obvious on its surface, and exhalations and absorption are proved to be carried on through its substance, it is still in dispute whether it be actually porous or not. Probability is in favour of the affirmative, and the circumstance of the pores not being visible, is no proof of the contrary, for the cuticle is so elastic that it may be perforated by a needle, and yet the hole not be discernible even under the microscope. The question is, however, one of little moment, provided it be remembered that its texture, whether perforated or not, is such as to admit of exhalation and absorption taking place through its substance.

“The structure of the cuticle is in admirable harmony with its uses. Placed as an insensible intermedium between external objects and the delicate nervous expansion on the surface of the subjacent true skin, it serves as a physical defence against friction; and while by impeding evaporation, it preserves the true skin in that soft and moist state which is essential to its utility, it also by impeding absorption, enables man to expose himself without injury to the action of numerous agents, which, but for its protection, would immediately be absorbed, and cause the speedy destruction of health and life.” pp. 41—43.

Were this external coat wanting, workmen exposed to an atmosphere loaded with metallic or poisonous vapours, or obliged to handle poisonous substances, would be subjected to destructive evils. It is a striking manifestation of divine goodness and power, that even at birth there is a greater thickness of the cuticle in such parts as are to be exposed to pressure or friction, than in those that are not so exposed.

Beneath the scarf-skin is the *mucous coat* or *net work*, which is remarkable chiefly as the seat of the colouring matter of the skin, for instance, in the skins of many fishes and other animals, it has often a high and almost metallic splendour. But, in the *human* race it is seen with difficulty on dissection, except in negroes.

“The third or inmost layer, called the *true skin*, *dermis*, or *corion*, constitutes the chief thickness of the skin, and is by far the most important of the three, both in structure and functions. Unlike the cuticle and mucous coat, which are homogeneous in their whole extent, and apparently without organization, the true skin, or simply, as we shall call it for brevity's sake, *the skin*, is very delicately organized, and endowed with

the principle of life in a very high degree. Not only is it the beautiful and efficacious protector of the subjacent structures, but it is the seat of sensation and of touch, and the instrument of a very important exhalation, viz. perspiration, the right condition or disturbance of which is a most powerful agent in the preservation or subversion of the general health. The dermis is a dense, firm, and resistant tissue, possessed of great extensibility and elasticity, and of a colour more or less red in proportion to the quantity of blood it receives and contains. Its looser internal surface, which is united to the cellular membrane in which the fat is deposited, presents a great number of cells or cavities, which penetrate obliquely into the substance, and towards the external surface, of the skin, and also contain fatty matter. The areolæ or cells are larger on some parts of the body than on others: they are very small on the back of the hand and foot, the forehead, and other places where fat is never deposited and the skin is very thin; while they are large in the palm of the hand and sole of the foot, where the skin is consequently thicker and fat abounds. These cells are traversed by innumerable blood-vessels and filament of nerves, which pass through to be ramified on the outer surface of the skin, where they shew themselves in the form of numerous small papillæ or points, which are very visible on the surface of the tongue, and on the fingers and palm of the hand. These papillæ constitute the true organs of touch and sensation, and are therefore most thickly planted where these senses are most acute, the true skin is so abundantly supplied with blood and nervous power, that, for practical purposes, it may almost be regarded as composed of vessels and nerves alone; and it is important to notice this fact. The universal and equal redness of the skin in blushing, is itself a proof of great vascularity; but a still stronger consists in our being unable to direct the point of the finest needle into any spot without puncturing a vessel and drawing blood. The same test proves the equal abundance of nervous filaments in the skin, for not a point can be punctured without transfixing a nerve and causing pain; and it is well known that, in surgical operations and accidental wounds, the chief pain is always in the skin, because it is profusely supplied with nerves of sensation on purpose to serve as the instrument of feeling. From these examples, the skin may be truly considered as a network of blood-vessels and nerves of the finest conceivable texture; and, taking the vast extent of its whole surface (estimated to exceed in a man of average size 2,500 square inches) into account, we can easily understand how these minute ramifications may really constitute a larger mass of nervous matter than is contained in the original trunks of the nerves from which they are incorrectly said to arise, and also how so large a proportion of the whole blood may be circulating through the skin at one time.

“To understand the important purposes of the true skin, we must distinguish between its constituent parts, and consider it, in virtue of each of them,—1st, As an exhalant of waste matter from the system; 2dly, As a joint regulator of the heat of the body; 3dly, As an agent of absorption; and 4thly, As the seat of sensation and touch.”—pp.46—48.

The whole animal system is in a state of constant decay and renovation, and the skin forms one of the principal outlets, not merely by *sensible* perspiration, but by that which is *insensible*, and to an extent which few are aware of. This insensible escape of useless

particles, no longer serviceable to the system is constant, and of great importance to the preservation of health.

“Many attempts have been made to estimate accurately the amount of exhalation carried off through the skin; but so many difficulties stand in the way of obtaining precise results, and the difference in different constitutions and even in the same person at different times is so great, that we must be satisfied with an approximation to the truth. Sanctorius, who carefully weighed himself, his food, and his excretions, in a balance, every day for thirty years, came to the conclusion that *five* out of every eight pounds of substances taken into the system passed out of it again by the skin, leaving only three to pass off by the bowels, the lungs, and the kidneys. The celebrated Lavoisier and M. Seguin afterwards entered on the same field of inquiry, and with greater success, as they were the first to distinguish between the cutaneous and pulmonary exhalations. M. Seguin shut himself up in a bag of glazed taffetas, which was tied over his head and provided with a hole, the edges of which were glued to his lips with a mixture of turpentine and pitch, so that the pulmonary exhalation might be thrown outwards, and the cutaneous alone be retained in the bag. He first weighed himself and the bag in a very nice balance, at the beginning of the experiment; then at the end of it, when he had become lighter in proportion to the quantity of exhalation thrown out by the breathing; and, lastly, he weighed himself out of the bag, to ascertain how much weight he had lost in all; and by subtracting the loss occasioned by the lungs, the remainder of course exhibited the amount carried off by the skin. He attended minutely also to the collateral circumstances of diet, temperature, &c.; and allowance being made for these, the results at which he arrived were the following:—

“The *largest* quantity of insensible perspiration from the lungs and skin together, amounted to thirty-two grains per minute; three ounces and a quarter per hour; or, five pounds per day. Of this the cutaneous constituted two-thirds, or sixty ounces in twenty-four hours. The *smallest* quantity observed, amounted to eleven grains per minute, or one pound eleven and a half ounces in twenty-four hours, of which the skin furnished about twenty ounces. The *medium* or average amount was eighteen grains a minute, of which eleven were from the skin, making in twenty-four hours about *thirty-three ounces*. When the extent of surface which the skin presents is considered, these results do not seem extravagant. But even admitting that there may be some unperceived source of fallacy in the experiments, and that the quantity is not so great as is here stated, still, after making every allowance, enough remains to demonstrate that exhalation is a very important function of the skin. And although the precise amount of perspiration may be disputed, still the greater number of observers agree that the cutaneous exhalation is more abundant than the united excretions of both bowels and kidneys; and that according as the weather becomes warmer or colder, the skin and kidneys alternate in the proportions of work which they severally perform; most passing off by the skin in warm weather, and by the kidneys in cold, and *vice versa*. The quantity exhaled increases after meals, during sleep, in dry warm weather, and by friction, or whatever stimulates the skin; and diminishes when digestion is impaired, and in a moist atmosphere.”—pp. 49—51.

Insensible perspiration is only included in this ;—and, therefore, when we consider that a robust man, according to our author, may lose by that which is *sensible*, two or three pounds' weight in the course of one hour's severe exertion, we perceive what an important organ the skin is, and how much the health may be affected through it, by heat or cold, dryness or humidity.

“When the lungs are the weak parts, and their lining membrane is habitually relaxed, accompanied by an unusual amount of mucous secretion from its surface, cold applied to the skin throws the mass of the blood previously circulating there inwards upon the lungs, and increases that secretion to a high degree. Were this secretion to accumulate, it would soon fill up the air-cells of the lungs, and cause suffocation; but to obviate this danger, the Creator has so constituted the lungs, that any foreign body coming in contact with them excites the convulsive effort called coughing, by which a violent and rapid expiration takes place, with a force sufficient to hurry the foreign body along with it; just as peas are discharged by boys with much force through short tubes by a sudden effort of blowing. Thus, a check given to perspiration, by diminishing the quantity of blood previously circulating on the surface, naturally leads very often to increased expectoration and cough, or, in other words, to common cold.”—pp, 55, 56.

The connexion between the suppression of perspiration, and the appearance of internal disease, we are told by the author is not the effect of the suppressed exhalation being transferred to the internal organ, but in many cases to an impression on the nervous system.

“It is in consequence of the sympathy and reciprocity of action existing between the skin and the internal organs, that burns and even scalds of no very great extent prove fatal, by inducing internal, generally intestinal, inflammation. By disordering or disorganizing a large nervous and exhaling surface, an extensive burn causes not only a violent nervous commotion, but a continued partial suspension of an important excretion; and, when death ensues at some distance of time, it is almost always in consequence of inflammation being excited in the bowels or sympathizing organ. So intimate, indeed, is this connexion, that some surgeons of great experience, such as Baron Dupuytren of the Hôtel Dieu, while they point to internal inflammation as in such cases the general cause of death, doubt whether recovery ever takes place, when more than one-eighth of the surface of the body is severely burnt; and whether this estimate be correct or not, the facts from which it is drawn clearly demonstrate the importance of the relation subsisting betwixt the skin and the other excreting organs.”—p. 58.

The skin also regulates bodily heat, in the polar regions and in the torrid zone, keeping the human frame at nearly the same temperature. Without this power of adaptation, man must have been chained for life to the climate which gave him birth; and though the sources of animal heat have not been demonstrably ascertained, it is constantly generated and constantly expended.

“During repose, or passive exercise, the surplus heat is readily carried off by the insensible perspiration from the lungs and skin, and by the contact of the colder air; but when the amount of heat generated is in-

creased, as during active exercise, an increased expenditure becomes immediately necessary: this is effected by the skin and lungs being excited to higher action; by the latter sending out the respired air loaded with vapour, and the former exhaling its fluid so rapidly as to form sweat. Accordingly, we find that in cold countries, and in frosty weather, the exhalation from the skin is reduced to a very moderate amount, the superabundant heat being rapidly carried off by contact with a cooler air; and that, in warm climates, where the heat is not carried off in this way, the surface is constantly bedewed with perspiration, and a corresponding appetite exists for liquids by which the perspiration may be kept up to a sufficient degree. Every one must have experienced the grateful effects of this provision, in passing from the dry, restless, and burning heat, like that of fever, to the soft and pleasant coolness which follows the breaking out of the sweat.

“In very warm weather, the dog is always seen with its tongue lolling out of its mouth, and copiously covered with frothy secretion. This is merely another modification of the means used for reducing animal heat. The dog perspires very little from its skin, and the copious exhalation from the mouth is the substitute resorted to by Nature for supplying its place.”—pp. 60—62.

It is thus easily understood, why in summer we suffer most from heat in moist close weather, when no air is stirring; and why warm moist climates are most unwholesome. The evaporation from the skin is diminished; the atmosphere partially shuts up the natural outlet of the superfluous heat, at the same time that it checks the exit of the waste matter of the system. Moist air is also favourable to *absorption*, and noxious effluvia are more easily in such a climate received into the system. Night air is on this principle unwholesome. *Absorption* is, therefore, in some measure, the opposite of the last-mentioned process. As one instance of the manner in which it operates, take the following useful illustration:—

“When the perspiration is brought to the surface of the skin and confined there either by injudicious clothing or by want of cleanliness, there is much reason to suppose that its residual parts are again absorbed, and act on the system as a poison of greater or less power, according to its quantity and degree of concentration, thereby producing fever, inflammation, and even death itself; for it is established by observation, that concentrated animal effluvia form a very energetic poison. The fatal consequences which have repeatedly followed the use of a close water-proof dress by sportsmen and others, and the heat and uneasy restlessness which speedily ensue where proper ventilation is thus prevented, seem explicable on some such principle.”—pp. 67, 68.

Another wonderful function of the skin is, that it serves as the instrument of touch and sensation, “by affording a suitable surface for the distribution and protection of the nerves which receive and transmit to the brain and mind the impressions of external bodies. The filaments from the nerves pervade the whole body, without which the texture and vitality of the skin might be destroyed and yet one be unconscious of the fact: though the hands and tongue in man are the chief parts for the exercise of touch. From this

office, the skin has a much more extensive connection with the highest functions of the body and even of the mind, than at first appears to the ignorant.

"It is the nervous tissue of the skin which takes cognizance of the temperature of the bodies by which we are surrounded, and imparts to the mind the sensation of warmth or coldness. In the healthy state, the sensation is a correct index of the real temperature; but, in disease, we often complain of cold and shivering when the skin is positively warmer than natural. In this way, those whose digestion is weak, and whose circulation is feeble, complain habitually of cold, and of cold feet, where others, differently constituted, experience no such sensations. Exercise dissipates this feeling and increases heat, by exciting the circulation of the blood, throwing more of it to the surface, and thereby increasing the action of the cutaneous vessels and nerves.

"Some mental emotions operate upon the skin, and impair its functions much in the same way as cold. Grief, fear, and the depressing passions, by diminishing the afflux of arterial blood, render the skin pale, and at the same time diminish perspiration and nervous action; while rage and other violent passions, by augmenting the afflux of blood, elevate the temperature of the skin, and give rise to the red flush, fulness, and tension so characteristic of excitement. Sometimes, indeed, the effect of mental emotions on the skin is so great as to induce disease. In speaking of impetigo, Dr. Bateman alludes to two gentlemen in whom the eruption arose from 'great alarm and agitation of mind;' and adds, that he 'witnessed some time ago the extraordinary influence of mental alarm on the cutaneous circulation in a poor woman who became a patient of the Public Dispensary. A sudden universal anasarca (dropsy under the skin) followed *in one night*, the shock occasioned by the loss of a small sum of money, which was all she possessed.' Facts like these establish a connection between the brain and the nervous system and the skin, which it is important not to overlook.

"Such are the direct and important uses of the skin. But in addition to the parts already noticed, there are numerous small follicles contained in its substance, more abundant where hairs are implanted, and in the vicinity of the orifices of natural canals, than in other regions, but existing in all parts except the palms of the hands and soles of the feet. They are about the size of a millet seed, and the skin which contains them is thin, reflected on itself, and very vascular. Their cavities are filled with an oily humour and each opens by an orifice at the external surface of the skin. It is this oily matter which prevents water from penetrating easily and relaxing the cuticle, and the absence of which, when it had been removed by the soda used in washing, allows the skin of the hands and fingers to assume that wrinkled and shrivelled appearance which is common among washerwomen."—pp. 74—77.

The third chapter is on the preservation of the health of the skin; in which he proceeds to point out some of the advantages to be derived from the foregoing knowledge.

"It appears from the London Bills of Mortality, that between a fourth and a fifth of all the infants baptized die within the first two years of their existence. This extraordinary result is not a part of the Creator's designs; it does not occur in the lower animals, and must therefore have

causes capable of removal. One of these, to speak only of what is related to the present inquiry, is unquestionably the inadequate protection afforded, especially among the poorer classes, to the new-born infant, against the effects of the great and sudden transition which it makes in passing at once from a high and almost unvarying temperature in the mother's womb, to one greatly inferior and constantly liable to change. At birth, the skin is delicate, extremely vascular, and highly susceptible of impressions, so much so, that cases have occurred in which a leech bite has caused a fatal hemorrhage. The circulation is, in fact, cutaneous; for the lungs, the stomach, the liver, and the kidneys, are as yet new to life, and feeble in their functions. If the infant, then, be rashly exposed to a cold atmosphere, the mass of blood previously circulating on the surface of the body is immediately driven inwards by the contraction of the cutaneous vessels, and, by over stimulating the internal organs, gives rise to bowel complaints, inflammations, croup, or convulsions, which sooner or later extinguish life. This shews the inexpressible folly of those who bathe infants daily in cold water even in winter, and freely expose them to the open air, or to currents from open doors or windows, with a view to harden their constitutions; when it is quite certain that no more effectual means could be resorted to in the earlier months of life, to undermine the general health and entail future disease on the unhappy subjects of the experiment."—pp. 78, 79.

The author states that this practice has perhaps arisen from the prevalent error of supposing infants to be naturally possessed of a great power of generating heat, and resisting cold. The very contrary has been established by experiment to be the fact. The opposite error is next exposed, that of overloading children with warm clothing, and confining them to hot and close rooms. Many excellent and pertinent things are said by our author on the subject of judicious clothing, and all in concordance with his foregoing doctrine on the skin.

"Female dress errs in one important particular, even when well suited in material and quantity. From the tightness with which it is made to fit on the upper part of the body, not only is the insensible perspiration injudiciously and hurtfully confined, but that free play between the dress and the skin, which is so beneficial in gently stimulating the latter by friction on every movement of the body, is altogether prevented, and the action of the cutaneous nerves and vessels, and consequently the heat generated, rendered lower in degree, than would result from the same dress worn more loosely. Every part and every function are thus linked so closely with the rest, that we can neither act wrong as regards one organ without all suffering, nor act right without all sharing in the benefit."—pp. 84, 85.

The value of flannel next the skin, the salutary effects of frequent washing, of clean dress, of dry feet, especially when the person is not taking exercise to counterbalance the unequal flow of blood that is then sent to the internal parts, are all plainly and strikingly illustrated. And even the great influence of the solar light as a stimulus to the skin, is clearly exhibited by the author, a matter which has not hitherto been much attended to. We have

not room to give his various sensible and practical rules on the subject of bathing. Let every invalid purchase the work for his immediate use on this particular point, and we are sure, if washing, bathing, and rubbing, be suitable for him, he will be soon doubly repaid by the simple directions therein contained. But let it once for all be understood, that the work is fitted to teach all, how health may be essentially protected, as well as renovated; and to every bather it is therefore a highly necessary pocket companion.

The fourth and fifth chapters are taken up with a consideration of the muscular system, and the effects and rules for muscular exercise. These chapters are particularly fitted to excite the attention of all, but as the author says, especially of those who are interested in the well-being and education of the young. In the sixth chapter the bones, their structure, uses, and health are described; in the seventh, respiration and its uses. But although every part and chapter presents materials as instructive and practical as any hitherto quoted; our limits must be observed, and therefore we hasten on to the nervous system and mental faculties which occupy the latter chapters.

The brain is the chief organ in the nervous system, and that to which the author confines most of his remarks. He treats it as "the seat of thought, feeling, and consciousness, and the centre towards which all impressions made on the nerves distributed through the body are conveyed, and from which the commands of the will are transmitted to put the various parts in motion." Mind and brain however are not considered by him as being one and the same thing; he merely intends that the brain is as necessarily engaged in every intellectual and moral operation as the eye is in every act of vision. The activity of mind and activity of brain, he justly holds to be inseparable, and on these data he builds much of what follows in this treatise; the laws by which their healthy action is regulated, being of primary importance to his views. There are certain conditions which he states to be essential to this health. *A sound original constitution* is the first thing mentioned as requisite to the brain. The second condition required is a due supply of good blood; that is, blood properly oxygenated. The third and chief object of the author's consideration is the *regular exercise* of the brain and nervous system. And here he lays it down, that the brain is subject in its exercise to precisely the same laws as the other organs of the body.

Of the consequences of inadequate exercise, Dr. Combe presents the following illustration, of the spirit with which it is detailed it is unnecessary to speak; but in our admiration of the sentiments here and in many other parts exhibited, the fact forcibly strikes us, that medical men have not only been great contributors to intellectual philosophy, but remarkable characters for humanity and the tenderest sensibilities.

“ We have seen that, by disuse, muscle becomes emaciated, bone softens, blood-vessels are obliterated, and nerves loose their characteristic structure. The brain is no exception to this general rule. Of it also the tone is impaired by permanent inactivity, and it becomes less fit to manifest the mental powers with readiness and energy. Nor will this surprise any reflecting person, who considers that the brain, as a part of the same animal system, is nourished by the same blood, and regulated by the same vital laws, as the muscles, bones, and nerves.

“ It is the weakening and depressing effect upon the brain of the withdrawal of the stimulus necessary for its healthy exercise, which renders solitary confinement so severe a punishment even to the most daring minds. It is a lower degree of the same cause which renders continuous seclusion from society so injurious to both mental and bodily health, and which often renders the situation of governesses one of misery and bad health, even where every kindness is meant to be shewn towards them. In many families, especially in the higher ranks, the governess lives so secluded that she is as much out of society as if she were placed in solitary confinement. She is too much above the domestics to make companions of them, and too much below her employers to be treated by them either with confidence or as an equal. With feelings as acute, interests as dear, to her, and a judgment as sound as those of any of the persons who scarcely notice her existence, she is denied every opportunity of gratifying the first or expressing the last, merely because she ‘is only the governess;’ as if governesses were not made of the same flesh and blood, and sent into the world by the same Creator, as their more fortunate employers. It is, I believe, beyond question, that much unhappiness, and not unfrequently madness itself, are unintentionally caused by this cold and inconsiderate treatment. For the same reason, those who are cut off from social converse, by any bodily infirmity, often become discontented and morose in spite of every resolution to the contrary. The feelings and faculties of the mind, which had formerly full play in their intercourse with their fellow creatures, have no longer scope for sufficient exercise, and the almost inevitable result is irritability and weakness in the corresponding parts of the brain.”—pp. 268, 269.

Of the evils arising from excessive or ill-timed exercise of the brain, take a few of the instances adduced.

“ Sir Astley Cooper had a young gentleman brought to him who had lost a portion of his skull just above the eyebrow. ‘On examining the head,’ says Sir Astley, ‘I distinctly saw the pulsation of the brain was regular and slow; but at this time he was agitated by some opposition to his wishes, and directly *the blood was sent with increased force to the brain, the pulsation became frequent and violent; if, therefore,*’ continues Sir Astley, ‘*you omit to keep the mind free from agitation, your other means will be unavailing*’ in the treatment of injuries of the brain. We are conscious, indeed, of a flow of blood to the head when we think intently, or are roused by passion; and the distension of the small vessels of the brain is not the less real or influential on account of its being hidden from our view. Too often it reveals itself by its effects when least expected, and leaves traces after death which are but too legible. How many public men, like Whitbread, Romilly, Castlereagh, and Canning, urged on by ambition or natural eagerness of mind, have been suddenly

arrested in their career, by the inordinate action of the brain induced by incessant toil! And how many more have had their mental power for ever impaired by similar excess! When tasked beyond its strength, the eye becomes insensible to light, and no longer conveys any impressions to the mind. In like manner, the brain, when much exhausted, becomes incapable of thought, and consciousness is almost lost in a feeling of utter confusion.

"In youth, too, much mischief is done by the long school hours, and continued application of mind, which the present system of education requires. The law of exercise, that long sustained action exhausts the vital powers of an organ, applies equally to the brain as to the muscles; and hence the necessity of varying the occupations of the young, and allowing frequent intervals of active exercise in the open air, instead of enforcing the continued confinement now so common. This exclusive attention to mental culture fails, as might be expected, even in its essential object; for experience shows that, with a rational distribution of employment and exercise, a child will make greater progress than in double the time employed in continuous mental exertion. If the human being were made up of nothing but a brain and nervous system, it would be very well to content ourselves with sedentary pursuits, and to confine education entirely to the mind. But when observation tells us that we have numerous other important organs of motion, sanguification, digestion, circulation, and nutrition, all demanding exercise and the open air as essential both to their own health and to that of the nervous system, it is worse than folly to shut our eyes to the fact, and to act as if we could, by denying it, alter the constitution of nature, and thereby escape the consequences of our misconduct."—pp. 278—281.

After detailing some interesting facts connected with an illness which seized Sir Humphry Davy in 1807, the author goes on to say:—

"As age advances, moderation in mental exertion becomes still more necessary than in early or mature years. Scipion Pinel, in adverting to the evil consequences of excessive moral or intellectual excitement, acutely remarks, that while in youth and manhood the wear of the brain thus induced may be repaired, no such salutary result follows over-exertion in the decline of life: '*what is lost then is lost for ever*. At that period, we must learn to wait for what the brain is willing to give, and allow it to work at its own time: *to attempt to force it is to weaken it to no purpose*; it becomes excited and quickly exhausted when forced to vigorous thinking.'—'Men of exalted intellect perish by their brains, and such is the noble end of those whose genius procures for them that immortality which so many ardently desire.'

"Who can peruse these lines without the fate of Scott instantly occurring to his mind as a practical illustration of their truth? In the vigour of manhood, few ever wrote so much, or with greater ease. But when on the verge of old age, adversity forced him to unparalleled exertion, the organic waste could no longer be repaired, and perseverance only '*weakened the brain to no purpose*,' till morbid irritability became the substitute of healthy power, and he perished by that brain which had served him so faithfully and so efficiently, but which could no longer withstand the gigantic efforts which he continued to demand from it."—p. 287.

The author is singularly happy and cogent in all he urges in this chapter. He writes with great earnestness throughout, but towards the latter part of the volume he rises with his subject, and treats it as if it had engaged a long and careful investigation as well as heartfelt sympathy. Were there nothing but the fineness of his feeling remarkable in the work, and the taste with which he clothes his sentiments, we should predict its great and lasting popularity. But these things are wedded to sterling good sense and philosophical precision. Our readers cannot but relish his facts and his reasonings; therefore we must still farther indulge them:—

“ So little, however, is this close connection of the mind and brain generally understood, even among educated people, that instances are constantly occurring of the health of the nervous system being ruined by excessive application of mind, without the sufferer having any suspicion of the true cause of his ailments. This fact is well exemplified in the pages of a very sound and able American writer, who says, ‘I once knew a young Christian, who resolved that he would pass the whole day in prayer. But very soon he became exhausted and weary. He, however, persevered through the whole day, with the exception of a few necessary interruptions, and when night came *he felt a deadness and exhaustion of feeling which he unhappily mistook for spiritual desertion.*’ I need scarcely add, that no one at all acquainted with the laws which God has appointed to preside over the functions of the human body, could ever have expected His blessing to attend so flagrant a violation of His designs, or have felt surprise at the apparent spiritual desertion increasing in exact proportion to the excess of the bodily fatigue. Cases like that of the young Christian shew, in a strong light, the evils arising from confining ourselves too exclusively to the *word*, and neglecting the study of the *works*, of God, as if the latter were quite of a secondary character, and did not proceed from the same infallible source; whereas it is only by duly investigating the laws of God, as operating in the varied works of creation, that we become enabled rightly to interpret and to apply to our conduct what is revealed in His word.

“ The time best adapted for mental exertion falls next to be considered. Nature has allotted the darkness of night for repose, and the restoration, by sleep, of the exhausted energies of mind and body. If study or composition be ardently engaged in towards that period of the day, the increased action of the brain, which always accompanies activity of mind, requires a long time to subside; and, if the individual be at all of an irritable habit of body, he will be sleepless for hours after going to bed, or perhaps be tormented by unpleasant dreams. If, notwithstanding, the practice be continued, the want of refreshing repose will ultimately induce a state of morbid irritability of the nervous system, not far distant from insanity. It is therefore of great advantage to engage in severer studies early in the day, and devote the two or three hours which precede bedtime, to lighter reading, music, or amusing conversation. The vascular excitement previously induced in the head by study has then time to subside, and sound refreshing sleep is much more certainly obtained. This rule is of great consequence to those who are obliged to undergo much mental labour, and it will be found that many of our most prolific writers, of those especially who write much and yet preserve their health, are

among those who have either from knowledge or inclination devoted their mornings to study and their evenings to relaxation. Such was Sir Walter Scott's distribution of his time, and such is that of one of our ablest living writers."—pp. 290—294.

On the organic law which associates aptitude, animation, and vigour with regular exercise, and of the value of judicious repetition in mental and moral education, we have excellent things said. The following are striking illustrations :—

"We often blame servants for not doing a thing every day, because they were *once* told to do so. The organic laws, however, teach us that we are presumptuous in expecting the formation of a habit from a single act, and that we must reproduce the associated activity of the requisite faculties many times before the result will certainly follow, just as we must repeat the movement in dancing or skating many times before we become master of it. Accordingly, we find on turning to a new subject, that however well we may understand it by one perusal, we do not fully master it, except by dwelling upon it again and again.

"The necessity of being in private what we wish to appear in public, springs from the same rule. If we wish to be polite, just, kind, and sociable, we must habitually act under the influence of the corresponding sentiments in the domestic circle and in every-day life, as well as in the company of strangers and on great occasions. It is the daily practice which gives ready activity to the sentiments, and marks the character. If we indulge in vulgarities of speech and behaviour at home, and put on politeness merely for the reception of strangers, the former will shine through the mask which is intended to hide them; because the habitual association to which the organs and faculties have been accustomed, cannot be thus controlled. As well may we hope to excel in elegant and graceful dancing by the daily practice of every awkward attitude. In the one case, as in the other, the organs must not only be associated in action by the command of the will, but they must be habituated to the association by the frequency of the practice; a fact which exposes the ignorant folly of those parents who habitually act with rudeness and caprice towards their children, and then chide the latter for unpolite behaviour towards strangers."—pp. 296—298.

Dr. Combe complains, and not without cause, that the *direct* exercise and training of the moral and religious sentiments and affections upon their own objects, are little thought of as essential to their full and vigorous developement. Parents and teachers, he says, too often forget that the sentiments *feel* and *do not reason*.

"What kind of moral education is that, for instance, which, while the instructress vilifies the physical appetites of hunger and thirst, and preaches disregard of their cravings and of the gratifications of taste, leads her to set down a meal to her boarders, from partaking in which she betrays the strongest desire to escape, on account of its inferiority to that which is provided for herself and the few at the head of the establishment? What advances in morality and religion can be expected under the charge of one, who says, '*Do unto others as you would be done by,*' and then leaves his dependents to suffer pain, chilblains, and disease, from want of a fire to warm the room in which they sit, he himself com-

ing into it with features flushed by the heat of the blazing fire, which, for weeks, has been provided for his comfort in his own apartment? What generosity of feeling can arise from the superintendence of a teacher, who, though liberally paid for the food of her pupils, and, with moral precepts on her lips, satisfies the cravings of Nature in the long intervals between meals, only at the expense of the peace constituting the pocket-money of the scholar?—the food in this case being denied, not because it is considered improper,—for were that the case, it would be a dereliction of duty to give it on any terms,—but from sheer meanness and cupidity. What kind of moral duties does the parent encourage, who, recommending kindness, openness, and justice, *tricks* the child into the confession of faults, and then basely punishes it, having previously promised forgiveness? And how is openness best encouraged,—by practising it in conduct, or by neglecting it in practice, but praising it in words? Is it to be cultivated by thrusting suspicions in the face of honest intentions? And how is justice to be cultivated by a guardian who *speaks* about it, recommends it, and *in practice* charges each of four pupils the whole fare of a hackney coach? Or what kind of moral education is that which says, ‘*Do as I bid you, and I will give you sweetmeats or money, or I will tell your mamma how good you were;*’ holding out the lowest and most selfish propensities as the motives to moral conduct! Did space permit, I might indeed pursue the whole round of moral and religious duties, and ask similar questions at each. But it is needless. These examples will suffice; and I give them not as applicable generally either to parents or teachers, but simply as individual instances from among both, which have come within the sphere of my own knowledge, and which bear directly upon the principle under discussion.”—pp. 304—6.

In his ninth chapter, the author in treating of the causes of bad health, maintains that it is not always the result of moral or immoral conduct, nor of accident, but often of the infringement of the laws of organization.

“Considering that the human frame is constructed to endure, in many cases, for sixty, seventy, or eighty years, it must seem extraordinary to a reflecting mind, that, in some situations, one-half of all who are born should die before attaining maturity; and that, of 1000 infants born and reared in London, 650 die before the age of ten years. It is impossible to suppose that such a rate of mortality was designed by the Creator as the unavoidable fate of man; for, by the gradual improvement of society and a closer observance of the organic laws, the proportion of deaths in early life has already been greatly reduced. A hundred years ago, when the pauper infants of London were received and brought up in the work-houses, amidst impure air, crowding, and want of proper food, not above one in twenty-four lived to be a year old; so that out of 2800 received into them, 2690 died yearly. But when the conditions of health came to be a little better understood, and an act of Parliament was obtained obliging the parish officers to send the infants to nurse in the country, this frightful mortality was reduced to 450, instead of upwards of 2600! Can evidence stronger than this be required to prove that bad health frequently arises from causes which man may often be able to discover and remove, and which, therefore, it is his bounden duty to investigate and avoid by every means which Providence has placed within his reach?”—pp. 330, 331.

Amongst various examples in proof of his doctrine, that the progress of knowledge has done much to deliver us from many scourges considered by our forefathers as the unavoidable dispensations of an inscrutable providence, he mentions that—

“So lately as the middle of last century, ague was so prevalent in many parts of Britain where it is now never seen, that our ancestors looked upon an attack of it as a kind of necessary evil, from which they could never hope to be delivered. In this instance, also, farther experience has shewn that Providence was not in fault. By draining the land, removing dunghills, building better houses in better situations, and obtaining better food and warmer clothing, it appears that generations now succeed each other, living on the very same soil, without a single case of ague ever occurring, where, a century ago, every man, woman, and child were almost sure to suffer from it at one time or other of their lives; thus again shewing how much man may do for the preservation of his health and the improvement of his condition, when his conduct is directed by knowledge and sound principles.”—p. 333.

The last chapter of the book is on the application of the principles of physiology to the amelioration of the condition of the insane, and can only be done justice to; by a careful perusal. We will not mar the effect of that which is to be extracted by any remarks of our own.

“If the state and management of public and private asylums for the reception of this class of patients be examined with reference to the conditions of health already explained in treating of the respiratory, muscular and nervous systems, it cannot fail to strike the reflecting observer, that while in many institutions the most laudable zeal has been shewn for the physical health and comfort of the patients, comparatively little has been accomplished, or even attempted, with the direct purpose of correcting the morbid action of the brain, and restoring the mental functions. We have now, in most asylums, clean and well ventilated apartments, baths of various descriptions, abundant supplies of nourishing food, and a better system of classification; the furious and the depressed being no longer subjected to each other's influence and society: and the result has been, that in so far as these important conditions are favourable to the general health, and to that of the nervous system in particular, recovery has been promoted, and personal comfort secured. But in so far as regards the systematic employment of what is called active moral treatment, and its adaptation to particular cases, a great deal more remains to be done than has hitherto been considered necessary. This will be apparent on reflecting how extremely influential the regular employment of the various feelings, affections, and intellectual powers is on the health of the brain, and how few asylums possess any adequate provision for effecting this most desirable object. If want of occupation, and the absence of objects of interest, be, as we have seen, sufficient to destroy the health of a sound organ, the same causes must be not less influential in retarding the recovery of one already diseased. Hence it becomes an object of extreme importance in establishments for the insane, to provide the necessary means for encouraging the healthy and regular exercise of the various bodily and mental powers; and for drawing out as it were, and directing the various affections, feelings, and intellectual faculties to their proper

objects, this being a condition essential, in a higher degree, than any other to the success of our curative measures.

“As matters now stand, the higher classes of lunatics are in one sense the most unfortunate of all. Accustomed at home to the refinement of educated and intelligent society, to the enjoyments arising from change of scene, to horse and carriage exercise, and to the command of numerous sources of interest, they find themselves transported to an asylum where they may no doubt be treated with kindness, but where they are necessarily cut off from many of the comforts to which they have been accustomed, and must encounter prejudices, feelings, and modes of thinking and acting, to which they are strangers, and with which they can have no sympathy. Being there restricted almost exclusively to the society of keepers, who, from their rank, education, and manners, cannot be considered qualified to gain their confidence or elicit friendly interchange of sentiment, the patients are, in a great measure, deprived of that beneficial intercourse with sound minds which is indispensable to health and of the numerous opportunities which such intercourse presents for gradually stirring up new interests, and leading to new trains of thought. The medical attendant, indeed, is often the only being to whom patients of this class can freely unburden their minds, and from whom they can seek comfort; but unfortunately in most establishments his visits are so few and short, that they can scarcely be reckoned as part of an efficient moral regimen.”—pp. 374—5.

Who does not see from these quotations the value of Dr. Combe's views and suggestions, and that the higher classes are in a remarkable degree interested in the latter branch of his work? The regimen and ameliorations he points out as respects the insane speak home to the conviction of the mind, as soon as they are known. We hope he will continue his exertions in the work of enlightened love, which he has so well commenced; nor can it be that his labour shall be in vain. Philanthropists are not rare in this country; it is only the clear headed, the sound thinking, that are scarce. Upon the whole, it must be said, that the wonderful and fearful construction of man's constitution is with vast effect taught by the unassuming volume that we now bid God speed to.

ART. V.—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia—Europe during the Middle Ages, Vol. IV.* Longman and Co. 1834.

THE race of popular and cheap publications, such as Libraries, Cyclopædias, and the like, which of late years have been so numerous and excellent, forming a prominent feature in our times in the history of literature, probably have not presented any one family more worthy of favour than that fostered by Dr. Lardner. But the same symmetry of form and worth of character do not belong to every member of a family; and seldom is it found, when the children are many, that there is not at least one so unlike the parents and the sisters and the brothers, as to lead to doubts of legitimacy, or to marvel by what freak of nature such distortion and dissimilarity arose. In Dr. Lardner's household, the specimen now before

us has suggested these observations, and shews us, that he will have, among his fair and valuable offspring, one ill-favoured, frail, and faulty individual to weep over so long as he lives.

We have observed the feebleness, the inaccuracies of matter and style, and the bad arrangements, that the three previous volumes of this history exhibited, and fondly, but vainly, expected that some redeeming change might, ere it was closed, appear, to turn aside or soften this censure, so richly deserved. But the thing has grown worse and worse, and no virtuous indulgence can longer permit it to escape exposure. One thing we are quite sure of, that the learned conductor of the Cabinet Cyclopædia never perused the present volume before it went to the press, and never after it was printed, before being published. Let Dr. Lardner not be so negligent in future, if not for the sake of the public, at least for his own. He cannot yet afford to do nothing, or worse than nothing. That this which we have now before us is not a whit better than what we have called it, must be felt by every one who examines it.

The history of Europe during the Middle Ages one is apt to consider as a fine field for an energetic and tasteful compiler, where the materials, not merely afforded by those times themselves, but the labours of historians, are now-a-days so rich, that boys generally hurry to it, in their lighter readings, as to a land of romance. And is it not such a land? Think of one of its boundaries—we mean the subversion of the Western Roman Empire! Again, in its course it presents the progress of ecclesiastical power, wealth, and ambition, as exhibited in the primacy of the see of Rome; and the ingenuities and beauties of the Canon Law. A still more attractive and stirring order of events belong to the feudal character of those ages; such as the establishment of tenures, the ceremonies of homage and investiture, the military services, and the gallantries, that to this hour colour and control many of our habits and institutions. The Crusades, the tilts, and tournaments, of feudal times, are the theme of every young and chivalrous spirit. Nor is the other limit less worthy of extraordinary notice, when the principal states of Europe, upon the invasion of Naples by Charles VIII., engaged in relations of alliance or hostility, that may be deduced to the present day, and form a point at which every man who traces backward its political history will be obliged to pause. But even the darkness of the middle ages is pregnant with lessons of great moment. If during a golden era we behold how high man may rise as an intellectual being, living, as it were, in the past and in the future; at other times and eras, we cannot but exclaim how irrational, prostrated, and obscured are all his doings and powers! Nor can the contemplation of him in all his honours be approached by any other view so awakening as that of his degradation. In this sense the middle ages are of immense concern, presenting volumes of arresting facts, and suggesting doctrines of surpassing value.

But to come to the Cabinet Cyclopædia; we had set ourselves to examine the table at the beginning of the volume before us, called *analytical* and *chronological*, that, through its aid, we might be enabled speedily to close an attempt of our own at a graphic history of the middle ages, as they were filled up by European events. But finding this table a mass of confusion, and the matters noted to be singularly uninteresting for a volume purporting to be exclusively devoted to England in the dawn of her greatness (which, although for a long time dreary, was continually by degrees opening and approaching the glory of her mid-day light), we travelled into the volume itself. If, however, the contents, as indicated by this analytical table, were poor and sadly jumbled, a direct perusal of them convinced us that they had therein been treated with ample justice. So that, with a strong persuasion that our preface and sketch deserved a better union, and even in despair of making any thing of the materials of this volume by itself, in the way of compiling a congruous or interesting article for our readers, nothing was left for us but to level against it our indiscriminate blame; or, at least, if there be a single feature in the volume deserving of praise, it is not attributable to the author, but in spite of him.

It is not possible that a volume made up of extracts and quotations from Hume, Hallam, Lingard, Turner, Conybeare, &c., can be destitute of good things. But, in so far as the compiler is concerned, we have found nothing tolerable; for every one must perceive how bad judgment may injure excellence by certain juxtapositions and dove-tailings, marring, disjointing, and obscuring, by turns, whatever is handled or approached. When the author does speak for himself it is in a turgid, or abrupt, or ungrammatical style, that spoils to the reader that which is meant to be said. We have no occasion to travel through the volume, anxiously in search of faults, but may take it *ad aperturam*. We begin at the beginning, however, as the most natural and obvious point, to note a few, and it is only a few, that we purpose to notice, of clumsy, blundering, and tasteless passages. The volume opens with a chapter on the intellectual history of the Anglo-Saxons, which is divided into three forms—the arts of life, literature, and science. The author is marvellously succinct with his philosophy on the arts of life, and we put in italics some of his *happy* terms. “The first inventions of man *will* regard his actual wants; nor, until these are satisfied, will he have leisure or inclination for comforts, still less for elegancies. Of these, the *first* concern his food, and the skill necessary to procure it. On the cultivation of the ground, and the breeding of cattle, must every social *edifice* be reared. *That* agriculture and rural economy were much esteemed by the Saxons is evident from the very names of their months.” This is the theory—the *first* of the first, the simple and unique *edifice*, and *that* which was much esteemed by the Saxons. Discerning men! Now for the practice:—

"As manual labour was still exercised, in conformity with the rule of St. Benedict, by the religious, they vigorously commenced their herculean task, doubly inspired by the prospect of a comfortable support, and by the motives of charity. In a short time the forests were felled, marshes drained, waste lands reclaimed, bridges erected, roads constructed; plentiful harvests started even from the fens of Lincolnshire, and waved even on the desert coast of Northumberland. Their example stimulated the industry of the lay proprietors; and whatever improvements they introduced, were soon adopted throughout the island.

"The produce of the earth and the flesh of their domestic animals, especially of their brethren the swine, appear to have continued the only diet of the Saxons, until the time of St. Wilfrid, who is said to have first taught the natives of Sussex the art of catching and cooking fish. Though this seems improbable, there can be no doubt that fish was not a general article of food before this time. Afterwards it was plentiful enough. Of eels, especially, we read in abundance."—p. 6.

How very curious the *starting even* of these plentiful harvests from the fens of Lincolnshire, and *waving even* on the desert coast of Northumberland! Our interesting ancestry, the Saxons, are made too, to have been honoured by a distinguished alliance, which we believe heraldry has hitherto neglected to name. What an intellectual fraternity must they with the swine have been! for it is the intellectual history of the Anglo-Saxons that the author is discussing and elucidating. Perhaps the eels had some influence on their blood; since, as regarded their food, he says, "of eels, especially, we read in abundance;" in abundance, what? we are not told; for though we have not given the latter part of the sentence, it in no way affects the construction or meaning of that quoted.

We open at the eighth page, and find it said, that "the houses even of nobles were of wood," and that "those of the rich appear to have been extensive enough; but they *long* were rude, low, and uncomfortable. All these have *long* been swept away." No schoolboy would *long* write in this fashion.

Here is a piece of criticism on an Anglo-Saxon poem.

"Nothing can equal the poverty of this description,—if that may be called description which consists only of vain repetition or paraphrastic amplifications of scripture language. Such repetitions, such paraphrastic amplifications, must have been peculiarly acceptable to one who was not animated by a single spark of invention. The subject was enough to call forth a flame, wherever genius glowed."—p. 19.

Our author is now upon the subject of literature, and is severe in his strictures on *repetitions* and *amplifications*. He learnedly uses the expressions, *sparks* of invention, and *call forth* a flame; yea, this flame is to come from a genius that only *glows*. But there is more to be said to the disparagement of poor Caedmon, which happens to be the unlucky poet's name.

"Rude as was the age, we were prepared to expect something better than this. If the learned reader will compare the paraphrase of Caedmon with the poems of St. Avitus of Vienne, who lived a century and

a half before the Saxon; he will be surprised at the contrast: the one is all nakedness, rude, sterile, unimpressive; the other often catches a gleam of the fire which glowed in the breast of Virgil."—pp. 19, 20.

Our readers have here a good illustration of nakedness and sterility, notwithstanding the attempt to lend them a peep into Virgil's breast, which *glowed* with *fire* that *gleamed*.

The second chapter in the volume, on the Religious and Intellectual History of England, from the Norman Conquest to the accession of Henry VII., begins with these precise terms:—

"For the sake of clearness, no less than the natural connection of the subject, we shall divide the present chapter into three parts. We shall consider, I. The Church, and the writers who are purely ecclesiastical. II. Literature. III. Philosophy and Science. But these subjects are identical, and capable of classification not under three heads but one."—p. 135.

And yet the author treats them under three heads.

We declare that no part of the volume is free of such blunders, carelessness, and confusion, as those we have at perfect random now pointed out. There is a display of notes, many of which talk widely of research and labour; but what satisfaction can be obtained in a work which abounds with such stuff as these extracts present? Besides, the undue space allowed to old poems and fragments, that not one of a thousand cares about, to the neglect of more valuable materials, to which there is easy access, or of a tasteful and judicious condensation of that which in detail is repulsive, cannot be excused.

We shall relieve ourselves and our readers of the author's labours, by quoting two long extracts which he himself has transcribed, respecting two celebrated men that figured many centuries ago in England. The first regards the death of Bede, emphatically called the Venerable, who died in the year 735, and is by his disciple Cuthbert, who was present at the scene.

"He was attacked with great difficulty of breathing, yet without pain, about two weeks before Easter. Yet afterwards he was joyful and merry, giving thanks unto God day and night, nay hourly, until Ascension day arrived. Daily did he give lessons to us his disciples, and the residue of each day he passed in the singing of psalms. The whole night, except when a little slumber intervened, he watched, always joyful, always praising God. If sleep for a moment overtook him, he did not fail, on rousing, to resume his wonted devotions, and with outstretched hands to utter his gratitude to heaven. O blessed man! Often did he repeat that saying of the apostle Paul, *It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!* and many other passages of Scripture, all fitted to rouse us from the sleep of our minds, and to impress us with our last end. And some things also he spoke in our own, the English language, for he was well versed in our songs: and putting his thoughts into English verse he feelingly said: *For so necessary a journey, no man can be too prudent; none can reflect too much on the good or evil he has done; none can be too solicitous about the judgment which after his death his spirit must receive.* According to our custom and his he sang the Antiphonies, of

which one is, *O king of glory, Lord of virtues, who on this day didst triumphantly ascend to heaven, leave us not orphans, but send us the promise of the Father the Spirit of Truth! Alleluja!* And when he came to the words, *leave us not orphans*, he burst into tears and wept much, and seeing this we wept with him. Again we read, again we wept; indeed we always wept. In such godly employment we passed the quinquagesimal days until the day before mentioned (Ascension), he rejoicing and thanking God that he was thus afflicted. For he often repeated: *God scourgeth every son whom he receiveth!* with many other passages from Scripture. And he repeated the saying of St. Ambrose, *Non sic vixi ut me pudeat inter vos vivere; sed nec mori timeo, quia bonum Dominum habemus.* And during this time he was occupied not only in teaching us, but on two works which well deserve to be remembered: the first was the Gospel of St. John, which he had translated into English for the benefit of the church, as far as that passage, *but what are they among so many?* the other consisted of extracts from the books of Bishop Isidore. 'I do not wish my disciples to read lies, that after my death they should labour in vain.' On the arrival of the third feria before the Ascension, his breathing became more painful, and a little swelling appeared in his feet. Yet, for all that, he taught and dictated with cheerfulness, sometimes observing, 'Learn quickly, for I know not how long I may live; how soon my Maker may call me!' To us it seemed as if he well knew his approaching end. The next night he passed watching and giving thanks. And on the morning, which was the fourth feria, he told us diligently to continue what we had begun. And this being done, we walked, as the custom of the day required, until the third hour, with the relics of the saints. But one of us remained with him, and said to him 'Dear Master, one little chapter yet remains: will it not pain you to be asked any more questions?'—'No! take thy pen, prepare it, and write quickly!' And this he did. And at the ninth hour the master said unto me, 'I have some precious things in my little chest, some pepper, orarias, and incense; run quickly and bring the presbyters of our monastery, and I will distribute among them what God has given to me. The rich men of this world delight to make presents of gold, silver, and other precious things: I also with much affection and joy will give to my brethren the gifts which I have received from Heaven.' And he addressed every one by name, beseeching and admonishing them to say masses and to pray for him, which they willingly promised. And they all mourned and wept, when he said that they should see his face no more in this world; but they rejoiced in that he said, 'The time is come when I must return to Him who created me out of nothing! Long have I lived; well my merciful Judge foresaw the tenour of my life. The time of my departure is at hand; I long to be dissolved and to be with Christ.' These and many other words he spoke with much cheerfulness. And when it drew towards evening the youth before mentioned said, 'Dear Master, one sentence yet remains!'—'Write it quickly!' was the reply. Immediately afterwards the youth observed, 'It is now finished.' He rejoined, 'Well and truly hast thou spoke; it is finished! Now take my head in thine hands, and turn me towards the holy place where I was wont to pray, that sitting I may call on my Father!' Wherefore, being laid on the floor of the cell, he chaunted *Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto!* And no sooner had he repeated the concluding words *Spiritui Sancto*, than his

soul winged its flight to the celestial kingdom. All who witnessed the death of this blessed father, said that they had never seen any other man end life with such devotion and tranquillity."—pp. 95—97.

The second of our extracts refers to Thomas à Becket, and the year 1165. It is well known that Henry II. raised him from the chancellorship to the primacy of England, calculating on his compliance in certain designs, that the king cherished, to check the usurpations of the clergy; but that Becket withstood his royal master, and even intimated that it did not become him to intermeddle in the affairs of the church. The rupture between them at last grew to such a magnitude as to obliterate every thing like friendship: the primate's dignity and haughtiness, and the king's anger and revenge, were measureless. Heavy sums of money were demanded of the churchman, which he had received from the vacant ecclesiastical dignities during his chancellorship; the other prelates were courtiers, and counselled him to submit; but he braved the utmost efforts of royal indignation. The following passage is from Dr. Southey's Book of the Church.

"As soon as the bishops left him, he went into the church, and there at St. Stephen's altar performed the mass appointed for that martyr's day, beginning with these words: *Princes sate and spake against me:* and as if this did not sufficiently manifest his readiness to endure martyrdom, he caused a verse of the psalms to be sung, which could not be mistaken as to its intended application: *The kings of the earth stand up, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against his anointed.* Then, having secretly provided himself with a consecrated wafer, he proceeded to the great council, and at the door took the silver cross from the chaplain, who according to custom was bearing it before him. Then passing on he entered the assembly and took his seat in silence, holding the cross before him. If Becket at this time actually thought his life in danger, the fate which he afterwards met may prove that the apprehension was not so unreasonable as it might otherwise be deemed. Whether he entertained such fear or not, it was plainly his intention to act as if he did: should he provoke the blow which he seemed to expect, he was ready to meet it with becoming dignity and characteristic courage: in the more likely case that the unusual manner of his appearance could confuse the king's counsels, something might occur of which he might take advantage. Considering, therefore, Becket's temper and opinions, the measure was as judicious as it was bold. Henry was no sooner informed in what attitude the priest was approaching, then he rose hastily from his seat and retired into an inner room, whither he summoned all the other lords, spiritual and temporal, and complained to them of this act of defiance. The great council, as well as the king, regarded it as a deliberate insult, studied for the purpose of throwing upon them the imputation of some treacherous purpose. Henry's violent temper was exasperated to such a pitch, that the Archbishop of York trembled for Becket's life, and departed, with his chaplain, dreading what might ensue. The Bishop of Exeter hastened fearfully to the primate, and besought him to have pity on himself and his brethren, who were all in danger of perishing on his account. Becket, eyeing him with stern contempt, replied, 'Fly then!

thou canst not understand the things which are of God.' And he remained unmoved, holding the cross, and awaiting what might befall. His part was not difficult after it had once been taken: the straight path is always easy. But Henry was thoroughly perplexed. The general sense of the great council was, that the primate's present conduct was an affront to the king and the peers; that Henry had drawn it on himself by elevating such a person to that high and unmerited station; and that, for ingratitude and breach of fealty, Becket ought to be impeached of perjury and high treason. Not from moderation, but with the hope of avoiding the embarrassments which he foresaw in that mode of proceeding, Henry rejected their opinion, and reverting to his pecuniary charges, sent to demand of the primate whether upon that matter he would stand to the judgment of the court. Becket peremptorily refused, and it was then again proposed to attain him. But the bishops dared not proceed to this, because he had appealed to the pope; and they knew the power of the Roman see too well not to be fearful of offending it. They besought the king that he would let them appeal to Rome against the primate, on the score of his perjury; promising, that if they might be excused from concurring with the temporal lords in the sentence which was to be past, they would use their utmost endeavours for persuading the pope to depose him from the primacy. The king unwillingly consented: upon which they repaired to Becket, and pronouncing him guilty of perjury at having broken his fealty, they renounced their obedience to him, placed themselves under the pope's protection against him, and cited him before the pope to answer the accusation. His only reply was, 'I hear what you say!' He could not have had any thing more conformable to his own views and wishes. The prelates then took their seats in the opposite side of the hall. Meantime the temporal peers pronounced him guilty of perjury and treason; and leaving the inner chamber, where their resolution had been passed, came to notify it to the accused. The alternative, however, of rendering his accounts and discharging the balance, was still to be allowed him; and Leicester, as chief justiciary, called upon him to come before the king and do this,—'otherwise,' said he, 'hear your sentence.' 'My sentence,' exclaimed Becket, rising from his seat: 'Nay, sir earl, hear me first! You are not ignorant how faithfully, according to the things of this world, I served my lord the king, in consideration of which service it pleased him to raise me to the primacy,—God knows, against my will, for I knew my own unfitness, and rather for love of him than of God, consented; which is this day sufficiently made evident, seeing that God withdraws from me both himself and the king also. It was asked at my election, in presence of Prince Henry, unto whom that charge had been committed, in what manner I was given to the church: and the answer, free and discharged from all bonds of the court. Being therefore thus free and discharged, I am not bound to answer concerning these things, nor will I.' The earl here observed, that this reply was very different from what had before been given. 'Listen, my son!' Becket pursued. 'Inasmuch as the soul is of more worth than the body, by so much more are you bound to obey God and me, rather than an earthly king. Neither by law nor reason, is it allowed that children should judge or condemn their father. Wherefore, I disdain the king's judgment and yours, and that of all the other peers,—being only to be judged, under God, by our lord the pope, to whom I here appeal before you all, com-

mitting the church of Canterbury, my order and dignity, with all thereunto appertaining, to God's protection and to his. In like manner, my brethren and fellow-bishops, you who have chosen to obey man rather than God, I cite you before the presence of our lord the pope! And, thus relying on the authority of the catholic church, and of the apostolic see, I depart hence!' As he was leaving the hall, a clamour was raised against him, and some there were reproached him as a perjured traitor; upon which he looked fiercely round, and said with a loud voice, that were it not forbidden by his holy orders, he would defend himself by arms against those who dared thus to accuse him."—pp. 194—196.

We have not attempted to give any particular account of this volume of the Cabinet Cyclopædia, for the reasons before stated. It seems to us so badly composed, imperfect, and unsatisfactory, that we could only relieve its character by some of the quotations the author has availed himself of.

ART. VI. *Lives of the Necromancers.* By WILLIAM GODWIN.
London: J. Mason. 1834.

NECROMANCY is the art of revealing future events by a pretended communication with the dead. There is a theory that this impious superstition and imposture had its origin at a very early period in the land of Egypt, and had been thence propagated like many other arts in every nation which ancient history has made us acquainted with. Of its early existence we have complete evidence from the writings of Moses, where it is severely condemned as an abomination to the Lord. It appears to be one of the whoredoms to which Ezekiel represents his countrymen as having brought with them from Egypt, and continued to practise till they were carried captives into Babylon.

Phœnicia, Greece, and Rome, of course easily derived whatever doctrines and articles of belief distinguished the Egyptians. In these countries and others, Necromancy took such deep root as to be long retained after the establishment of Christianity, which is so directly calculated to dispel such a delusion. But we are by no means satisfied that it was at first confined to Egypt, or that it took its rise in any one country, and came only to be general, from being conveyed, like many other arts and sciences, from that country. Necromancy seems a very natural delusion amongst an ignorant people. The awful circumstances attendant on death, the silence, the solemnities, the darkness, which necessarily surround the dead, are such as to awaken the most fanciful imaginings. In one shape or other, we believe every people yet discovered have believed in some supernatural and malignant agencies, that not only control the destinies of man, but with whom certain of their brethren held a more than ordinary influence and connection. "No sooner," as Mr. Godwin says, "do we imagine human beings invested with these wonderful powers, and conceive them as called into action for the most malignant purposes, than we become the passive and

terrified slaves of the creatures of our own imaginations, and fear to be assailed at every moment by beings to whose power we can set no limits, and whose modes of hostility no human sagacity can anticipate and provide against."

Still we think, that the Egyptians carried their belief in Necromancy to a more elaborate length, surrounding it with more imposing and learned associations than any other people of great antiquity. Their burying places were caves and immense vaults in the bowels of the earth, which were well suited to the solemn sadness of the surviving friends, and proper receptacles for those that were never more to behold the light. It was no doubt from this practice that the opinion sprung which concluded that the infernal mansions were situated somewhere near the centre of the earth, which the Egyptians believed were not very distant from its surface. In those dreary caverns it was very easy for such adepts as the Priests of Egypt to fabricate marvellous scenes which were displayed before the initiated, and by them described to the million of the people. And it was thus and there very probably that the magicians withstood Moses, and imposed upon the people. Such at least, if we remember rightly, is Briant's conjecture. It is no hard matter to understand how mirrors might be introduced and illuminated, or how prepared objects and responses should astonish all, not in the secret of the machinations. For it appears from the book of Exodus, that the Israelitish women were in the wilderness acquainted with the use of mirrors, and therefore undoubtedly so were the Egyptians.

At the same time, though much imposture was practised by these adepts, it is a no less important fact, whilst it displays human nature in a striking contrast, that "the human creatures who pretend to these powers have often been found as completely the dupes of this supernatural machinery, as the most timid wretch that stands in terror at its expected operation; and no phenomenon has been more common than the confession of these allies of hell, that they have verily and indeed held commerce and formed plots and conspiracies with Satan:" even when the confession brought these professors to the most appalling of deaths. So that there is a great ignorance of human nature discovered on the part of those, who uniformly impute pure hypocrisy to the persons that practised the dark art. The mind is so ductile, that whilst "we trifle with the sacredness of truth," we are apt at length to believe our own lie.

Amongst the Israelites, and indeed in other and modern nations, the Necromancers evoked the ghosts of the dead by a demon or familiar spirit, which they had at their command, to employ upon an emergency; and therefore Saul desires his servants to find a woman who was mistress of such a demon. Mr. Godwin has in a lucid manner given an account of the various orders of these practitioners in ancient and later times, before knowledge had scattered its discoveries over the moral and natural world. Events were constantly

occurring, for which no sagacity was able to assign a satisfactory cause.

"Hence men felt themselves habitually disposed to refer many of the appearances with which they were conversant to the agency of invisible intelligences; sometimes under the influence of a benignant disposition, sometimes of malice, and sometimes perhaps from an inclination to make themselves sport of the wonder and astonishment of ignorant mortals. Omens and portents told these men of some piece of good or ill fortune speedily to befall them. The flight of birds was watched by them, as foretokening somewhat important. Thunder excited in them a feeling of supernatural terror. Eclipses with fear of change perplexed the nations. The phenomena of the heavens, regular and irregular, were anxiously remarked from the same principle. During the hours of darkness men were apt to see a supernatural being in every bush; and they could not cross a receptacle for the dead, without expecting to encounter some one of the departed uneasily wandering among graves, or commissioned to reveal somewhat momentous and deeply affecting to the survivors. Fairies danced in the moonlight glade; and something preternatural perpetually occurred to fill the living with admiration and awe.

"All this gradually reduced itself into a system. Mankind, particularly in the dark and ignorant ages, were divided into the strong and the weak; the strong and weak of animal frame, when corporeal strength more decidedly bore sway than in a period of greater cultivation; and the strong and weak in reference to intellect; those who were bold, audacious and enterprising in acquiring an ascendancy over their fellow men, and those who truckled, submitted, and were acted upon, from an innate consciousness of inferiority, and a superstitious looking up to such as were of greater natural or acquired endowments than themselves. The strong in intellect were eager to avail themselves of their superiority, by means that escaped the penetration of the multitude, and had recourse to various artifices to effect their ends. Beside this, they became the dupes of their own practices. They set out at first in their conception of things from the level of the vulgar. They applied themselves diligently to the unravelling of what was unknown; wonder mingled with their contemplation; they abstracted their minds from things of ordinary occurrence, and, as we may denominate it, of real life, till at length they lost their true balance amidst the astonishment they sought to produce in their inferiors. They felt a vocation to things extraordinary; and they willingly gave scope and line without limit to that which engendered in themselves the most gratifying sensations, at the same time that it answered the purposes of their ambition."—pp. 2, 3.

Man's ambition is boundless, so are his anxieties; and the arts by which he has laboured to penetrate into the future, and to command events, have been endless. Divination has been dextrous in drawing omens from the entrails of beasts offered for sacrifice; augury in observing the flights of birds and the sounds they utter; chiromancy in inspecting the lines of the hand; physiognomy in explaining the inherent qualities of a man, and hence reading the sort of proceedings he was likely to engage in; whilst the interpretation of dreams seems to have been the most general, because the

most natural mode of seeing into the future. The casting of lots; astrology which flattered a man, inasmuch as it taught that the heavenly bodies were concerned in his destiny; and the consultation of oracles delivered in some place sacred to heavenly powers, were all prevailing practices in ancient times. A priestess delivered the responses of the oracle at Delphi, who could only be consulted one day in every month.

“Great ingenuity and contrivance were no doubt required to uphold the credit of the oracle; and no less boldness and self-collectedness on the part of those by whom the machinery was conducted. Like the conjurers of modern times, they took care to be extensively informed as to all such matters respecting which the oracle was likely to be consulted. They listened probably to the Pythia with a superstitious reverence for the incoherent sentences she uttered. She, like them, spent her life in being trained for the office to which she was devoted. All that was rambling and inapplicable in her wild declamation they consigned to oblivion. Whatever seemed to bear on the question proposed they preserved. The persons by whom the responses were digested into hexameter verse, had of course a commission attended with great discretionary power. They, as Horace remarks on another occasion, divided what it was judicious to say, from what it was prudent to omit, dwelt upon one thing, and slurred over and accommodated another, just as would best suit the purpose they had in hand. Beside this, for the most part they clothed the apparent meaning of the oracle in obscurity, and often devised sentences of ambiguous interpretation, that might suit with opposite issues, whichever might happen to fall out. This was perfectly consistent with a high degree of enthusiasm on the part of the priest. However confident he might be in some things, he could not but of necessity feel that his prognostics were surrounded with uncertainty. Whatever decisions of the oracle were frustrated by the event, and we know that there were many of this sort, were speedily forgotten; while those which succeeded, were conveyed from shore to shore, and repeated by every echo. Nor is it surprising that the transmitters of the sentences of the God should in time arrive at an extraordinary degree of sagacity and skill. The oracles accordingly reached to so high a degree of reputation, that, as Cicero observes, no expedition for a long time was undertaken, no colony sent out, and often no affair of any distinguished family or individual entered on, without the previously obtaining their judgment and sanction. Their authority in a word was so high, that the first fathers of the Christian church could no otherwise account for a reputation thus universally received, than by supposing that the devils were permitted by God Almighty to inform the oracles with a more than human prescience, that all the world might be concluded in idolatry and unbelief, and the necessity of a Saviour be made more apparent. The gullibility of man is one of the most prominent features of our nature. Various periods and times, when whole nations have as it were with one consent run into the most incredible and the grossest absurdities, perpetually offer themselves in the page of history; and in the records of remote antiquity it plainly appears that such delusions continued through successive centuries.”—pp. 18—20.

But to dive into the secrets of futurity has not been the only daring attempt of mortal man, they have even been ambitious to

command future events. This was sought through a commerce with the invisible world. And as in Asia the Gods were divided into the benevolent and malignant, each party had their votaries. Persons actuated by benevolence besought from the benevolent powers blessings upon their fellow-creatures; while such unhappy beings, with whom spite had the predominance, invoked the malignant spirits, who it would appear waited in eager hope till some mortal reprobate called out their dormant agency, ere it could inflict mischief. Various enchantments of terrific character were therefore employed by unhappy mortals to obtain their aid. Sorcery and witchcraft were the modes chiefly resorted to for controlling future events. The sorcerer was generally a man of learning and talent, and not unfrequently of respectable station in society; the witch or wizard was almost uniformly old, decrepid, and poor. In modern times the league assumed a more direful character, which was formed between the super-terrestrial power and the votary, than belonged to it formerly. The witch or sorcerer in modern times (we are compiling from the work we have in hand) could not secure the assistance of the demon but by a sure and faithful compact, by which the human party purchased the vigilant service of his familiar for a certain term of years, only on condition when the term was expired that the demon was to obtain possession of the indentured party, and to convey him irremissibly and for ever to the regions of the damned. The contract was drawn out in authentic form, signed by the sorcerer, and attested with his blood, and was then carried away by the demon, to be produced again at the appointed time.

“ These familiar spirits often assumed the form of animals, and a black dog or cat was considered as a figure in which the attendant devil was secretly hidden. These subordinate devils were called Imps. Impure and carnal ideas were mingled with these theories. The witches were said to have preternatural teats from which their familiars sucked their blood. The devil also engaged in sexual intercourse with the witch or wizard, being denominated *incubus*, if his favourite were a woman, and *succubus*, if a man. In short, every frightful and loathsome idea was carefully heaped up together, to render the unfortunate beings to whom the crime of witchcraft was imputed the horror and execration of their species.”—pp. 26, 27.

The doctrine of witchcraft taught that there were certain compounds prepared by rules of art, that proved baneful to the persons against whom their activity was directed; there were also preservatives, talismans, amulets, and charms, which rendered a man superior to injury from witchcraft, and sometimes even from any mortal weapon:—

“ Last of all we may speak of necromancy, which has something in it that so strongly takes hold of the imagination, that, though it is one only of the various modes which have been enumerated for the exercise of magical power, we have selected it to give a title to the present volume.

“ There is something sacred to common apprehension in the repose of the dead. They seem placed beyond our power to disturb. ‘ There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave.’

'After life's fitful fever they sleep well:
Nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch them further.'

"Their remains moulder in the earth. Neither form nor feature is long continued to them. We shrink from their touch, and their sight. To violate the sepulchre therefore for the purpose of unholy spells and operations, as we read of in the annals of witchcraft, cannot fail to be exceedingly shocking. To call up the spirits of the departed, after they have fulfilled the task of life, and are consigned to their final sleep, is sacrilegious. Well may they exclaim, like the ghost of Samuel in the sacred story, 'Why hast thou disquieted me?'

"There is a further circumstance in the case, which causes us additionally to revolt from the very idea of necromancy, strictly so called. Man is a mortal, or an immortal being. His frame either wholly 'returns to the earth as it was, or his spirit,' the thinking principle within him, 'to God who gave it.' The latter is the prevailing sentiment of mankind in modern times. Man is placed upon earth in a state of probation, to be dealt with hereafter according to the deeds done in the flesh. 'Some shall go away into everlasting punishment; and others into life eternal.' In this case there is something blasphemous in the idea of intermeddling with the state of the dead. We must leave them in the hands of God. Even on the idea of an interval, the 'sleep of the soul' from death to the general resurrection, which is the creed of no contemptible sect of Christians, it is surely a terrific notion that we should disturb the pause, which, upon that hypothesis, the laws of nature have assigned to the departed soul, and come to awake, or to 'torment him before the time.'"—pp. 27—29.

Before Mr. Godwin goes to the examples, and to consider the case of particular individuals, who, in different ages of the world, have practised witchcraft or necromancy, he refers to the craft so eagerly cultivated in successive ages, which laboured to convert the inferior metals into gold, and to renew the youth of mortals. Every thing of this kind tends to prove the lawless imaginations and longings of man:—

"Men of the most wonderful talents devoted their lives to the investigation; and in multiplied instances the discovery was said to have been completed. Vast sums of money were consumed in the fruitless endeavour; and in a later period it seems to have furnished an excellent handle to vain and specious projectors, to extort money from those more amply provided with the goods of fortune than themselves.

"The art no doubt is in itself sufficiently mystical, having been pursued by multitudes, who seemed to themselves ever on the eve of consummation, but as constantly baffled when to their own apprehension most on the verge of success. The discovery indeed appears upon the face of it to be of the most delicate nature, as the benefit must wholly depend upon its being reserved to one or a very few, the object being unbounded wealth, which is nothing unless confined. If the power of creating gold is diffused, wealth by such diffusion becomes poverty, and every thing after a short time would but return to what it had been. Add to which, that the nature of discovery has ordinarily been, that,

when once the clue has been found, it reveals itself to several about the same period of time.

“ The art, as we have said, is in its own nature sufficiently mystical, depending on nice combinations and proportions of ingredients, and upon the addition of each ingredient being made exactly in the critical moment, and in the precise degree of heat, indicated by the colour of the vapour arising from the crucible or retort. This was watched by the operator with inexhaustible patience; and it was often found or supposed, that the minutest error in this respect caused the most promising appearances to fail of the expected success. This circumstance no doubt occasionally gave an opportunity to an artful impostor to account for his miscarriage, and thus to prevail upon his credulous dupe to enable him to begin his tedious experiment again.

“ But, beside this, it appears that those whose object was the transmutation of metals, very frequently joined to this pursuit the study of astrology, and even the practice of sorcery. So much delicacy and nicety were supposed to be required in the process for the transmutation of metals, that it could not hope to succeed but under a favourable conjunction of the planets; and the most flourishing pretenders to the art boasted that they had also a familiar intercourse with certain spirits of supernatural power, which assisted them in their undertakings, and enabled them to penetrate into things undiscoverable to mere human sagacity, and to predict future events.”—pp. 30—32.

Mr. Godwin first takes up the examples of necromancy and witchcraft from the Bible, with which it is presumed all our readers are conversant, and therefore we proceed to Greece for illustrations, leaving behind a great deal of interesting matter respecting Egypt and Chaldea. Under this head there is no lack of materials, for not only were the wonderful things of early Greece more frequent than the sober facts; but the poets and annalists of that land have handed down to us the memory of their tastes, manners, and superstitions, their strength and weakness. We have never met with so clear and satisfactory a sketch of the genius, accomplishments, and conduct of Pythagoras as is now before us, who was the first person that assumed the name of *philosopher*, or a lover of wisdom, instead of *sophist* or professor of wisdom, which had previously been in vogue amongst the instructors in Greece. Yet with all this modesty, and all his real wisdom and acquirements, he was weak or wicked enough to be a quack, and a pretender to supernatural endowments :—

“ To give the greater authority and effect to his communications, Pythagoras hid himself during the day at least from the great body of his pupils, and was only seen by them at night. Indeed there is no reason to suppose that any one was admitted into his entire familiarity. When he came forth, he appeared in a long garment of the purest white, with a flowing beard, and a garland upon his head. He is said to have been of the finest symmetrical form, with a majestic carriage, and a grave and awful countenance. He suffered his followers to believe that he was one of the Gods, the Hyperborean Apollo, and is said to have told Abaris that he assumed the human form, that he might the better invite men to an

easiness of approach and to confidence in him. What however seems to be agreed in by all his biographers is, that he professed to have already in different ages appeared in the likeness of man : first as *Æthalides*, the son of Mercury ; and, when his father expressed himself ready to invest him with any gift short of immortality, he prayed that, as the human soul is destined successively to dwell in various forms, he might have the privilege in each to remember his former state of being, which was granted him. From *Æthalides* he became *Euphorbus*, who slew *Patroclus* at the siege of Troy. He then appeared as *Hermotimus*, then *Pyrrhus*, a fisherman of Delos, and finally *Pythagoras*. He said that a period of time was interposed between each transmigration, during which he visited the seat of departed souls ; and he professed to relate a part of the wonders he had seen. He is said to have eaten sparingly and in secret, and in all respects to have given himself out for a being not subject to the ordinary laws of nature."—pp. 83, 84.

He pretended to miraculous powers ; delusion and falsehood were main features of his instruction, which tended to make his valuable efforts perishable :—

"It is difficult to imagine any thing more instructive, and more pregnant with matter for salutary reflection, than the contrast presented to us by the character and system of action of *Pythagoras* on the one hand, and those of the great enquirers of the last two centuries, for example, *Bacon*, *Newton*, and *Locke*, on the other. *Pythagoras* probably does not yield to any one of these in the evidences of true intellectual greatness. In his school, in the followers he trained resembling himself, and in the salutary effects he produced on the institutions of the various republics of *Magna Græcia* and *Sicily*, he must be allowed greatly to have excelled them. His discoveries of various propositions in geometry, of the earth as a planet, and of the solar system as now universally recognised, clearly stamp him a genius of the highest order.

"He was probably much under the influence of a contemptible jealousy, and must be considered as desirous that none of his contemporaries or followers should eclipse their master. All was oracular and dogmatic in the school of *Pythagoras*. He prized and justly prized the greatness of his attainments and discoveries, and had no conception that any thing could go beyond them. He did not encourage, nay, he resolutely opposed, all true independence of mind, and that undaunted spirit of enterprise which is the atmosphere in which the sublimest thoughts are most naturally generated. He therefore did not throw open the gates of science and wisdom, and invite every comer ; but on the contrary narrowed the entrance, and carefully reduced the number of aspirants. He thought not of the most likely methods to give strength and permanence and an extensive sphere to the progress of the human mind. For these reasons he wrote nothing ; but consigned all to the frail and uncertain custody of tradition. And distant posterity has amply avenged itself upon the narrowness of his policy ; and the name of *Pythagoras*, which would otherwise have been ranked with the first luminaries of mankind, and consigned to everlasting gratitude, has in consequence of a few radical and fatal mistakes, been often loaded with obloquy, and the hero who bore it been indiscriminately classed among the votaries of imposture and artifice."—pp. 89—92.

Socrates, the theme of modern panegyric, of youthful admiration in academies, had his weaknesses and absurdities.

“ He said that he repeatedly received a divine premonition of dangers impending over himself and others; and considerable pains have been taken to ascertain the cause and author of these premonitions. Several persons, among whom we may include Plato, have conceived that Socrates regarded himself as attended by a supernatural guardian who at all times watched over his welfare and concerns.

“ But the solution is probably of a simpler nature. Socrates, with all his incomparable excellencies and perfections, was not exempt from the superstitions of his age and country. He had been bred up among the absurdities of polytheism. In them were included, as we have seen, a profound deference for the responses of oracles, and a vigilant attention to portents and omens. Socrates appears to have been exceedingly regardful of omens. Plato tells us that this intimation, which he spoke of as his demon, never prompted him to any act, but occasionally interfered to prevent him or his friends from proceeding in any thing that would have been attended with injurious consequences. Sometimes he described it as a voice, which no one however heard but himself; and sometimes it showed itself in the act of sneezing. If the sneezing came, when he was in doubt to do a thing or not to do it, it confirmed him; but if, being already engaged in any act, he sneezed, this he considered as a warning to desist. If any of his friends sneezed on his right hand, he interpreted this as a favourable omen; but, if on his left, he immediately relinquished his purpose. Socrates vindicated his mode of expressing himself on the subject, by saying that others, when they spoke of omens, for example, by the voice of a bird, said the bird told me this, but that he, knowing that the omen was purely instrumental to a higher power, deemed it more religious and respectful to have regard only to the higher power, and to say that God had graciously warned him.”—pp. 114—116.

The Roman poets and historians give many examples of Sorcery, and when we come down to the era of the Christian religion, there is irrefragable testimony of the existence of the art. Our Saviour to the charge that he did “not cast out devils, but by Belzebub, the prince of the devils,” asks the Pharisees in return “by whom do your children cast them out?” Then we have an account of Simon Magus and Elymas, as spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles. We wish that the author had made some observation on the subject of casting out Devils, between the achievements of our Saviour and the Sorcerers of his time. What those devils were, and how they possessed mankind, Mr. Godwin, so far as we have seen, does not attempt to describe; and herein doubtless he does wisely. Any account or solution upon human and ordinary principles, such as modern science has discovered, is much better left out; for whilst as we are no advocates for imposture and superstition, we think there are many things which human philosophy has not and cannot reach. The whole history of our Saviour and of Christianity is clearly beyond and above any discovery by the mere power of reason.

Necromancy as an art cannot be characterized as more impious than it is. Still the intercourse said to exist between earthly and unearthly beings, though it has in most cases that have been carefully investigated turned out to be but imposture or delusion on the part of wicked or weak mortals, may for any thing we know have been permitted by the Almighty at times in a manner, and for purposes of which we cannot be cognizant. Nor do we think it argues superior wisdom to make one sweeping declaration to the contrary. One thing however is manifest, that, as knowledge increases, a belief in supernatural agencies, such as witchcraft supposes, decreases: nay, not to ask for high philosophical attainments, where the Bible is the record chiefly admired and consulted, every dark and wicked belief or practice will have the slightest hold on the mind. In perfect accordance with this view is the fact mentioned by our author, that the establishment of Christianity in the Roman empire produced a new era in the history of Necromancy. Under the reign of Polytheism devotion was wholly unrestrained in every direction it might chance to assume. God's known and unknown, the spirits of departed heroes, the gods of heaven and hell, abstractions of virtue and vice, might unblamed be made the objects of religious worship. Witchcraft therefore, and the invocation of the spirits of the dead, might be practised with toleration. But under the creed of the unity of the divine nature the case was exceedingly different.

“ There was no medium between the worship of heaven and hell. All adoration was to be directed to God the Creator through the mediation of his only begotten Son; or, if prayers were addressed to inferior beings, and the glorified spirits of his saints, at least they terminated in the Most High, were a deprecation of his wrath, a soliciting his favour, and a homage to his omnipotence. On the other hand sorcery and witchcraft were sins of the blackest dye. In opposition to the one only God, the creator of heaven and earth, was the ‘ prince of darkness,’ the ‘ prince of the power of the air,’ who contended perpetually against the Almighty, and sought to seduce his creatures and his subjects from their due allegiance. Sorcerers and witches were supposed to do homage and sell themselves to the devil, than which it was not in the mind of man to conceive a greater enormity, or a crime more worthy to cause its perpetrators to be exterminated from the face of the earth. The thought of it was of power to cause the flesh of man to creep and tingle with horror: and such as were prone to indulge their imaginations to the utmost extent of the terrible, found a perverse delight in conceiving this depravity, and were but too much disposed to fasten it upon their fellow creatures.” —pp. 172, 173.

After tracing necromancy in the eastern parts of the world, and comparing the resemblance of the tales there invented with those of Europe, he comes to the dark ages that were so remarkable in the latter quarter, when reigned “ the sabbath of magic and sorcery,” and gloom enveloped the minds of men. Doubtless that was the grand season of superstition and mystery, especially from

the close of the fourth century to that of the eleventh, though of that period, such was the degree of its ignorance and barbarism, that we have only the scantiest records to go by. Merlin, near the commencement of this era, and St. Dunstan towards its close, were the most celebrated magicians in England. Many other well known names point out men who were eminent professors of the same art before the revival of letters; nor did the dawn of intellectual freedom and literature for a long time produce their full effect. "And then, as is apt to occur in such cases, the expiring folly occasionally gave tokens of its existence, with a convulsive vehemence, and became only the more picturesque and impressive through the strong contrast of lights and shadows that attended its manifestations." Many of the professors and practitioners in the unholy art of magic and sorcery were singularly eminent either as respected talents or accomplishments. Joan of Arc, whose case is familiar to every reader of history, seems to have been one of the most remarkable persons during the fifteenth century in all Europe, and to have firmly believed that she saw visions and held communications with the saints; whilst her enemies believed that she was in league with the devil against them.

Our author proceeds to consider the frightfully sanguinary proceedings that were followed out against witchcraft, which constitutes one of the most instructive parts of the work, and an essential branch in the science of human nature. For in the fifteenth century things took a new turn. The ecclesiastical authorities believed that the sin of heretical pravity was "as the sin of witchcraft;" they regarded them alike with horror, and were persuaded that there was a natural consent and alliance between them. So that the precise passage from ill to better was more calamitous and full of enormities, "than the period when the understanding was completely hoodwinked, and men digested absurdities and impossibilities with as much ease as their every day food." A few more cases are cited of persons who seem to have been, in part at least, the victims of their own delusions. And not the lightest name is that of Luther, although he is not mentioned as at all implicated in the question of necromancy; but to shew the delusions that heated imaginations in those times were subject to. But the instance is especially wonderful, belonging as it does to a person of so masculine a mind as that illustrious reformer assuredly possessed:—

"It appears from his *Treatise on the Abuses attendant on Private Masses*, that he had a conference with the devil on the subject. He says, that this supernatural personage caused him by his visits 'many bitter nights and much restless and wearisome repose.' Once in particular he came to Luther, 'in the dead of the night, when he was just awaked out of sleep. The devil,' he goes on to say, 'knows well how to construct his arguments, and to urge them with the skill of a master. He delivers himself with a grave, and yet a shrill voice. Nor does he use circumlo-

cutions, and beat about the bush, but excels in forcible statements and quick rejoinders. I no longer wonder,' he adds, 'that the persons whom he assails in this way, are occasionally found dead in their beds. He is able to compress and throttle, and more than once he has so assaulted me and driven my soul into a corner, that I felt as if the next moment it must leave my body. I am of opinion that Gesner and Oecolampadius and others in that manner came by their deaths. The devil's manner of opening a debate is pleasant enough; but he urges things so peremptorily, that the respondent in a short time knows not how to acquit himself.' He elsewhere says, 'The reasons why the sacramentarians understood so little of the Scriptures is, that they do not encounter the true opponent, that is, the devil, who presently drives one up in a corner, and thus makes one perceive the just interpretation. For my part I am thoroughly acquainted with him, and have eaten a bushel of salt with him. He sleeps with me more frequently, and lies nearer to me in bed, than my own wife does.'—pp.—321.—322

Our author next proceeds to the consideration of such examples, who with minds perfectly disengaged and free, have applied themselves to concert the means of over-reaching the simplicity, or baffling the penetration of those, who 'were merely spectators, and uninitiated in the mystery of the arts that was practised upon them. The magic lantern, which is now the amusement only of school-boys or servant-maids, and other ingenious contrivances, which are now not more than the tricks of the most ordinary conjuror, were the means by which these quack magicians astonished the spectators. It is worthy of notice, that though James the First of England in his younger years wrote a work on demonology, he lived to alter his mind greatly on the question, and at last flatly to declare the working of witches and devils to be but falsehoods and delusions.

Yet such was the credulity of the people in England, as late as the year 1647, that Matthew Hopkins published a pamphlet, assuming to himself the surname of the witchfinder. Upon whose information many unhappy persons were subjected to torture and to horrible modes of death. He ultimately, however, met with deserved punishment:—

"The fate of Hopkins was such as might be expected in similar cases. The multitude are at first impressed with horror at the monstrous charges that are advanced. They are seized, as by contagion, with terror at the mischiefs which seem to impend over them, and from which no innocence and no precaution appear to afford them sufficient protection. They hasten, as with an unanimous effort, to avenge themselves upon these malignant enemies, whom God and man alike combine to expel from society. But after a time, they begin to reflect, and to apprehend that they have acted with too much precipitation, that they have been led on with uncertain appearances. They see one victim led to the gallows after another, without stint or limitation. They see one dying with the most solemn asseverations of innocence, and another confessing apparently she knows not what, what is put into her mouth by her relentless persecutors.

They see these victims, old, crazy and impotent, harrassed beyond endurance by the ingenious cruelties that are practised against them. They were first urged on by implacable hostility and fury, to be satisfied with nothing but blood. But humanity and remorse also have their turn. Dissatisfied with themselves, they are glad to point their resentment against another. The man that at first they hailed as a public benefactor, they presently come to regard with jealous eyes, and begin to consider as a cunning impostor, dealing in cool blood with the lives of his fellow-creatures for a paltry gain, and, still more horrible, for the lure of a perishable and short-lived fame. The multitude, we are told, after a few seasons, rose upon Hopkins, and resolved to subject him to one of his own criterions. They dragged him to a pond, and threw him into the water for a witch. It seems he floated on the surface, as a witch ought to do. They then pursued him with hootings and revilings, and drove him for ever into that obscurity and ignominy which he had amply merited."

The last story we shall quote from Mr. Godwin's work respects a very remarkable personage, which strikingly displays the credulity of the period it belongs to:—

"It takes its date from the morning of the third of September, 1651, when Cromwel gained the battle of Worcester against Charles the Second, which he was accustomed to call by a name sufficiently significant, his 'crowning victory.' It is told on the authority of a Colonel Lindsey, who is said to have been an intimate friend of the usurper, and to have been commonly known by that name, as being in reality the senior captain in Cromwel's own regiment. 'On this memorable morning, the general,' it seems, 'took this officer with him to a woodside not far from the army, and bade him alight, and follow him into that wood, and to take particular notice of what he saw and heard. After having alighted, and secured their horses, and walked some little way into the wood, Lindsey began to turn pale, and to be seized with horror from some unknown cause. Upon which Cromwel asked him how he did, or how he felt himself. He answered, that he was in such a trembling and consternation, that he had never felt the like in all the conflicts and battles he had ever been engaged in: but whether it proceeded from the gloominess of the place, or the temperature of his body, he knew not. 'How now?' said Cromwel, 'What, troubled with the vapours? Come forward, man.' They had not gone above twenty yards further, before Lindsey on a sudden stood still, and cried out, 'By all that is good I am seized with such unaccountable terror and astonishment, that it is impossible for me to stir one step further.' Upon which Cromwel called him, 'Faint-hearted fool!' and bade him, 'stand there, and observe, or be witness.' And then the general, advancing to some distance from him, met a grave elderly man, with a roll of parchment in his hand, who delivered it to Cromwel, and he eagerly perused it. Lindsey, a little recovered from his fear, heard several loud words between them: particularly Cromwel said, 'This is but for seven years; I was to have had it for one-and-twenty; and it must, and shall be so.' The other told him positively, it could not be for more than seven. Upon which Cromwel cried with great fierceness, 'It shall however be for fourteen years.' But the other peremptorily declared, 'It could not possibly be for any longer time; and, if he would not take it so, there were others that would.' Upon which Cromwel at last took

the parchment: and returning to Lindsey, with great joy in his countenance, he cried, 'Now, Lindsey, the battle is our own! I long to be engaged.' Returning out of the wood, they rode to the army, Cromwel with a resolution to engage as soon as possible, and the other with a design to leave the army as soon. After the first charge, Lindsey deserted his post, and rode away with all possible speed day and night, till he came into the county of Norfolk, to the house of an intimate friend, one Mr. Thoroughgood, minister of the parish of Grimstone. Cromwel, as soon as he missed him, sent all ways after him, with a promise of a great reward to any that should bring him alive or dead. When Mr. Thoroughgood saw his friend Lindsey come into his yard, his horse and himself much tired, in a sort of a maze, he said, 'How now, colonel? We hear there is likely to be a battle shortly: what, fled from your colours?' 'A battle,' said the other; 'yes there has been a battle, and I am sure the king is beaten. But, if ever I strike a stroke for Cromwel again, may I perish eternally! For I am sure he has made a league with the devil, and the devil will have him in due time.' Then, desiring his protection from Cromwel's inquisitors, he went in, and related to him the story in all its circumstances.' It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that Cromwel died on that day seven years, September the third, 1658.

"Echard adds, to prove his impartiality as an historian, 'How far Lindsey is to be believed, and how far the story is to be accounted incredible, is left to the reader's faith and judgment, and not to any determination of our own.'" pp. 436—440.

It is a reflection upon the progress of knowledge and illumination in England, that it was not till the year 1786, that a statute was passed, repealing the law made in the first year of James I, which had made sorcery or enchantment a capital offence, and substituting a punishment such as appertained to a misdemeanor: a law which by many years had been preceded by an order of the council of state in France, forbidding tribunals from proceeding to judgment in cases where the accusation was of sorcery only. Mr. Godwin therefore quits this subject at a period when the more enlightened governments of Europe obliterated the sanguinary laws that pursued this imaginary crime. And from the outline of the work, our readers will perceive that he has executed his task with singular clearness, lending it the great attraction of a mind fully versant on the subject, and of a taste and style admirably suited to it. Nor is the simplicity and comprehensiveness of his philosophy more apparent, than the spirit of humanity that pervades the whole. He rejoices at the light that has in the latter days been shed abroad over our land, while he weeps at the thought of our forefathers, besides the ills of this sublunary state, having been harassed with imaginary terrors. Mr. Dalzell, whose elaborate work on the darker superstitions of Scotland we lately took up, conjoined with the one before us, must greatly add to a proper knowledge of past history, and therefore we recommend them to be studied together.

ART. VII.—*The Bridgewater Treatises, on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation.* By PETER MARK ROGET, M.D. London. Pickering. 1834.

MANY are the occasions on which a right-minded man has to stand up in the support and defence of divine truth; and in so far as our journal is concerned, it will be found we have never been backward in vindicating its strictest principles. Nor are the weapons few or weak that are ever ready and even enlarging for the use of any one that is willing to be an advocate in the great and good cause. Every discovery that is made in nature (and in modern times science is daily extending its reign, by splendid, marvellous instances of new light,) strengthens the sacred doctrines which the best and most illustrious men have handed down to us respecting the being and perfections of Deity. And posterity will have no cause to complain of the present generation being slack or impotent in coming forward to enforce the claims of truth, thus evidenced. The authors of the Bridgewater Treatises, are particularly eminent in the field, and are no less distinguished for their zeal than their enlightened philosophy. Nor hereafter need a stripling in learning or knowledge be at a loss, when encountered by any champion of scepticism, to find arguments to silence the most subtle disputant, when the question at issue belongs to Natural Theology. And this is no mean advantage; for although Revelation alone points out the way unerringly to everlasting life, yet a belief in the truths taught by the light of nature is the ground work and starting point of all religion.

Dr. Roget's Treatise now before us, on animal and vegetable Physiology, will be found one of the fullest, as well as one of the latest, works on the evidences of the power, the wisdom and goodness of God, as manifested in the living creation. It appears to us to contain not only a careful collection of an immense number of facts, scientifically arranged, but narrated and explained in a singularly plain and attractive form, level to the apprehension of an ordinary reader, which, while it is fitted to be a valuable introduction to the study of natural history, presents to the devotional mind a rich fountain of religious instruction. We shall endeavour to gratify our readers with an outline of the author's leading doctrines, and to select some of the most important or striking facts collected by him. But it must be borne in mind, that verbal description can never convey distinct ideas of many things contained in this treatise unless aided by figures, which are there inserted very numerously. The work itself must therefore be resorted to by all who desire to reap great benefit from it.

Physiology is a science of almost boundless extent. As the term imports, it regards a knowledge of the phenomena of nature, as they are exhibited in organized forms. Comprehending therefore all the animal and vegetable beings on earth. This knowledge is attainable by man, through which no doubt he is appointed to

gather many notions of the Supreme Being, and to devote his sentiments on the same great theme. For, from the marks of design and skilful contrivance which we perceive in the works of creation, it is a necessary conclusion according to the construction of our minds, that there was a wise contriver engaged in their formation. In things which are subject to our vision and judgment, we find mechanism and ends served by certain means, so beautifully simple and efficacious, that when, compared with human ingenuity as applied to the invention of machinery, inevitably leads us to believe that the artificer was possessed of the most admirable powers. 'The maker of an hydraulic engine places valves in particular parts of its pipes and cisterns, with a view to prevent the retrograde motion of the fluids which are to pass through them. Can the valves of the veins, or of the lymphatics, or of the heart, have a different object; and are they not the result of deliberate and express contrivance in the great Mechanist of the living frame? The knowledge of the laws of electricity in its different forms is one of the latest results which science has revealed to man. Could these laws and their various combinations have been unknown to the Power who created the torpedo, and who armed it with an energetic galvanic battery, constructed upon the most refined scientific principles, for the manifest purpose of enabling the animal to strike terror into its enemies, and paralyse their efforts to assail it?' Questions of a like tendency might be put respecting every department of nature, to which the observations of man have yet reached. This sort of argument is cumulative; the evidence obtained from one source being uniformly and consistently strengthened by that derived from another:—

"The more we extend our knowledge of the operations of creative power, as manifested in the structure and economy of organized beings, the better we become qualified to appreciate the intentions with which the several arrangements and constructions have been devised, the art with which they have been accomplished, and the grand comprehensive plan of which they form a part. By knowing the general tendencies of analogous formations, we can sometimes recognise designs that are but faintly indicated, and trace the links which connect them with more general laws. By rendering ourselves familiar with the hand-writing where the characters are clearly legible, we gradually learn to decypher the more obscure passages, and are enabled to follow the continuity of the narrative through chapters which would otherwise appear mutilated and defaced. Hence the utility of comprehending in our studies the whole range of the organized creation, with a view to the discovery of final causes, and obtaining adequate ideas of the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of God."—vol. i. pp. 33, 34.

These are the words, which in a fine spirit close the first introductory chapter of this treatise. The author has been considering the subject of final causes, and next proceeds to a general view of the *functions of life*, according to the following statement:—

"The intentions of the Deity in the creation of the animal kingdom, as far as we are competent to discern or comprehend them, are referable to

the following classes of objects. The first relates to the individual welfare of the animal, embracing the whole sphere of its sensitive existence, and the means of maintaining the vitality upon which that existence is dependent. The second comprises the provisions which have been made for repairing the chasms resulting, in the present circumstances of the globe, from the continual destruction of life, by ensuring the multiplication of the species, and the continuity of the race to which each animal belongs. The third includes all those arrangements which have been resorted to in order to accommodate the system to the consequences that follow from an indefinite increase in the numbers of each species. The fourth class relates to that systematic economy in the plans of organization by which all the former objects are most effectually secured. I shall offer some observations on each of these general heads of enquiry."—vol. i. pp. 34, 35.

With reference to the welfare of the individual animal, he goes on to say, the great end to be answered in the brute creation is the attainment of sensitive enjoyment. This we ascribe to them by reasoning analogically from our own experience, and from the phenomena which they present. These indications of feeling are the result of a *nervous* organization. By this organization, the impression made on particular parts of the body, and conveyed to the brain, are the means by which communications between the sentient principle and external objects are kept up. But the faculties of sensation and perception are not the only particulars that distinguish animal existence. VOLUNTARY MOTION has also been conjoined, without which the former, being nearly passive, would often have been baneful endowments. The organs of *voluntary motion* comprise a certain mechanism requisite for the different actions which the animal is to perform, and the provision of a power capable of setting the machine agoing. For these and other purposes new materials are perpetually wanted of a *nutritive* kind:—

“ There is another, and a most important consequence flowing from the peculiar chemical condition of the materials of which animal structures are composed. The mode in which their elements are combined is so complex as to require a long and elaborate process to accomplish that combination; and neither the organs with which animals are furnished, nor the powers with which those organs are endowed, are adequate to the conversion of the materials furnished by the inorganic world into the substances required for the construction of their bodies, and the maintenance of their powers. These inorganic elements must have passed through intermediate stages of combination, and must have been previously elaborated by other organized beings. This important office is consigned to the vegetable kingdom. Receiving the simple food furnished by nature, which consists chiefly of water, air, and carbonic acid, together with a small portion of other substances, plants convert these aliments into products, which not only maintain their own vitality, but serve the further purpose of supporting the life of animals. Thus was the creation and continuance of the vegetable kingdom a necessary step towards the existence of the animal world; as well as a link in the great chain of being, formed and sustained by Almighty power. The Physiology of Vege-

tables present many topics of great interest with relation to final causes, and will in this Treatise be reviewed with special reference to this important object.

“Nutrition, both in the vegetable and animal systems, comprises a very extended series of operations. In the former it includes the absorption of the crude materials from the surrounding elements,—their transmission to organs where they are aerated, that is, subjected to the chemical action of the air;—their circulation in the different parts of the plant,—their further elaboration in particular vessels and receptacles—their deposition of solid materials—and their conversion into peculiar products, as well as into the substances which compose the several organs;—and finally, the growth and developement of the whole plant.

“Still more various and complicated are the corresponding functions in animals. Their objects may be arranged under the following general heads; each, again, admitting of further subdivision. The first end to be accomplished is to animalize the food; that is, to convert it into a matter having the chemical properties of the animal substances with which it is to be afterwards incorporated. The entire change thus effected is termed *Assimilation*, of which *Digestion* forms a principal part. The second object is to collect and distribute this prepared nutriment, which is the blood, to the different organs, or wherever it may be wanted. The necessary motions for these purposes are given to the blood by the organs of *Circulation*, consisting of the *Heart*, which impels it through a system of pipes called *Arteries*, and receives it back again by means of another set of tubes called *Veins*. In the third place it is necessary that the circulating blood should continually undergo purification by the chemical action of oxygen: a purpose which is answered by the function of *Respiration*. The fourth stage of nutrition relates to the more immediate application of this purified material to the wants of the system, to the extension of the organs, to the reparation of their losses, and to the restoration of their exhausted powers.”—pp. 39—42,

Perpetual mutation seems therefore to be a fundamental law of living nature. Mortality is a necessary consequence from such an order of things; and life again is propagated through death. The process itself, by which the germs of living beings originate, is veiled in the most impenetrable mystery. A portion of the vital power of the parent is doubtless employed in the continuance and multiplication of each species, which our author considers as the second of the great ends to be accomplished in the system of living nature. Many of the subsequent steps in the gradual developement of vegetable and animal organization may be traced, all of which impress us with the most exalted ideas of Providence.

One very remarkable tendency belongs to every part of living nature, which is to be observed in the great solicitude to perpetuate its individual race shown by each species; as is also the ample scope afforded by many provisions, that each may be diffused to the greatest possible extent, consistent with the existence and well-being of every class. The consequences that flow from this law of indefinite production are highly important and curious:—

“ As animals are ultimately dependent on the vegetable kingdom for the materials of their subsistence, and as the quantity of these materials is, in a state of nature, necessarily limited by the extent of surface over which vegetation is spread, a time must arrive when the number of animals thus continually increasing is exactly such as the amount of food produced by the earth will maintain. When this limit has been attained, no further increase can take place in their number, except by resorting to the expedient which we find actually adopted, namely, that of employing the substance of one animal for the nourishment of others. Thus the identical combinations of elements, effected by the powers of vegetation, are transferred in succession from one living being to another, and become subservient to the maintenance of a great number of different animals before they finally, by the process of decomposition, revert to their original inorganic state.”—vol. i. pp. 44, 45.

The ordinance has therefore been issued to a large portion of the animal kingdom, that they are to maintain themselves by preying upon other animals, which leads us to the consideration of new conditions of organization and of functions, and new relations among the different races of animals. Marvellous *variety* is the result of these laws, which, however, is not blindly or indiscriminately arrived at, as is apparent from its being controlled by the law of *conformity to a definite type*, so striking in certain general resemblances among great multitudes of species, which lead to classifications more or less comprehensive. There is, therefore, a systematic economy in the plans of organization, which, whilst it admits of the finest displays of variety, tends consistently to the same general purpose, wherein goodness and wisdom are transcendantly conspicuous, and made the more gloriously to appear by every discovery of anatomy and physiology.

The author in his preliminary chapter on the *functions of life*, after a general consideration of the intentions of the Deity in the creation of living nature, which we have cursorily gleaned from, and after glancing at certain theories which we pass over, has this concluding paragraph as to the farther progress and plan of this treatise :—

“ In treating of the particular functions of the animal and vegetable economy I shall follow a different order from that in which I have presented them in the preceding sketch. As the Mechanical functions depend upon the simpler properties of matter and the well known laws of mechanism, I think it best to commence with the examination of these. Our attention will next be directed to the highly interesting subjects which relate to the Nutritive or Vital functions both of vegetable and animal structures; for as they involve the chemical properties of organized substances, and are, therefore, of a more refined and intricate nature than the preceding, I conceive they will be best understood after the general mechanism of the frame has been explained. These studies will prepare us for the consideration of living animals as sentient and active beings, endowed by their bounteous Creator with the exalted faculties of perception and of volition, which alone give value to existence, and which raise them

so far above the level of the vegetable world. I shall lastly give a very brief account of the reproductive functions, and of the phenomena of animal developement, in which the discoveries of modern times have revealed to us so considerable a portion of those extensive plans which an all-wise Providence has beneficently devised for the general welfare of animated beings."—vol i. p. 58.

The first part of this work treats, according to the author's plan, of the *mechanical functions*, in which he begins with *organic mechanism*. And here on the subject of organization in general, we have the following amazing facts stated:—

"Life, which consists of a continued series of actions directed to particular purposes, cannot be carried on but by the instrumentality of those peculiar and elaborate structures and combinations of material particles which constitute *organization*. All these arrangements, both as respects the mechanical configuration and the chemical constitution of the elements of which the organized body is composed, even when apparently most simple, are, in reality, complex and artificial in the highest possible degree. Let us take as a specimen the crystalline lens, or hard central part, of the eye of a cod fish, which is a perfectly transparent, and to all appearance homogeneous, spherule. No one, unaccustomed to explore the wonders of nature, would suspect that so simple a body, which he might suppose to be formed of a uniform material cast in a mould, would disclose, when examined under a powerful microscope, and with the skill of a Brewster, the most refined and exquisite conformation. Yet, as I shall have occasion to specify more in detail in its proper place, this little spherical body, scarcely larger than a pea, is composed of upwards of five millions of fibres, which lock into one another by means of more than sixty-two thousand five hundred millions of teeth. If such be the complication of a portion only of the eye of that animal, how intricate must be the structure of the other parts of the same organ, having equally important offices! What exquisite elaboration must those textures have received, whose functions are still more refined! What marvellous workmanship must have been exercised in the organization of the nerves and of the brain, whose subtle instruments of the higher animal faculties, and of which even the modes of action are to us not merely inscrutable, but surpassing all our powers of conception."—vol. i. pp. 59, 60.

What fabric framed by man ever approached in refinement this specimen? The author goes on to state, that all organic and living structures, must be composed of solid as well as fluid parts, although the proportion between these is in different cases almost infinitely varied. A dormant vitality may, indeed, exist in a system of organs which have been brought into a perfectly dry state, as in the case of vegetable seed, and many species of animalcules, and even of some *worms*, which after an indefinite length of time, having been kept dry, resume their activity when moistened, as if restored to life. Such as the *wheel animalcule*. This atom of dust, as it only amounts to in size, may remain for years as such in a dry state, and yet may be revived in a few minutes by being again supplied with water. The same thing holds true of an animalcule, resembling an eel in its shape, when viewed through a microscope,

which infects diseased wheat: when dried, it appears in the form of a fine powder, but when moistened it resumes its living state. But how can one hear of these things without being lost in a wonder, only to be equalled by the knowledge which the telescope has opened up!—for if the heavenly bodies be to our apprehension infinitely numerous and great, the animals that teem in every minute fragment of the globe are infinitely small, and no less countless in number.

What seems to be the simplest form of organization is to be found in *vegetables*; they are limited in their economy to the functions of nutrition and reproduction, and are very different from sentient, active; and locomotive animals. We cannot find room for any part of the curious facts which the author has well arranged respecting the wonderfully minute and skilful structure of vegetable substances. But without this physiological knowledge, every one must be astonished when he contemplates the manner in which a large tree is chained to the earth; or, when he considers the stems of the grasses, which are hollow tubes, and demonstrably the most effective construction of a column for obtaining the greatest possible degree of strength. So that Galileo, when interrogated by the inquisition as to his belief in a Supreme Being, replied, pointing to a straw on the floor of his dungeon, that, from the structure of that object alone, he would infer with certainty the existence of an intelligent Creator:—

“The graceful continuous curve with which the stem of a tree rises from the ground, is the form which is best calculated to give stability to the trunk. Evidence of express mechanical design is likewise afforded by the manner in which the trunk is subdivided into its branches, spreading out in all directions, manifestly with a view to procure for the leaves the greatest extent of surface, and thus enable them to receive the fullest action of both light and air. The branches, also, are so constructed as to yield to the irregular impulses of the wind, and again, by their elasticity, to return to their natural positions, and by these alternate inflexions on opposite sides, to promote the motion of the sap in the vessels and cellular texture of the liber and alburnum. Nothing can exceed the elegance of those forms which are presented in every part of the vegetable kingdom, whether they be considered with reference to their direct utility for the support of individual life, and the continuance of the species, or whether they be viewed as component parts of that beauty which is spread over the scenery of nature, and is so delightfully refreshing to the eye of every beholder alive to its fascinating charms. How enchanting are all the varieties of flowers, that decorate in gay profusion every part of the garden of creation; and into which the farther we carry our philosophic scrutiny, the more forcibly will our hearts be impressed with the truth of the divine appeal, that ‘Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.’”—vol. i. pp. 81, 82.

But the organization of *animals* rises much above that of *vegetables* in point of complexity, and yet its simplicity when taken in connexion with what it can accomplish, is not the least testimony

to the master-skill of the Artificer. But to pass over the whole of the disquisition afforded by the author on this subject, let us for a moment advert to the fact, that, unlike every piece of machinery made by man; a living body contains within itself a principle of motion, quite distinct from the force which keeps a watch in action; for this may be traced to the hand which coiled the spring; or in the steam-engine to the fire, which has imparted elasticity to the vapour. We can only give part of the author's summing up of a section of his work, which, were it before our readers, as it at this moment is open to our eyes, would appear to them by no means the most valuable passage; it is, however, one that can be most easily understood, in the shape of an extract:

"The infinite mechanical skill, with which the moving power has been applied to the purposes to be accomplished, is displayed not only in the larger organs, where great force is to be exerted, but also, in a still more conspicuous manner, in the execution of the smaller motions, requiring the most accurate regulation, and the nicest adjustments. We cannot but be struck with the accordance which may often, in these instances, be traced with human contrivances, where the greater motions are rapidly executed by one set of agents, acting with considerable power and velocity, while the minuter approximations to the exact positions are effected by a distinct part of the apparatus, capable of more delicate action, though with a smaller force. Thus, while the astronomer brings his telescope round by powerful machinery, so as to direct it to that part of the heavens, where the object he wishes to view is situated, a more nice mechanism is employed to direct the instrument accurately to the exact point: and, again, another is provided for making the proper focal adjustments. Many parallel cases occur in the mechanism of the animal frame; one set of powerful muscles being employed for the larger movements, and another set provided for the accurate regulation of the more delicate inflexions and nicer positions. This we shall find exemplified in the movements of the fingers, and of many of the organs of the finer senses."—vol. i. pp. 139—140.

The author next proceeds to discuss in distinct chapters, the mechanical functions of several different grades of animals, beginning with *Zoophytes*, that is, *animated plants*, or what has been more properly designated *Phytozoa*, that is, plant-like animals. These form the lowest stations in the scale of organization, beginning with the various species of *sponge*, which are met with in multitudes on every rocky coast of the ocean, from the shores of Greenland to those of Australia. The series which he next arrives at is the *Mollusca*, which embraces the oyster, the muscle, the cockle, animals very imperfectly furnished with organs of locomotion, at least after having arrived at a certain period of their growth; for immediately after they are hatched, they are free to move in the water, in search of a habitation. In this chapter, the *formation of shells* affords much interesting discussion. *Articulated animals in general*, the lowest division of which have a vermi-form shape,

such as the earth-worm, follow the Mollusca. Spiders are another of the divisions in this section.

"In common with all articulated animals, Spiders, in the progress of their growth, cast their outer skin several times, and at regular periods. In the earlier stages of their existence, although they have the general form of the mature insect, yet they have a smaller number of legs; the last pair not making their appearance till after the spider has attained a certain size. We may here trace the commencement of that system of metamorphosis, which, as we shall afterwards find, is carried to so great a length in winged insects.

"Spiders are endowed with extensive powers of progressive motion, and display great activity and energy in all their movements. The long and elastic limbs on which the body is suspended, being firmly braced by their articulations, enable the muscles to act with great mechanical advantage in accelerating the progression of the body. Hence these animals are enabled to run with great swiftness, and to spring from considerable distances on their prey; powers which were necessary to those tribes that live altogether by the chase. The greater number of species, however, as is well known, are provided with a curious apparatus for spinning threads, and for constructing webs to entangle flies and other small insects. Every species of spider weaves its web in a manner peculiar to itself: and, besides the principal web, they often construct in the neighbourhood a smaller one, in the form of a cell, in which they conceal themselves, and lie in ambush for their prey. Between this cell and the principal web they extend a thread of communication, and by the vibrations into which it is thrown, on the contact of any solid body, the spider is immediately acquainted with the event, and passes quickly to the spot, by the assistance of the same thread.

"Some species have the power of conveying themselves to considerable distances through the air by means of threads which they dart out, and which are borne onwards by the wind, while the spider is clinging to the end of the thread which is next to it. In this manner these spiders are often carried up to a great height in the air: and it has been supposed that during their flight they often seize upon gnats and other flies; because the mutilated remains of these insects are often seen adhering to the threads: this point, however, is open to much doubt."—vol. i. pp. 283—5.

Crustacea are also arranged under the head of articulated animals, whose calcareous coverings are analogous to shell both in structure and composition. But this solid structure does not admit of increase by the extension of its own parts.

"The tendency in the body and in the limbs to expand during growth is restrained by the limited dimensions of the shell, which resists the efforts to enlarge its diameter. But this force of expansion goes on increasing, till at length it is productive of much uneasiness to the animal, which is, in consequence, prompted to make a violent effort to relieve itself: by this means it generally succeeds in bursting the shell; and then, by dint of repeated struggles, extricates its body and its limbs. The lobster first withdraws its claws, and then its feet, as if it were pulling them out of a pair of boots: the head next throws off its case, together with its antennæ; and the two eyes are disengaged from their horny pedicles. In this operation, not only the complex apparatus of the jaws,

but even the horny cuticle and teeth of the stomach, are all cast off along with the shell: and, last of all, the tail is extricated. But the whole process is not accomplished without long continued efforts. Sometimes the legs are lacerated or torn off, in the attempt to withdraw them from the shell; and in the younger crustacea the operation is not unfrequently fatal. Even when successfully accomplished it leaves the animal in a most languid state: the limbs, being soft and pliant, are scarcely able to drag the body along. They are not, however, left altogether without defence. For some time before the old shell was cast off, preparations had been making for forming a new one. The membrane which lined the shell had been acquiring greater density, and had already collected a quantity of liquid materials proper for the consolidation of the new shell. These materials are mixed with a large proportion of colouring matter, of a bright scarlet hue, giving it the appearance of red blood, though it differs totally from blood in all its other properties. As soon as the shell is cast off, this membrane, by the pressure from within, is suddenly expanded, and, by the rapid growth of the soft parts, soon acquires a much larger size than the former shell. Then the process of hardening the calcareous ingredient commences, and is rapidly completed; while an abundant supply of fresh matter is added to increase the strength of the solid walls which are thus constructing for the support of the animal. Reaumur estimates that the lobster gains, during each change of its covering, an increase of one-fifth of its former dimensions. When the animal has attained its full size, no operation of this kind is required, and the same shell is permanently retained.

“A provision appears to be made, in the anterior of the animal, for the supply of the large quantity of calcareous matter required for the construction of the shell at the proper time. A magazine of carbonate of lime is collected, previous to each change of shell, in the form of two rounded masses, one on each side of the stomach. In the Crab these balls have received the absurd name of *crab's eyes*; and during the formation of the shell they disappear.”—vol. i. pp. 292—4.

Another most amazing provision is made for animals of this class: it is well known when deprived of a claw, that that part is soon replaced by one which grows from the stump of the one lost. But we have only got to the middle of the first volume, by the foregoing notices; and every succeeding page is as interesting and full of wonder as those which have preceded it. *Of insects*, the metamorphoses that many of them undergo, their flight, their number, beauty and variety, we therefore must extract nothing. But, as the author says, if it be pleasing to trace the footsteps of nature in constructions so infinitely varied as those of the lower animals, and to follow the gradations of ascent from the Zoophyte to the winged insect, still more interesting must be the study of those more elaborate efforts of creative power which are displayed on a wider field in the higher orders of the animal kingdom. The result of these constructions is seen in vast series of *Vertebrated Animals*, which comprehends all the larger species on the globe, including man himself, at the summit of the scale. In this extended series there is at first sight a most remarkable distinction when compared with those

that have gone before. For whilst in *this* the solid frame work is in general internal, surrounded by the softer organs, in *that* the softer parts are internal, and enclosed in a crust. The uses which such an arrangement serves are many and mighty, as the mind at once perceives; but a perusal of the treatise before us will astonish the reader with an immense number more, which we cannot even glance at in this notice. The formation and development of bone, the construction of the vertebral column, and many other processes connected with ossification as here detailed, overwhelm the contemplative mind with an admiring wonder, that can only find any thing like adequate expression in an act of adoration.

“The purposes to be answered by the skeleton, in vertebrated animals, resolve themselves into the three following; first, the affording mechanical support to the body generally, and also to different portions of the body; secondly, the providing a solid basis for the attachments of the muscles which are to effect their movements; and thirdly, the giving protection to the vital organs, and more particularly to the central parts of the nervous system. Of these the last is the circumstance that has the greatest influence in determining the principles on which the osseous frame-work has been constructed. In the nervous system of all the animals coming under the denomination of vertebrata, the spinal marrow, together with the brain, (which may, indeed, be considered as the anterior extremity of the spinal marrow, only much enlarged by an additional mass of nervous substance,) are the most important parts of that system, and the organs which stand most in need of protection from every kind of injury. These two portions of the nervous system, when viewed as composing a single organ, have been denominated the *spino-cerebral axis*, in contradistinction to the analogous parts of the nervous system of articulated animals: for amidst great differences of structure and of functions, an analogy is still retained among the several forms of the nervous system, characterising these two great divisions of the animal kingdom. In the embryo state of the vertebrata the central parts of that system consist of two separate filaments, running parallel to each other the whole length of the body: but in process of time these two filaments unite, and constitute a single spinal cord: and the primary type of the skeleton is determined by the peculiar form of this, the central organ of the nervous system.

“In laying the foundations of the skeleton, then, the first object is to provide for the security of the spinal cord; and this is accomplished by enclosing it within a series of cartilaginous rings, which are destined to shield it during its growth, and, by their subsequent ossification, to protect it most effectually from all injurious pressure. It is this part of the skeleton, accordingly, of which the rudiments appear the earliest in the embryo animal. These rings form a column, extending in a longitudinal direction along the trunk; retracing to us the series of horny rings, in which the bodies of worms, of insects, and indeed of all the *Articulata*, are encased. When ossified, these several rings are termed *vertebræ*; and the entire column which they compose is the *Spine*.

“Nor is the spine of less importance when viewed in its mechanical relations to the rest of the skeleton. It is the great central beam of the fabric, establishing points of union between all its parts, and combining

them into one continuous frame-work: it is the general axis of all their motions, or the common fulcrum on which the principal bones of the extremities are made to turn: it furnishes fixed points of attachment to all the large muscles which act upon these bones as levers, and also to those which move the trunk itself.

"If this column had been perfectly rigid, the whole frame-work would have been exposed to inconvenience, and even danger, amidst the shocks it must encounter during all the quick and sudden movements of the body. Not only must its mechanism be framed to sustain these shocks, but also to accommodate itself to various kinds of flexions, and twistings of the trunk. While these objects are provided for, care must at the same time be taken that the spinal marrow it encloses shall, amidst all these motions, remain secure from pressure; for so delicate is its structure that the least degree of compression would at once interrupt its functions, and lead to the most fatal consequences. A safe passage is likewise to be afforded to the nerves, which issue from the spinal marrow, at certain intervals, on each side, throughout its whole length.

"No where has mechanical art been more conspicuously displayed than in the construction of a fabric capable of fulfilling these opposite, and apparently incompatible functions. The principal difficulty was to combine great strength with sufficient flexibility. This we find accomplished, first, by the division of the column into a great number of pieces, each of which being locked in with the two adjoining pieces, and, tightly braced by connecting ligaments, is allowed but a very small degree of flexion at the point of junction. This slight flexion at each single joint, however, by becoming multiplied along the series, amounts to a considerable degree of motion in the whole column."—vol. i. pp. 386—390.

Fishes occupy the lowest rank of vertebrated animals; of terrestrial tribes, reptiles and those that are amphibious are the next in ascent. *Mammalia* is the highest division, and presenting a mighty class of animals; comprehending all those which possess a spinal column, breathe air by means of lungs, and are also warm-blooded and viviparous; conditions which render it necessary that they should possess organs, called *mammæ*, endowed with the power of preparing milk for the nourishment of their young. These are not exclusively land animals; some are amphibious, and some aquatic; but as they all possess in common the essential characters of internal structure and of functions above enumerated, which also belong to the human species, they claim to be ranked together, and our deepest interest belongs to them. Let it be remarked, however, that the law of uniformity in the plan of construction of all the animals belonging to the same class, is strikingly shown in various parts of the animals therein included. For instance, although in the anterior extremities of the Cetacea, which include the whale, they present externally no resemblance to the leg and foot of a quadruped, yet being fashioned into fin-like members, and when the bones are stripped of the thick integument which covers them, we find that they exhibit the same divisions as exist in the most highly developed organization. But it is man who is both physically and

physiologically placed incontestably at the summit of the scale of terrestrial beings. It is not, however, on a pre-eminence in any single quality that this superiority can be founded, but in a general adaptation to an incomparably greater variety of objects, and our infinitely more expanded sphere of action, than any other animal. Destined to possess an intellectual, a social, and a moral existence, man has had every part of his organization modified with an express relation to these great objects of his formation: for instance, it is impossible to doubt that nature intended man to assume the erect attitude.

“ The space comprehended by the two feet is extremely narrow, when compared with the extended base on which the quadruped is supported: hence the stability of the body must be considerably less. The statue of an elephant placed upon a level surface, would stand without danger of oversetting; but the statue of a man resting on the feet, in the usual attitude of standing, would be thrown down by a very small impulse. It is evident, indeed, that in the living body, if the centre of gravity were at any moment to pass beyond the base, no muscular effort which could then be made would avail to prevent the body from falling. But the actions of the muscles are continually exerted to prevent the yielding of the joints under the weight of the body, which tends to bend them. In quadrupeds less exertion is requisite for that purpose; and standing is in them, as we have seen, a posture of comparative repose: in man it requires nearly as great an expenditure of muscular power as the act of walking. Soldiers on parade experience more fatigue by remaining in the attitude of standing, than they would by marching during an equal time. Strictly speaking, indeed, it is impossible for even the strongest man to remain on his legs, in precisely the same position, for any considerable length of time. The muscles in action soon become fatigued, and require to be relieved by varying the points of support, so as to bring other muscles into play. Hence the weight of the body is transferred alternately from one foot to the other. The action of standing consists, in fact, of a series of small and imperceptible motions, by which the centre of gravity is perpetually shifted from one part of the base to another; the tendency to fall to any one side being quickly counteracted by an insensible movement in a contrary direction. Long habit has rendered us unconscious of these exertions, which we are, nevertheless, continually making; but a child learning to walk finds it difficult to accomplish them successfully. It is one among those arts which he has to acquire, and which costs him in the apprenticeship many painful efforts, and many discouraging falls. But whenever nature is the teacher, the scholar makes rapid progress in learning; and no sooner have the muscles acquired the necessary strength, than the child becomes an adept in balancing its body in various attitudes, and in a very short time is unconscious that these actions require exertion.”
—vol. i. pp. 541, 542.

The second volume commences with the *vital functions*, and of course we take up the offices of nutrition of the same grades of beings whose *mechanical* functions have been treated of in the first volume. The animal machine, in common with every other mechanical contrivance, is subject to wear by constant use. There-

fore it requires to be forwarded in its growth, and upheld in its vigour. The processes by which all this is accomplished comprise the reparation of the waste of the substance of the organs, their maintenance, and their application. The food of plants and the mode by which they are nourished, furnish astonishing proofs of design and wisdom. But we go on to the food of animals; not as being more admirable, but as being a subject more affecting in reference to us. And here we shall just take by random a statement or two from the work now before us. Thus every class has its carnivorous tribes in the animal kingdom, which consume living prey of every denomination. For instance:—

“ No sooner is the signal given, on the death of any large animal, than multitudes of every class hasten to the spot, eager to partake of the repast which nature has prepared. If the carcass be not rapidly devoured by rapacious birds, or carnivorous quadrupeds, it never fails to be soon attacked by swarms of insects, which speedily consume its softer textures, leaving only the bones. These, again, are the favourite repast of the Hyæna, whose powerful jaws are peculiarly formed for grinding them into powder, and whose stomach can extract from them an abundant portion of nutriment. No less speedy is the work of demolition among the inhabitants of the waters, where innumerable fishes, crustacea, annelida, and mollusca are on the watch to devour all dead animal matter which may come within their reach. The consumption of decayed vegetables is not quite so speedily accomplished; yet these also afford an ample store of nourishment to hosts of minuter beings, less conspicuous, perhaps, but performing a no less important part in the economy of the creation. It may be observed that most of the insects which feed on decomposing materials, whether animal or vegetable, consume a much larger quantity than they appear to require for the purposes of nutrition. We may hence infer that in their formation other ends were contemplated, besides their own individual existence. They seem as if commissioned to act as the scavengers of organic matter, destined to clear away all those particles, of which the continued accumulation would have tainted the atmosphere or the waters with infection, and spread a wide extent of desolation and of death.

“ But we may carry these views still farther; and, following the ulterior destination of the minuter and unheeded fragments of decomposed organizations, which we might conceive had been cast away, and lost to all useful purposes, we may trace them as they are swept down by the rains, and deposited in pools and lakes, amidst waters collected from the soil on every side. Here we find them, under favourable circumstances, again partaking of animation, and invested with various forms of infusory animalcules, which sport in countless myriads their ephemeral existence within the ample regions of every drop. Yet even these are still qualified to fulfil other objects in a more distant and far wider sphere; for, borne along, in the course of time, by the rivers into which they pass, they are at length conveyed into the sea, the great receptacle of all the particles that are detached from the objects on land. Here also they float not uselessly in the vast abyss; but contribute to maintain in existence incalculable hosts of animal beings, which people every portion of the wide expanse of ocean, and which rise in regular gradation from the microscopic

monad, and scarcely visible medusa, through endless tribes of mollusca, and of fishes, up to the huge Leviathan of the deep.

“ Even those portions of organic matter, which, in the course of decomposition escape in the form of gases, and are widely diffused through the atmosphere, are not wholly lost for the uses of living nature; for, in course of time, they also, as we have seen, re-enter into the vegetable system, resuming the solid form, and reappearing as organic products, destined again to run through the same never-ending chyle of vicissitudes and transmutations.”—vol. ii. pp. 60—64.

The call of hunger produces on the herbivorous and carnivorous animals the most opposite effects:—

“ The calls of hunger produce on each of these classes of animals the most opposite effects. Herbivorous animals are rendered weak and faint by the want of food, but the tiger is roused to the full energy of his powers by the cravings of appetite; his strength and courage are never so great as when he is nearly famished, and he rushes to the attack, reckless of consequences, and undismayed by the number or force of his opponents. From the time he has tasted blood, no education can soften the native ferocity of his disposition: he is neither to be reclaimed by kindness, nor subdued by the fear of punishment. On the other hand, the elephant, subsisting upon the vegetable productions of the forest, superior in size and even in strength to the tiger, and armed with as powerful weapons of defence, which it wants not the courage to employ when necessary, is capable of being tamed with the greatest ease, is readily brought to submit to the authority of man, and requites with affection the benefits he receives.

“ On first contemplating this extensive destruction of animal life by modes the most cruel and revolting to all our feelings, we naturally recoil with horror from the sanguinary scene; and cannot refrain from asking how all this is consistent with the wisdom and benevolence so conspicuously manifested in all other parts of the creation. The best theologians have been obliged to confess that a difficulty does here exist, and that the only plausible solution which it admits of, is to consider the pain and suffering thus created, as one of the necessary consequences of those general laws which secure, on the whole, the greatest and most permanent good. There can be no doubt that the scheme, by which one animal is made directly conducive to the subsistence of another, leads to the extension of the benefits of existence to an infinitely greater number of beings than could otherwise have enjoyed them.”—vol. ii. pp. 66—68.

Magnificent is now the field that opens up to us in this treatise. There is the *preparation* of food treated of, liquid and solid, mastication, deglutition, and the receptacles; there is *digestion*, *chylification*, *lacteal absorption*, *circulation*, *respiration*, *secretion*, *absorption*, and at last *nervous power*, which leads to the sensorial functions. Each of these terms admits of the most curious instruction and scientific explication; but we must confine ourselves to a notice of the functions of the *senses*. Indeed the system of mechanical and vital operations, or rather functions which we have merely touched, is only a foundation for the endowment of higher faculties, which constitute the great objects of animal existence. It is in the study of these final purposes that the scheme of nature in

the formation of the animal world displays itself in all its grandeur. The Divine Architect has employed all the powers of matter which science has yet revealed to man to concur in the great work that was to be performed. On the organized fabric there has been conferred a vital force; with the powers of mechanism have been conjoined those of chemistry: and to these have been superadded the still more subtle and potent agencies of caloric and of electricity: every resource has been employed, every refinement practised, every combination exhausted, that could ensure the stability and prolong the duration of the system, amidst the multifarious causes which continually menace it with destruction.

But can this, continues the author, which is mere physical existence, be the sole end of life? Must we not even associate the power of feeling with the idea of animal existence? There is a peculiar substance called the *medullary*, which composes the greater part of the texture of the brain, assinal marrow, and nerves, that is to man totally inexplicable, connected with affections of the sentient and intelligent principle: a principle which we cannot any otherwise believe than as being distinct from matter; although we know that it is capable of being affected by matter operating through the medium of this nervous substance, and that it is capable of reacting upon matter through the same medium. The brain is the essential organ of sensation; the inquiry, therefore, arises respecting the scheme that has been devised for enabling it to receive impressions from such external objects as it is intended that this sentient being shall be capable of perceiving:—

“As these objects can, in the first instance, make impressions only on the organs situated at the surface of the body, it is evidently necessary that some medium of communication should be provided between the external organ and the brain. Such a medium is found in the *nerves*, which are white cords, consisting of bundles of threads or filaments of medullary matter, enveloped in sheaths of membrane, and extending continuously from the external organ of the brain, where they all terminate. It is also indispensably requisite that those notices of the presence of objects should be transmitted instantly to the brain; for the slightest delay would be attended with serious evil, and might even lead to fatal consequences. The nervous power, of which, in our review of the vital functions, we notice some of the operations, is the agent employed by nature for this important office of a rapid communication of impressions. The velocity with which the nerves subservient to sensation transmit the impressions they receive at one extremity, along their whole course, to their termination in the brain, exceeds all measurement, and can be compared only to that of electricity passing along a conducting wire.

“It is evident, therefore, that the brain requires to be furnished with a great number of these nerves, which perform the office of conductors of the subtle influence in question; and that these nerves must extend from all those parts of the body which are to be rendered sensible, and must unite at their other extremities in that central organ. It is of special importance that the surface of the body, in particular, should communicate

all the impressions received from the contact of external bodies; and that these impressions should produce the most distinct perceptions of touch. Hence we find that the skin, and all those parts of it more particularly intended to be the organs of a delicate touch, are most abundantly supplied with nerves; each nerve, however, communicating a sensation distinguishable from that of every other, so as to enable the mind to discriminate between them, and refer them to their respective origins in different parts of the surface. It is also expedient that the internal organs of the body should have some sensibility; but it is better that this should be very limited in degree, since the occasions are few in which it would be positively injurious: hence the nerves of sensation are distributed in less abundance to these organs."—vol. ii. pp. 366—8.

"To a person unused to reflection, the phenomena of sensation and perception may appear to require no elaborate investigation. That he may behold external objects, nothing more seems necessary than directing his eyes towards them. He feels as if the sight of those objects were a necessary consequence of the motion of the eye-balls, and he dreams not that there can be any thing marvellous in the function of the eye, or that any other organ is concerned in this simple act of vision. If he wishes to ascertain the solidity of an object within his reach, he knows that he has but to stretch forth his hand, and to feel in what degree it resists the pressure he gives to it. No exertion even of this kind is required for hearing the voices of his companions, or being apprized, by the increasing loudness of the sound of falling waters, as he advances in a particular direction, that he is coming nearer and nearer to the cataract. Yet how much is really implied in all these apparent simple phenomena! Science has taught us that these perceptions of external objects, far from being direct or intuitive, are only the final result of a long series of operations, produced by agents of a most subtle nature, which act, by curious and complicated laws, upon a refined organization, disposed in particular situations in our bodies, and adjusted with admirable art to receive their impressions, to modify and combine them in a certain order, and to convey them in a regular succession, and without confusion, to the immediate seat of sensation.

"Yet this process, complicated as it may appear, constitutes but the first stage of the entire function of *perception*: for before the mind can arrive at a distinct knowledge of the presence and peculiar qualities of the external object which gives rise to the sensation, a long series of mental changes must intervene, and many intellectual operations must be performed. All these take place in such rapid succession, that even when we include the movement of the limb, which is consequent upon the perception, and which we naturally consider as part of the same continuous action, the whole appears to occupy but a single instant. Upon a careful analysis of the phenomena, however, as I shall afterwards attempt to show, we find no less than twelve distinguishable kinds of changes, or rather processes, some of which imply many changes, must always intervene, in regular succession, between the action of the external object on the organ of sense, and the voluntary movement of the limb which it excites."—pp. 372—3.

On none of the works of the Creator which we are permitted to behold have the characters of intension been more deeply and

legibly engraved than on the organ of vision. Of all the animal structures, this is, perhaps, the one which most easily admits of being brought into close comparison with the works of human art; for the eye is, in truth, a refined optical instrument, the perfection of which can never be fully appreciated until we have instituted such a comparison. We can only find room for a small part of the description of the human eye:—

“An orbicular muscle, the fibres of which run in a circular direction, immediately underneath the skin, all round the eye, is provided for closing them. The upper eye-lid is raised by a separate muscle, contained within the orbit, immediately above the upper straight muscle of the eye-ball. The eye-lashes are curved in opposite directions, so as not to interfere with each other when the eye-lids are closed. Their utility in guarding the eye against the entrance of various substances, such as hairs, dust, or perspiration, and also in shading the eye from too strong impressions of light, is sufficiently apparent. The eye-lids, in closing, meet first at the outer corner of the eye; and their junction proceeds along the line of their edges, towards the inner angles, till the contact is complete: by this means the tears are carried onwards in that direction, and accumulated at the inner corner of the eye; an effect which is promoted by the bevelling of the margins of the eye-lids, which, when they meet, form a channel for the fluid to pass in that manner. When they arrive at the inner corner of the eye, the tears are conveyed away by two slender ducts, the orifices of which, called the *puncta lacrymalia*, are seen at the inner corner of each eye-lid, and are separated by a round projecting body, connected with a fold of the conjunctiva, and termed the *lacrymal caruncle*. The two ducts soon unite to form one passage, which opens into a sac, situated at the upper part of the sides of the nose, and terminating below in the cavity of the nostrils, into which the tears are ultimately conducted. When the secretion of the tears is too abundant to be carried off by this channel, they overflow upon the cheeks; but when the quantity is not excessive, the tendency to flow over the eye-lid is checked by an oily secretion proceeding from a row of minute glands, situated at the edge of the eye-lids, and termed the *Melbomian glands*.

“The eye-brows are a further protection to the eyes; the direction of the hairs being such as to turn away from them any drops of rain or of perspiration, which may chance to fall from above.

“Excepting in front, where the eyes are covered and protected by the eye-lids, these important organs are on all sides effectually guarded from injury by being contained in a hollow bony socket, termed the orbit, and composed of seven portions of bone. These seven elements may be recognised in the skulls of all the mammalia, and perhaps also in those of all other vertebrated animals; affording a remarkable illustration of the unity of the plans of nature in the construction of the animal fabric.”—vol. ii. pp. 467—469.

The chapter on the *reproductive functions*, which forms the last part of this work, we must pass over, and also take leave entirely of it. The extracts we have given will satisfy every reader that the work is one of great care, labour, and ability. Such progress of late has been made in every branch of physiological science, that it must

have been no easy task to embrace, even within these two thick volumes, the principal facts, and still less so to arrange them in the lucid order in which they appear. The result of our perusal of the treatise however, is to our minds a sufficient testimony to the talent of the author. It was his design to treat of animal and vegetable physiology in a manner that would prove that those departments of nature were the work of one all-powerful, wise, and benevolent Being; and he has succeeded in conveying to our minds the most exalted conceptions of God of which we are susceptible. The perusal of the work will be found by every candid reader a highly instructive and ennobling exercise. Philosophy is here beheld in her proper colour and shape, as the hand-maiden of truth, and akin to revealed religion. We quote the concluding paragraphs, which are such as became a Christian writer to indite:—

“The great Author of our being, who, while he has been pleased to confer on us the gift of reason, has prescribed certain limits to its powers, permits us to acquire, by its exercise, a knowledge of some of the wondrous works of his creation, to interpret the characters of wisdom and of goodness with which they are impressed, and to join our voice to the general chorus which proclaims ‘His Might, Majesty, and Dominion.’ From the same gracious hand we also derive that unquenchable thirst for knowledge, which this fleeting life must ever leave unsatisfied; those endowments of the moral sense, with which the present constitution of the world so ill accords; and that innate desire of perfection which our present frail condition is so inadequate to fulfil. But it is not given to man to penetrate into the counsels or fathom the designs of Omnipotence; for, in directing his views into futurity, the feeble light of his reason is scattered and lost in the vast abyss. Although we plainly discern intention in every part of the creation, the grand object of the whole is placed far above the scope of our comprehension. It is impossible, however, to conceive that this enormous expenditure of power, this vast accumulation of contrivances and of machinery, and this profusion of existence resulting from them, can thus, from age to age, be prodigally lavished, without some ulterior end. Is man, the favoured creature of nature’s bounty, ‘the paragon of animals,’ whose spirit holds communion with celestial powers, formed but to perish with the wreck of his bodily frame? Are generations after generations of his race doomed to follow in endless succession, rolling darkly down the stream of time, and leaving no track in its pathless ocean? Are the operations of Almighty power to end with the present scene? May we not discern, in the spiritual constitution of man, the traces of higher powers, to which those he now possesses are but preparatory: some embryo faculties which raise us above this earthly habitation? Have we not in the imagination a power but little in harmony with the fetters of our bodily organs; and bringing within our view purer conditions of being, exempt from the illusions of our senses and the infirmities of our nature, our elevation to which will eventually prove that all these unsated desires of knowledge, and all these ardent aspirations after moral good, were not implanted in us in vain?

“Happily there has been vouchsafed to us, from a higher source, a pure and heavenly light to guide our faltering steps, and animate our

fainting spirit, in this dark and dreary search; revealing those truths which it imports us most of all to know; giving to morality higher sanctions; elevating our hopes and our affections to nobler objects than belong to earth, and inspiring more exalted themes of thanksgiving and of praise."—vol. ii. pp. 639—641.

ART. VIII.—*A Sketch of Chinese History, Ancient and Modern.* By the **REV. CHARLES GUTZLAFF.** London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1834.

THE author in this and former works has done much to make us acquainted with that singular people, the Chinese, and with their immense empire. As a nation they are becoming more and more an object of consideration to Europeans. Hitherto the remoteness of situation with respect to Britain that China holds on the face of the globe, and the inhospitable nature of its policy towards strangers, have concurred in perpetuating the erroneous impressions created by travellers imperfectly informed, or prone to exaggerate whatever they saw. But the author's long and careful study of that strange country's character, which his extended residence in it enabled him to pursue, and his earnest desire to give a faithful account of all that he has had the means of studying, unite to render the volumes before us of particular value. Indeed, they will be found to convey a more correct and comprehensive view of the internal history of China than has ever before been published. Mr. Gutzlaff's intimate acquaintance with the extraordinary language of the people of whom he treats at once presents him with a key to information and knowledge which very few possess. A free trade has been opened up for British merchants to China, and we feel confident that the present work will do much in clearing away many misapprehensions that previously have been generally entertained by the English in respect of that country. One thing is manifest even on the slightest perusal of these volumes, that they are severely accurate, in regard not merely of the matters stated as facts, but in the reasonings thereon founded. No longer need it be supposed that the "celestial empire" possesses a military power of colossal dimensions and strength, or that the government, which may be regarded as the beau ideal of despotism, has been torn by fewer revolutions and civil wars than the free states of the west.

The contents of the work are arranged in a lucid order, which enables the reader at once to comprehend the author's plan, to arrive at any matter that is therein, with very little trouble, and to feel the force of the views taken. The first chapter is devoted to geographical remarks, wherein we are told that the whole extent of Chinese territory is 3,010,400 square miles, 1,298,000 of which constitute the area of China Proper. The whole empire is thus larger than Europe, and the population is at all events far more numerous. The enormous amount of 367 millions is given as the actual number of the inhabitants, which the author thinks is as near the truth as can be ascertained. Those parts, indeed, which he has visited are

extremely populous, and on numbering the houses of small districts, he has invariably found that the last imperial census under-rated the amount of people. Though the empire, however, possesses necessarily a great variety of climates, its productions both in variety and quantity appear to be far inferior to what is found in Europe. Fruit-trees, for instance, are comparatively scarce, and very few kinds of vegetables are cultivated by the people. The breeding of horses and cattle is likewise neglected, almost every kind of hard labour being performed by human hands, and the natives consuming comparatively little animal food.

The second chapter treats of the government and laws of this singular people.

“ At the head of the Chinese government stands the emperor, as the son of Heaven, Heaven's viceregent below, invested with unlimited power and virtue, the sole distributor of Heaven's favours on earth. His station is so greatly elevated above that of all common mortals, that he demands the adoration of his subjects, not unlike the Roman emperors of old. Besides the appellation of T'ien-tze, 'heaven's son,' he is called Hwang-te, 'the august emperor,' or Hwang-shang, 'supremely august;' Ta-hwang-shang, 'the great supremely august,' and Shing-choo, 'the holy lord.' In addressing him, it is not very uncommon to use the phrase Wan-suy-yay, 'the lord of a myriad of years;' or, in speaking of him as we say, 'his majesty,' 'the court, &c.,' the Chinese make use of the phrase Chaou-ting, 'the palace.' The mandarins, as well as the other natives, not only prostrate themselves when in the presence of his imperial majesty, but also before a tablet, with the inscription, Wan-suy-yay. Dressed in a robe of yellow, the colour worn, say the Chinese, by the sun, he is surrounded by all the pageantry of the highest dignity in the world; whilst the extensive empire lies prostrate at his feet. But, notwithstanding his exalted station, he is, nominally, the father of his people; though, under the appearance of the most lenient patriarchal government, his sway is, in fact, that of the most absolute despot. In no country in the world is tyranny so well cloaked under the endearing names of paternal authority. Punishments are denominated mere chastisements, even when the criminal is cut to pieces, or perishes cruelly by a slow and most ignominious death. The emperor of China, the common father of an immense family, does not punish, but correct; he is actuated by the most tender compassion, when he sucks the blood of the subject and tramples upon the laws. Like the pope, in Europe (and he is nothing but a political pope, equally arrogant in pretensions), the emperor is almost considered infallible. But with the view of curbing, in some degree, his tremendous authority, the law has appointed censors over his conduct, whose admonitions, however, he may not choose to receive. Ordinary characters, even when seated on the throne, will always be under a certain control; but a tyrant of strong mind and great capacity may oppress China with impunity.”—vol. i. pp. 34—36.

The emperor, besides the utmost political power, performs the office of high-priest; the forms of prayers which he repeats have been in use during many ages.

“ If any calamities afflict the country, he is wont to accuse himself as the cause, and to utter the prescribed lamentations, in order to appease the gods. Thus, he keeps on good terms with heaven, earth, hills and rivers, and all the nation. As much of his actions as he wishes to be known, are recorded in a daily gazette, which is but a dry detail of ordinary and uninteresting occurrences. His proclamations are framed according to a prescribed form; for he only examines, or, rather, causes to be examined, the ancient records, and writes and acts conformably; although he is careful to reserve for himself the liberty of setting aside his declared intentions, whenever it suits his convenience. One remark, in regard to all Chinese institutions, which applies also to the emperor, may here be made:—the theory is, in many instances, very excellent, but the practice is generally exceedingly defective. A crafty, lying, base spirit pervades the court, and all the officers of government. Persons have nowhere, indeed, to complain of a want of fair words; but the actions, which form a contrast to them, are abominable. A well-organized system of oppression is carried on from the highest minister of state to the pettiest mandarin; every one is most anxious to exercise his rapacity upon those below him; and those, in their turn, practise the same tyranny towards their inferiors.”—vol. i. pp. 37—38.

The whole of the Chinese government is pervaded by a spirit of regularity unknown in any other part of Asia. The author compares it to a steam-engine, receiving its propelling power from Peking, and communicating it, by means of numerous wheels, to all parts of the empire. No new regulation interrupts the once-adopted course, which greatly prevents irregularity; for, age after age, affairs are transacted in the same manner.

“ As all principles of good government and the whole code of virtue are, according to Chinese opinion, contained in the Classics, it is indispensably necessary for every one, who wishes to hold any public station, to be well versed in these writings. The government, therefore, from the time of the Tang dynasty, has instituted regular examinations, open to all those who wish to become candidates for public employments. When they have studied the Classics thoroughly, and are able to give satisfactory answers to the questions proposed, they are admitted to the lowest degree of scholarship—(sew-tsae)—from whence they advance to the rank of keu-jin; this renders them eligible for officers of state. Beyond this, there are only the degrees of Tsin-sze and Han-lin. The emperor appoints literary examiners, whose sole business it is to pronounce impartially their judgment upon the essays produced at the examinations. The utmost integrity is required from those who are invested with this high office; but nevertheless a great deal of clandestine management is carried on, both with and without their knowledge. Offices are also sold to the best bidder, a custom highly injurious to the interests of a country.

“ In all despotic governments in Europe we have a secret police, and in China there exists something similar. The emperor employs his inspectors to pry into every man's affairs, and to report according to what they have seen or heard. Upon the greater officers of government some person always acts as spy, in the capacity of a clerk or aide-de-camp. These men communicate freely with the cabinet, and have also access to the imperial presence.”—vol. i. pp. 46, 47.

This immense engine keeps wonderfully together, which argues favourably in behalf of the system, as connected with the genius of the people. But they are in a lethargic state, and easily kept in subjection by a weak government. Their soldiery are no doubt numerous, the nominal army amounting to more than a million men, besides the militia and Mongol cavalry; but they have little martial courage, and for the most part are married, and unwilling to leave their homes. They are also held in low estimation compared with the civilians. Their principal weapons are bows and arrows, though they have clumsy matchlocks, guns without carriages, and many other kinds which are not generally used. The navy again, though numbering perhaps one thousand sail, is a less effective power. Their men-of-war are mere junks, and their ignorance of naval tactics remarkable; for, although the Chinese believe that every country exists only as their compassion and benevolence suffers it to do so, yet, whenever European ships sail along the coast, the terror of their admirals is so great that the squadrons of several harbours can never muster as much courage as to encounter a single ship.

The third chapter considers the characters, usages, industry, language, sciences, and religion of the Chinese. In most of these departments they are much debased. Their religious indifference is remarkable. The Confucian school extends not their views beyond the grave, enjoining the worship of all nature, but not nature's omnipotent God. This is the orthodox creed of the state, and of scholars. The sect of Taou are gross idolaters, and more mystical in their tenets, in which the vestiges of adulterated truth may be found. A third order of superstition has been imported from the Hindoos. This is Buddhism, the followers of which are not particular as to the objects of their worship, or the merits of other religious creeds, only considering their own the best, because it teaches the best method to pass through the numerous changes of the metempsychosis, till the worshipper arrives at the consummation of bliss—annihilation. There are also Mahomedans in China, and it is said that there are 600,000 Roman Catholic Christians still in the country; but these once were much more numerous. The thought that so many millions of the human race are thus slaves to the most debasing paganism, and under the iron rule of antiquated custom, is cheerless in the extreme. But commerce, "which is the forerunner, if not the cause, of civilization," we hope and believe is about to carry in its train a light that will shed the most benign influences over the benighted regions of China. Infidels, or persons totally destitute of any portion of a truly Christian spirit, are to be found in Britain, who, ignorant of the great benefits which they have reaped from Christianity at home, would endeavour to make one weep at the thought of interfering with the superstition of heathens, though that interference should merely consist in appeals to the intellect and the heart. But, however picturesque

heathenism may be rendered in description by unfair representations, it will ever be found, when the whole truth is told, that gross superstition dwells only in the dark places of the earth, and that such places are full of immoral practices and horrid cruelties. In China a disregard to truth in the ordinary intercourse of life is a descriptive feature of the people, and every one knows that infanticide is carried on to an enormous extent. What a revolution would the introduction of the knowledge of Christianity, and obedience to its doctrines, accomplish amongst these hundreds of millions of our species !

A great part of the remainder of these volumes is occupied with the history, ancient and modern, of the dynasties which successively sat upon the Chinese throne, arranged by the author not as the native historians have done, but blended with the annals of the western world, as the most convenient order for general use. Four eras take up by this plan the entire existence of the nation, which is confessedly very ancient. Even as a civilized people their annals go back to the earliest times,—a civilization, however, which by the genius of their institutions has been quite stationary from time immemorial. The author thinks that they had, for instance, a notion of astronomy as early as the Chaldeans and Egyptians. But the accounts of their antediluvian existence, as given by their historians, are as extravagant and unfounded as the mythological stories of the Hindoos and Greeks. It does not appear indeed that much that is authentic can be narrated of the empire previous to the time of Confucius, 550 B. C.

The author calls the first of the four eras, into which he divides the history of China, *the Mythological*:—duration uncertain. The second era embraces the ancient history of the empire, B. C. 2207 to A. D. 263. The third era takes in the middle ages of history, from A. D. 264 to 1367. And the last, modern history, from A. D. 1368 to 1833.

The present emperor succeeded to the throne in 1820; and the rules instituted for mourning, in consequence of the death of his predecessor, not only show the formal character of the Chinese, but the dissimulation, that is not confined to any one region of the earth, or family of mankind :—

“ When one of the immaculate sages of the family is numbered with those who are departed, the succeeding emperor shall be the chief mourner; he shall take the fringes from his cap, and he shall lament and stamp his feet for sorrow. The empress, and all the ladies of inferior rank in the palace or harem, shall pluck away their ear-rings, and remove every ornament of their head-dress. A table shall be spread out before the coffin, and there the kings, princes, and nobles, shall pour out libations. The emperor who succeeds shall put on mourning, and dishevel his plaited hair, taking up his abode in a hovel by the side of the corpse. The empress, concubines, and all the ladies of the harem, shall cut off their hair. The emperor shall mourn for three years, and during the first hundred days shall cause all imperial edicts to be written with blue ink; all govern-

ment papers, during twenty-seven days, must be stamped with blue ink. During a hundred days the Chinese shall desist from shaving the head, and the mandarins shall not give their sons and daughters in marriage. 'All my people should be dutiful to their parents,' said Taou-kwang, 'respectful to superiors, ashamed of crime, and cherish a dread of punishment, to aid me in imitating his last majesty, who showed a love of the lives of others, such as Heaven displays. Now, in consequence of all the kings, Tartar nobles, great statesmen, civil and military officers, having said with one voice, Heaven's throne must not be long unoccupied, it is incumbent, that by the consent of the imperial manes, and the gods of the land, a sovereign do early assume his sway. In consequence of their again remonstrating with me, I forced myself to yield to the general voice, and interrupting my keen sorrows, on the third day of the eighth moon; having announced the circumstance to Heaven and earth, and to the manes of my imperial ancestors; I sat down on the imperial throne. Let the next year be the first of Taou-kwang.'—vol. ii. pp. 78—80.

The author says, that monarchs who intend to send an ambassador to the imperial court of China ought to inform themselves upon the ceremonial which these personages have to pass and to perform. The emperor does not acknowledge any power upon terms of equality. It is put down as a law, that an embassy by land shall never consist of more than one hundred personages, twenty of whom only are allowed to repair to the court, whilst the remainder have to wait on the frontiers. An embassy sent by way of the sea ought only to consist of three vessels, with a hundred men in each of them, &c. Would it not be advisable to convince his Imperial Majesty that there are powers possessed of a large extent of territory and numerous subjects, who can demand a proper treatment for their representatives?

On the subject of the propagation of the Gospel in China we have the following information, which to us is new:—

“The reviving influence of the Gospel animated the hearts of the apostles and their followers to penetrate to the most distant parts of the world. Their love for their fellow-men was unbounded, and they bore all hardships joyfully. St. Thomas, who is denominated ‘the apostle of the Hindoos and Chinese’ in the epitome of the Syrian canons, traversed a great part of western Asia, visited India, and finally reached Kambalu, which, according to the latest researches, is the Khanbalik of the Tartars, and the Peking of the Chinese. Having built a church here, he returned to Meliapore, on the coast of Koromandel, where being very successful in the conversion of the infidels, he was stoned and pierced with a lance, by the envious Brahmins. Though the foregoing is taken from Syrian tradition only, the fact is corroborated by the concurrent testimonies of the Chaldean ritual, which concludes with the following sentence: ‘By the blessed Thomas, the kingdom of heaven was extended and opened to the Chinese.’ The Syrian metropolitan of the Malabar coast always subscribed himself the metropolitan of all Hindoostan and China. Kwan-yun-chang, a celebrated Chinese writer, is said to mention the birth of the Saviour in the Grotto, exposed to all the winds; his death; his resurrection; his ascension, and the impression of his holy feet. Though the

author has not seen his work, he is acquainted with the *Shin-seën-tung-keën*, a history of all religions in Chinese—where Christianity is detailed in such a way as to leave no doubt that it was known in China long before the entrance of the Jesuits, but only in a circumscribed sphere, and very imperfectly.”—vol. ii. pp. 101, 102.

The Nestorian creed is said to have been propagated in China at an early date of the Christian era, and it is well known that the Roman Catholics have for a long time been at great pains to spread, by means of their missionaries, their views of religion, though of late, as it seems, with little success. When the author was at Fuh-choo, in 1832, he received several applications from native Christians, who, according to the statement of the mandarin of the district, are very numerous. They are generally poor and ignorant people, who, if they can afford it, wear a cross round their neck. The missionaries have supplied them with crucifixes and pictures. They possess also a calendar, which points out to them the festivals and saints'-days of the Romish Church; but beyond this their knowledge does not extend. The author says, it was rather surprising to see that they opposed the promulgation of the pure Gospel amongst the heathens, whom they decried as an ignorant, forsaken race, unworthy of so great a gift.

Protestantism has been introduced into China, and had a small beginning, which, however, promises extensive sway ere long :—

“ When the churches in England, during the latter part of the last century, aroused from that indifference with which they had hitherto seen millions of their fellow-creatures dying in idolatry, they also turned their attention towards China. The choice of the directors of the London Missionary society fell upon the Rev. (now Dr.) Morrison, who had studied in Hoxton Academy, with a view to the ministry at home; but being fully convinced of the deplorable state of the heathen world, he was willing to go to any quarter of the globe where the Gospel was not yet known. With this view he entered the missionary seminary at Gosport. After having obtained a Latin-Chinese Dictionary, and ‘the Harmony of the Four Gospels’ in Chinese, from the British Museum, he sailed, in 1807, by way of America, for Canton, accompanied by the prayers of thousands. He landed in the September of the same year at Macao, and created a good deal of suspicion among the Romish clergy. In Canton, he lived during that season in a godown, where he studied, ate, and slept. He let his nails grow, that they might be like those of the Chinese, wore a tail, and became an adept in the use of chopsticks. In the factory he walked about in a Chinese frock, and wore Chinese shoes. But, seeing that his wish to conform to the prejudices of the natives had not the desired effect of conciliating their affection, he abandoned their costume and dressed like a European. Very soon afterwards he was introduced to Sir George Staunton, a member of the British factory, and became by his means acquainted with Mr. Roberts, the chief. As it was Mr. Morrison’s principal object to translate the Scriptures into Chinese, Mr. Roberts, on his death-bed, remarked: ‘I see not why your translating the sacred Scriptures into the Chinese language might not be avowed, if occasion called for it. We (the members of the factory) could with reason answer the Chinese

thus :—‘ This volume we deem the best of books.’ It was in a somewhat similar way that the British ambassador at the court of Persia introduced a copy of the New Testament to the notice of the Persian monarch. The arrival of some troops from Bengal in 1808, in order to garrison Macao, put him under the necessity of leaving Canton. He had during all this time studied Chinese, both the Canton and mandarin dialects, and even offered up his private prayers to the Almighty in that language. Shortly afterwards he was nominated Chinese translator to the British factory, which situation greatly facilitated the accomplishment of his views. He now began to have on Sunday a religious meeting at his house with some few Chinese, highly delighted at the feeble beginnings in so great a work. Having ascertained that a copy of the Acts of the Apostles, which he had brought out with him, was perfectly intelligible, he printed it, and completed also a Chinese Grammar, with the Gospel of St. Luke, in 1810-11. Thus he went on gradually, and printed the New Testament in parts, till the British and Foreign Bible Society voted three hundred pounds towards the translating, printing, and circulating of the sacred Scriptures in China. The Roman Catholic missionaries had spent more than two centuries in China, and amongst them there were many who understood the Chinese language thoroughly and wrote elegantly. They have published the lives of saints, their scholastic divinity, and other works, but never ventured upon translating the oracles of God, and making them intelligible to so many millions. If they were preachers of the Gospel, and apostolical missionaries, why did they not make known the Gospel and the apostolical doctrines? If they were champions of the saints and the Pope, why did they not declare themselves such in China, and prevent the gross error of miscalling popery the Gospel? When they were once asked by the Pope himself to translate one Gospel, as a mere specimen of Chinese literature, they pleaded the absolute impossibility of such an undertaking, and nevertheless could find words and phrases to translate the abstruse Thomas Aquinas! Whatever may be the opinions of the enemies of the word of God upon this subject, Dr. Morrison considered it his duty to follow the Saviour’s command, by making known the Gospel without human alloy. The author had found no work of any importance which can be translated with so great ease into a foreign idiom as the Holy Bible—a book given for all nations of the earth, in the most simple form possible. Dr. Morrison endeavoured to imitate in the translation the most approved works of the Chinese, but could not introduce the style of the classics, which is too concise, and, without commentaries, unintelligible to the natives themselves. During the years 1813 and 1814, he undertook the instruction of four orphan boys, both in their native language and the principles of Christianity. As the Chinese prize education, and have made literary acquirements the road to office, the establishment of schools has since proved very beneficial to the promotion of Christianity.

“ At Canton, Dr. Morrison, the worthy senior of the mission, who devoted his time and property to the service of his God, and compiled a large Anglo-Chinese dictionary, has carried on the work gradually. An American mission has likewise been established in this provincial city. The senior missionary publishes the Chinese Repository, a monthly periodical, which is very valuable, and he teaches several Chinese boys, who have made considerable progress in the knowledge of Christianity. A Chinese monthly periodical has also been lately issued. There are ten

native converts,—truly a small number,—but their minister Afā, a fervent Christian, spreads the Gospel and Christian books, in his native district, with very great success. Lately, the work has greatly prospered, and the co-operation of Christians in England, as well as in America is considerable.”—vol. ii. pp. 163—177.

A nation so completely isolated by natural boundaries from all intercourse with foreigners is prone to view other nations in a false light. The Chinese conceive that their country is situated at the centre of the earth, surrounded by the four seas, and therefore the only one worthy of notice. All other parts of the earth are mere islands in their view, scattered round the celestial empire, inhabited by barbarous tribes and ruled by petty chiefs. The emperor's presumption of thinking himself entitled to the name of Heaven's son engenders in the breast of every true Chinese the opinion that they themselves are the lords of the globe. A great portion of the second volume is occupied by a history of the intercourse which, however, has taken place in former and modern times between foreigners and the celestial empire. Of the accounts of the emporiums belonging to Europeans we select a part of what is told of Canton:—

“Canton, Kwang-chow-foo, called also by the natives Sang-ching, is situated in 23 deg. 7 min. 10 sec. N. lat. and in long. 113 deg. 14 min. 30 sec. east of Greenwich, on the Choo-keang,—Pearl river. It is surrounded by canals, branches of rivers, rice-fields, and towering, barren hills. It is a very ancient city, and is said to have existed at the time of Yaou, who commanded one of his ministers to repair to Nan-keaou, which is also called Ming-too,—the splendid capital. The territory, which now bears the name of Kwang-tung (Canton) province, was then called Yuē, and constituted the principality of Yany. During the reign of Chang dynasty, the princes sent tribute to the son of heaven. About 630, B. C., the prince of Tsou subjected the southern barbarians to his sway, to prevent their being troublesome. The provincial city bore then the name of Nan-woo-ching; it is surrounded by a bamboo stockade, and of narrow dimensions. Possibly, however, the situation of the place has changed according to circumstances. We are told that five genii riding upon rams, met at the city, each ram bearing a stalk of grain in his mouth, which had six ears. The genii, after having addressed the people with the couplet, which said, “May famine and dearth never visit your market,” disappeared, and the rams were changed into stone. A temple still exists, commemorative of this strange event.

“That portion of the city, which is surrounded by a wall, nearly in the form of a square, is divided into two parts, by a wall running from east to west. The northern, which is much the largest part, is called the old city; the southern is called the new city. The whole circumference can be circumambulated at a quick pace within two hours. These walls are made of stone and brick, with a line of battlements and embrasures at the distance of a few feet: sixteen gates lead to the city. The suburbs are fully as large as the city itself; on the west, they spread out nearly in the form of an isosceles right-angled triangle, opening to the north-west, having the river on the south, and the western wall of the city for its two equal sides. On the south they occupy the whole space between the wall

and the river. The European factories are outside of the city walls, on the banks of the river in the suburbs. They are thirteen in number, and run nearly east and west. They are, without doubt, the most elegant buildings in the empire, though a European might find fault with them, and view the *factory comforts* with contempt. The company has a small garden in front of their hong; several factories have terraces upon the roofs; the most stately rooms are the apartments of the company. There are about 600 streets in Canton, most of them narrow and crooked, and none at all to be compared with the Old and New China streets, near the factories; few of the houses are splendid, the laws of the celestial empire forbidding luxury in this branch. The dwellings of the poor are exceedingly crowded; but even in the houses of the wealthy, if we except the abodes of a few Hong merchants, there is no real comfort. The governor's palace, a very spacious building, stands near the Yew-lan gate: he has very great power, and rules over two provinces, Kwang-tung and Kwang-se, though his proper seat is Shaou-king-foo, about 100 miles west of this city: he generally resides in Canton."—vol ii. pp. 214—222.

In the course of his work the author has frequent occasion of relating that many aggressions have arisen in China on the side of European guests; however, the provoking system which the natives follow in their treatment of strangers has often been the cause of bloodshed and reprisals:—

"In Europe, where we are taught to consider the mandarins as patriarchs, ruling over a nation of beloved children, we can only ascribe every lawless act to the wantonness of our countrymen. But every one, who is in the least conversant with the Chinese government, will have found, that the mandarins always oppress foreigners, and extort money from them, wherever this can be done with impunity. The Chinese merchants have a leaning towards impositions, the constitution of the empire rests upon the basis of excluding all foreign intercourse, and to restrict mercantile connexions with foreigners as much as possible, by vexatious and petty annoyances. Europeans, who meet with such an anti-national reception, and suffer in their speculations by the heavy impositions, will frequently have recourse to violence, in order to get their grievances redressed. But if they had stopped here, we should find no reason to blame them for having used the only means left to them in order to succeed in their trade. But, once convinced of the weakness of the Chinese government, they become aggressors in their turn, and embroil themselves with a nation which has nothing to oppose to downright violence but low cunning. After this general remark, we shall relate the events with impartiality, and leave it to the reader to draw his own conclusions."—vol. ii. pp. 234, 235.

The author makes one exception, which our readers have reason, like ourselves, to be grateful for, inasmuch as it redounds to the immortal honour of our country. We do hope that in regard of China it is fully borne out:—

"Wherever British influence has prevailed, mankind has been improved and enlightened, and lofty principles, with all the arts and sciences of civilization, have been widely propagated. No nation on earth has done so much for the benefit of mankind, or upon so extensive a scale, as

the inhabitants of the favoured British isles. Humanity and the glorious cause of Christianity have gained more since the English have spread themselves over the globe, than during all the ages since the reign of Constantine. We by no means wish to depreciate the merits of other Protestant nations, nor derogate from the praise due only to the Almighty, who bestowed upon Great Britain this great trust of enlightening the nations; but had the Portuguese and Spaniards remained in possession of their conquests in Asia, to the exclusion of every other nation, what would be the state of the eastern world at the present period?"—vol. ii. p. 291.

British moderation seems indeed to have sometimes been carried to an imprudent extent towards the vain and feeble Chinese. In 1818, a squadron was sent from England to take possession of Macao, so long as the war with France should last, but the China authorities would not permit the armament to establish themselves on this peninsula; that is to say, the boastful language of the native powers seems to have made the British admiral withdraw.

"We do not dwell upon the abstract right the English had of occupying Macao, until the danger of its falling into the hands of the French should be passed; but they surely had a right to cause their flag and admiral to be respected by a wretched government, whose whole strength consists in the art of boasting. In their official communication, by means of the Hong merchants, they say: 'Knowing, as you ought to know, that the Portuguese inhabit a territory belonging to the celestial empire, how could you suppose that the French would ever venture to molest them? (Napoleon would have taught them that this was a vain presumption.) If they dared, our warlike tribes would attack, defeat, and chase them from the face of the country. Conscious of this truth, why did you bring your soldiers here? Repent, and withdraw immediately; the permission to trade shall then be restored; but should you persist in remaining, the hatches of your ships shall not be unlocked.' The latter part of the threat would have been immediately reversed, by the mere appearance of a British ship of war in the Canton river, or at Canton itself. Instead of this, the way of negotiation was adopted. The Chinese accordingly refused to listen to any argument until the troops were withdrawn from Macao. Thereupon, Admiral Drury came up to Canton, and insisted upon an interview with the viceroy. The viceroy refused him the interview, though he sent an intimation that he would be up, within half an hour, in the city. The viceroy declined this honour, and the admiral returned to his ship. He afterwards ordered the boats of his own and of the company's ships to be manned and armed, in order to break through the line of Chinese vessels which were moored across the river. Had he persevered in this endcavour, the trade would both have been opened, and the matter adjusted at Macao. Anxious to hold a conversation with the Chinese admiral, Drury pulled a-head, and was fired upon, whereby one sailor was wounded. He then made the signal for the attack; but this was not observed. He did not repeat it a second time, but retreated with the boats. If it had not been considered right to force an amicable understanding, this expedition ought not to have been undertaken; but, once entered upon, it ought to have been carried through.

"Though the British chief of the factory highly approved of the moderation of the admiral, the British national honour was stained for ever; and a pyramid, recording the victory of Chinese cowardice over British imprudence, is erected near the spot from whence the admiral retreated. He withdrew with his garrison from Macao; the English nation was viewed with greater contempt; it was written down in the Chinese annals, 'We have beaten the English!' The undaunted veterans of the Nile and Trafalgar had retreated."—vol. ii. pp. 347—9.

The consequences of these cautionary proceedings were greater obstacles in the way of trading and additional insolence. The reception in China of our ambassador, Lord Amherst, in 1816, was a striking example.

"The embassy arrived towards the end of the year at Canton, and had several interviews with the authorities there. Before they left Canton an edict was issued by the emperor Këa-king, addressed to all nations, wherein he exculpated himself, and confirmed the degradation of the commissioners. This was the result of fear, and the legates, who had come down with them from Peking, moreover, requested Lord Amherst to represent matters to his sovereign in a way calculated to preserve peace and good will between the two countries. The embassy received the letter addressed to the Prince Regent, couched in very pompous words, and adding, that there would be no occasion to send in future a tribute-bearer from such a distance. In an edict, addressed to the viceroy at Canton by the emperor, it is said, in speaking of the ambassador and commissioners: 'You will invite them to dinner, in compliance with etiquette, and will make the following speech to them:—'Your good fortune has been small; you arrived at the gates of the imperial house, and were unable to lift your eyes to the face of Heaven. The great emperor reflected, that your king sighed after happiness, and acted with sincerity. We therefore accepted some presents, and gifted your king with various precious articles. You must give thanks to the emperor for his benefits, and return with speed to your kingdom, that your king may feel a respectful gratitude for these acts of kindness. Take care to embark the rest of the presents. Answer in one word; a decree has passed; we therefore dare not present troublesome petitions, and with decision you will rid yourself of them. Respect this.'"—vol. ii. pp. 365, 366.

We have not room to follow up the later history of British trading with the celestial empire. It is to be hoped that with the cessation of the monopoly a salutary change will take place in this great department of our commercial relations. The author indeed declares that it will be only our own fault if it is otherwise.

"To preserve the same relations which have hitherto existed between the Chinese government and the British merchant will be impossible. It will give rise to incessant quarrels on both sides. There is no law in China to protect the British merchant, nor has there ever been a commercial treaty concluded to secure the trade. There exists no commercial tariff, no mutual understanding, no friendly relation. The most unprejudiced man will very soon feel the rod of this paternal government. But let us not anticipate too many evils, since we may rest assured that the

British government will take wise and vigorous measures to put the trade upon a firm basis, and to encourage every enterprise for its extension."—vol. ii. p. 413.

We must now dismiss these volumes with the repeated opinion that they contain a clear and condensed sketch of Chinese history. The retrospect of the foreign intercourse and trade with that peculiar people leads to many suggestions which naturally strike the mind of the reader, and no doubt will be taken advantage of by those intrusted with that department of our trading interests. The work indeed is dedicated to Charles Grant, President of the Board of Control. Its value is enhanced by a large map of the Chinese empire, and by a number of tables containing returns of trade therewith connected by British ships for many years.

ART. IX.—*History of the British Colonies.* By R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN. London: Cochrane and M'Crone. 1834.

WHEN the first volume of Mr. Martin's history came under our review, we spoke in very strong and decided terms of its excellence, and predicted that if the succeeding portions of the work equalled in point of care and talent that part, the author would confer upon mankind a great benefit, and establish for himself a deathless name. We now see that all fear of a falling off may be laid aside, and that this volume is a worthy companion for the preceding. Nor indeed with a mind constituted like that of Mr. Martin could it be otherwise, when we consider the field of this effort. If the British colonies in the East engaged his fervour of heart and style, was it to be supposed that those in an opposite direction of the globe could be less worthy of his sympathy and zeal, when the subject in both bore on the welfare and the condition of man? Was it possible that the West Indies should pass under the review of his liberal, warm, and Christian spirit, without eliciting the eloquence of awakened humanity, and affording him an opportunity of even a finer effort than ever heretofore presented itself to his powers?

But this volume consists not merely or chiefly of ardent sentiments of a general or declamatory kind; correct facts and practical conclusions are what the author is mainly employed upon. Statistical tables of population, trade and finance, geological descriptions and geographical delineations, rather than theoretical views and abstract disquisitions, are the objects of his great care; and upon these he is entitled and he can afford to build strong appeals and warm addresses. It is this real and matter-of-fact character, which is now-a-days alone sure of obtaining lasting attention, that renders the volume before us so valuable as an authority on West India questions. Long, and till lately, distorted views were taken of the state of the colonies referred to, by many men at home, and the vilest and most dangerous doctrines advocated on the interests therewith connected. We rejoice that the legislature has set at

rest the law, and also that this volume does the same thing with the facts of the case.

The author tells us that the work, part of which we are now to give some account, has cost him years of peril and privation abroad and at home; that few can imagine the difficulties which he has had to surmount even in proceeding so far as he has done; and that he should have sunk beneath the pressure of unremitted toil, had he not been supported by the consciousness that his country will reap some benefit from his sacrifices, and that he owed a duty to society, to extend by every possible exertion social and commercial freedom, and thus help to lessen the number of wretched and indigent throughout the world. He says that extended commerce relieves want—that competence annihilates ignorance—and that knowledge is virtue, and power happiness.

In an introductory chapter to this volume, in which the author throws himself upon the indulgence of the public in a manner that of itself bespeaks favour, we have a short outline of the history of the discovery, conquest, and colonization of the West Indies; the rise, progress, and abolition of slavery, &c. “At the close of the 15th century, these islands were discovered by the Spaniards; but the French and English began to molest them ere many years elapsed. The commencement of the 17th century saw the first British colonization there, but during the next fifty years, or so, the progress of English and French settlements was very rapid; and whilst, as in some instances, the subjects of each nation resided on the same island, it fell out that, as war raged in Europe between the mother countries of these settlers, so was it carried on in the west, but with greater bitterness and fury. In 1810, Britain had captured every one of the islands in question, belonging to any power at war with her in Europe. At the downfall of Buonaparte, however, in 1815, a restoration and repartitioning of the West Indies took place, and they have since remained under the government of the English, French, Spaniards, Danes, and Dutch.” We must not garble the following paragraphs, descriptive in a general form of the conduct of Europeans in their power over these islands, but which description is particularly borne out in the several chapters that are afterwards introduced into the volume:—

“When Columbus first discovered the New World, he found the whole continent, and every island, however small, densely peopled with a mild, and just, and generous race of men (I do not allude to the Caribs scattered throughout the Archipelago, and preying, or rather feasting on their fellow-creatures), with skins of a copper or light bronze colour, long silky black hair, finely formed limbs, and pleasing features; in some instances warlike, and civilized to no mean extent; in others, living in luxurious idleness, under the enervating effects of a tropical clime. Such were the Indians, among whom history records some of the rarest instances of true heroism that man has ever been ennobled by.

“Within a few short years after the discovery of the W. I. islands by the Spaniards, they had for the greatest part perished,—millions of them

had been swept from the face of the earth like so many ants from an ant-hill,—countless myriads sank into the grave by reason of the avarice of a mere handful of desperate, immoral, and murderous adventurers from the west! This is one of the extraordinary, the inscrutable, the awful dispensations of Providence, which it is forbidden to mortals to divine; the human mind dwindles with all its boasted wisdom into utter insignificance, when attempting to fathom the intentions of the Almighty; and I merely record the fact, in order to induce the contemplation of the most terrible event in the moral history of our species, and to show how weak, how powerless, how pitiful is man, either as an individual, or when congregated into society, in attempting to resist the decrees of Heaven.

“I pass from this melancholy truth to glance at another event scarcely less astounding, as regards its long and desolating continuance; I allude to the slave trade. When the Spaniards found how rapidly the aboriginal or Indian population of the West India isles perished under the system of forced labour, and beneath the tyranny of their rule, the expedient of introducing negro slaves from Africa was resorted to, and that infernal traffic in human blood and agony—doubly curst to the enslaver and to the enslaved—spread into deadly and ferocious activity. The example of the Spaniards was soon followed by the Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English; companies for the horrid traffic were formed—monopolies granted; and kings, princes, and nobles enriched their coffers with the price of human blood.

“About *thirty millions* of our fellow-creatures have been dragged from their native homes, shipped like cattle in chains to a distant land, worked like the beasts of the field, shot like dogs if they murmured forth a claim in behalf of humanity—and finally they have (with few exceptions) pined and perished under the cruelties, avarice, and brutality, of a handful of Europeans,—for of the thirty millions exported from Africa to the West Indies since the commencement of the sixteenth century, not half a million of the original slaves, or of their unmixed descendants, are now in existence!

“I cannot in this instance, no more than in the former, penetrate the ways of God towards man,—of the Being who declareth that ‘He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hands, he shall surely be put to death.’ *Exod.* xxi. 16. I have carefully studied the pages of W. India history which chronicle the deeds of upwards of 300 years, and I find nothing but wars, usurpations, crimes, misery, and vice:—no green spot in the desert of human wretchedness on which the mind of a philanthropist would love to dwell;—all—all is one revolting scene of infamy, bloodshed, and unmitigated woe. *Slavery* (both Indian and Negro), that blighting upas, has been the curse of the West Indies; it has accompanied the white colonist, whether Spaniard, Frenchman, or Briton, in his progress, tainting, like a plague, every incipient association, and blasting the efforts of man, however originally well disposed, by its demon-like influence over the natural virtues with which his Creator had endowed him—leaving all dark, and cold, and desolate within.”—pp. vi.—ix.

If every philanthropist in our country has wept over the share which Britons have had in these atrocities, let us at least claim this honour, that England was the last nation in Europe to enter into the accursed traffic in human beings; she was the first to relin-

quish it, which the author justly attributes chiefly to the power which Christianity has over the minds of its true followers.

The possession in the West Indies belonging to Britain, first taken up by the author, is Guyana, which extends about 200 miles (we adopt Mr. Martin's calculations, which are evidently made with great care) from east to west along the 'Main' of the South American Continent, covering the vast area of nearly 100,000 square miles. This country is almost perfectly flat and alluvial, resembling, in this particular, Holland. The chief rivers are the Essequibo, Demerara, and Berbice: and they are in size such as indeed may be called great. The unhealthiness of this extensive tract was, in respect to Europeans on their early settlement there, very destructive; but of late years, owing to the clearing of the coast and a free circulation of air being admitted, the climate has improved. We must quote the following encouraging calculation:—

“ Demerara has been cited as one of the strongest instances of a deleterious atmosphere, particularly among our West India colonies, but when we come to examine facts it turns out otherwise; the range of mortality, even among the *labouring* slave population, is about one in thirty-seven to forty, but in London and France it is equal as regards the *whole* population, rich and poor, and in other countries it is even more; thus, in Naples, one in thirty-four; Wirtemberg, one in thirty-three; Paris, one in thirty-two; Berlin, one in thirty-four; Nice, one in thirty-one; Madrid, one in twenty-nine; Rome, one in twenty-five; Amsterdam, one in twenty-four; Vienna, one in twenty-two and a half! Thus that which is termed our most unhealthy West India colony has, even as regards its working population, a greater duration of life than the rich and poor of some of the principal parts of Europe! On six years, ending 1832, the *increase* on 40,892 Creole population was 3,678, or nine per cent. The following comparison will put this point more clearly; in the Appendix to the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Factory Bill, it appears, that, in a number of 10,000 deaths in a healthy county (Rutland) under twenty years of age, 3,756 died; under forty years of age, 5,031 died; lived to forty years and upwards, 4,969. In London, under twenty years of age, 4,580 died; under forty years of age, 6,111 died; lived to forty years and upwards, 3,889. In the town of Preston, under twenty years of age, 6,083 died; under forty years of age, 7,462 died; lived to forty years and upwards, 2,538. In the town of Leeds, under twenty years of age, 6,213 died; under forty years of age, 7,441 died; lived to forty years and upwards, 2,559. In the town of Bolton, under twenty years of age, 6,113 died; under forty years of age, 7,459 died; lived to forty years and upwards, 2,541: contrast this with Demerara, where it appears, by the last registration, that the deaths, during the triennial period, were 7,106, of whom died under twenty years of age, 1,929; died under forty years of age, 3,359; and 3,657 lived to upwards of forty years of age. Supposing, then, the number of deaths to have been 10,000, instead of 7,016, the result would be—died under twenty years of age, 2,749; died under forty years of age, 4,788; and lived to forty and upwards, 5,212, being 243 in favour of the duration of life in the colony of Demerara, as compared with a healthy county

(Rutland) in England, and a still greater and increasing difference in favour of the colony, as compared with the towns before mentioned."—pp. 17, 18.

The author elsewhere says, that he agrees with the surveyor of Demerara, that there is no doubt, if the hand of cultivation reached the hills of the interior, and a few artificial improvements were added to the advantages of local situation, the climate of the Indies would be the most healthy and agreeable of any within the tropics, with fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables in abundance, pure water, no fever, and no mosquitoes.

The Indian tribes in British Guyana are enumerated, and many particulars respecting them given by the author. In speaking of the Arrawaaks, who live within the immediate vicinity of the plantations, their domestic manners and arrangements are not a little instructive:—

"Polygamy is allowed and practised by all those who have the means of maintenance for a plurality of wives. This is generally the case with the chiefs or captains, who have sometimes three or four wives. All the inconveniences common in Europe, where there are more mistresses than one in the house, are also felt here; and envy, jealousy, and henpecking, are perfectly understood by their effects in the Arrawaak seraglio. The interference of the husband, with a stout bush rope, is frequently necessary to restore tranquillity, and he is often driven out of the house by the din of domestic warfare.

"The captain commands the services of the families of his different wives on emergencies; and, in return, he is required to become the principal in all feuds, and to exercise towards them all the rights of hospitality, in their most extended sense. On any scarcity of provisions, or prevalence of sickness, all the branches of the family flock to the dwelling of the chief, and live at his expense, without the least doubt of a welcome. It therefore frequently happens that the chief is fairly eaten out of house and home, and his cassava field completely exhausted. In this predicament he unties his hammock, puts his family into his canoe, and starts off to pay his round of visits amongst his friends, at whose expense he lives, till his next crop of provisions coming in, enables him to return to his home. The visiting is a complete system, and is always made to occupy three months of the twelve.

"The Arrawaak, therefore, in preparing his cassava fields, calculates upon provisions for his families and guests for nine months; and he is never disappointed in the hospitality of his friends for the supply of the other three, although this might be a dangerous experiment in a more civilized community."—pp. 36, 37.

The Accawai, another tribe, have a strange way of trying the temper of any one with whom they hold an intercourse. They are expert and determined humorists, and notable in fabricating nick-names:—

"They do not see a European twice, without affixing to him some ridiculous epithet, most mortifying to his personal vanity. Rank and title have no influence with them in waving this custom; but even a governor or protector has no benefit from his station, but by being made appear

more conspicuously ridiculous. This is very annoying to individuals in authority over them ; but it is meant as a trial of temper ; and, if passed over, or merely laughed at, they yield in return a most prompt obedience, and an alacrity in the execution of the duties required of them, unknown to the other tribes. In fact, the Accawai are more difficult to command by strangers than the others ; but if they see that you will not be put out of humour, nor lose your self-possession, they will soon evince an affection and devotion, increasing as they become better acquainted with the object of it, and yielding to no instances of European fidelity. But the first impression is with them indelible ; and if it be unfavourable, no conciliatory attempt, or after-efforts, can efface it. An Accaway, if once a friend, is always a friend ; but, if in enmity with you, he can never be reconciled. With indifferent persons, the Accaways are very Jews at a bargain ; but they will sell to a favourite for one-half what they demand of a stranger, and they seldom pay debts till they are forced to do it."— pp. 46, 47.

The author furnishes minute information on a great variety of points. Besides the history of the population of each British settlement, of the commerce, the productions, the government, the several branches of natural science, and many other subjects belonging to each ; religion, education, the press, and public institutions, are all treated of. Take as a specimen what he furnishes, in regard to Guyana, on some of these last-mentioned heads :—

"Throughout the West India colonies considerable efforts have been made by the local governments and legislatures, for several years back, to promote religion and education ; and by none more so than Guyana ; in Demerara and Essequibo (independent of Berbice) there are attached to the Established Church of England seven rectors and one curate ; to the Church of Holland, two ministers ; to the Church of Scotland, five ministers ; and to the Roman Catholic Church, two priests ; twelve catechists, or schoolmasters, one being attached to each parish church of the English and Scotch persuasion ; besides four schools in George Town for free boys and girls, and slave boys and girls, to which there are two masters and two mistresses. The annual sum paid to the clergymen, catechists, schoolmasters and mistresses, from the colonial fund, amounts to 135,450 guilders, equal to about £10,000 : in addition to this sum, there have been expended, between the years 1824 and 1831, upwards of 350,000 guilders, equal to about £26,000, on the building of churches and parsonages ; independently of which, large sums have voluntarily been contributed by individuals for that purpose. On the estimate for the year 1832, a sum of 200,725 guilders, equal to £14,337, was placed for the support of the establishment for that year alone.

"Let it be remembered that these expenses are borne solely by the inhabitants, by taxes levied on them by the Court of Policy, combined with the financial representatives of the community. In Berbice there were, in 1831, three places of worship capable of holding 1,000 persons ; and the usual congregation is 800. There are two public or free schools, with 155 male and 147 female scholars.

"The press has made as much progress as could be expected in a community where the cultivation of the land and proportion of its products form the chief object of men's attention.

"There are two well-conducted newspapers; a very good almanack, the printing of which would not be discreditable to a London typographer; and several local works printed in Demerara show that the mighty engine of civilization, by which I trust its blessings will be extended and perpetuated, is making progress on the continent of South America.

"Among the English colonists the Episcopalian is the principal creed, and each parish has its rector, under the diocese of Barbadoes; the Dutch have their Lutheran church and minister, the Romish their chapel and minister, all paid (as I before said) and supported by the colony; and there are several active and useful missionaries endeavouring to instil Christianity into the negro population. Of the creed of the Indians we know little. Mr. Hillhouse says that they acknowledge the existence of a superior divinity, the universal Creator; and most tribes also believe in a subservient power, whose particular province is the protection of their nation. Amongst the Arrawaaks, Aluberi is the supreme being, and Kururumanny the god or patron of the Arrawaak nation."—vol. ii. pp. 57, 58.

On the subject of the timber which our West India possessions furnish, the author describes a great variety of kinds, out of which he says a valuable trade might be carried on, and with which many useful articles might be made in England. But we have not room for any part of the enumeration of such trees. By means of a plant the Indians have a sweeping method of catching fish, which we, for the information of pond and river poachers in this country, may give.

"The *Hiary* (with which the Indians intoxicate fish) is a plant of the papilionacea order, bearing a small quantity of bluish blossoms, which produce pods about two inches long, less in the leaf than a goose quill, and enclosing about ten small grey leaves; leaf nine inches long, central stem with four spear-pointed leaflets on each side, two inches long and one at the apex: root, when full grown, three inches in diameter, containing a gummy milky juice, which is a powerful narcotic, and prepared by the Indians for fishing, by beating with sticks until reduced to a mass like coarse hemp; the *Hiary* root is then employed to saturate a corial (canoe) full of water until it is of a milky whiteness, then conveyed to the selected fishing spot, and the water sprinkled with the infusion (a solid cubic foot of the root will poison an acre of water surface); in about twenty minutes every fish within its influence rises to the surface, and is either taken by the hand or shot with arrows, neither deteriorated in quality nor tainting more rapidly than when hooked."—vol. ii. p. 80.

A very great amount of highly interesting matter has been collected in respect of our possessions in South America, which shows that their importance and capabilities are immense. They clearly offer a wide and fruitful field for the industry of the emigrant and the enterprize of the merchant, as well as for natural science. Millions of acres of fertile land, now lying waste, are adapted to the cultivation of every tropical product of which the mother country stands in need.

The magnificent island of Jamaica is next taken up by the author, which is 160 miles long by 45 broad, containing 4,000,000 acres. It was discovered by Columbus on the morning of the 3rd

of May, 1494, during his second voyage to the New World. In the course of about half a century, it is stated that the native inhabitants had nearly entirely perished, and an old writer some time afterwards says that the Spaniards had slain more than 60,000. At length the island fell into the hands of the English during Cromwell's Protectorate. Negro slaves appear to have been imported hither by the British in pursuance of the policy of their predecessors. Its succeeding rise in value and importance cannot be here traced. Of the physical aspect of Jamaica the author thus speaks;—

“ This beautiful isle, happily screened by Cuba and Hispaniola from the tempestuous winds of the Atlantic, and peculiarly adapted for an extensive and profitable commerce with the adjacent continent, by reason of the number and disposition of its excellent havens, is really one of our most valuable colonies. Jamaica is somewhat of an oval shape, with an elevated ridge, called the ‘Blue Mountains’ (towering in some places to nearly 8,000 feet above the level of the sea), running longitudinally through the isle E. and W. and occasionally intersected by other high ridges, traversing from N. to S.; approaching the sea on the S. coast in gigantic spires, of sharp ascent—difficult of access, and clothed with dense and sombre forests;—on the N. declining into lovely mounds and round-topped hills, covered with groves of pimento, and all the exquisite verdure of the tropics,—the *coup d’œil* presenting a splendid panorama of high mountains, embosomed in clouds, and vast savannahs or plains, hills and vales, rivers, bays, and creeks: The middle part, called Pedro’s Cockpit, lying between Clarendon and St. Ann’s parishes, is spread for an extent of many miles with an infinite number of round-topped hills, whose surface, covered with a loose lime-stone, or honey-combed rock, is clothed with fine cedar and other trees, of enormous bulk; the dales or cockpits meandering between these hummocks contain a rich soil, of great depth, where the succulent Guinea grass forms a perfect carpet of ever-verdant beauty.”—vol. ii. pp. 163, 164.

The island is fruitful in all the rich vegetables of the tropics, but its present staple production is sugar. The quantity imported into Great Britain has, for some years, averaged 1,400,000 cwt. which, rated so low as twenty-one shillings per cwt., would give one million and a half sterling. The amount of rum made from the sugar is also great; the annual average exportations may be taken at 3,500,000 gallons. The author’s observations on the social state and future prospects of the island are such as we think no unprejudiced person can dissent from.

“ The transition which society is now undergoing in all our slave colonies renders it impracticable to say much on this head: judging from the past, and from the temper with which the Slave Emancipation Bill was passed, a less gloomy, if not a more happy augury than has been indulged in, may be formed for the future. The condition of the slave population has long been undergoing amelioration, and the coloured colonists have been admitted to those rights, and to that position in society, to which their talents, wealth, and conduct, might entitle them; no political or religious disabilities exist; the progress of liberal institutions has been sufficiently gradual to allow of their taking permanent root, and affording that

constitutional freedom which is the result of order, security of person, and the safe enjoyment of property.

“I look not despondingly on the prospects of Jamaica, or the other West India islands or possessions; on the contrary, I think (as indeed has been demonstrated by Mr. Ward, in reference to the cultivation of sugar on the South American continent) that the abolition of one of the direst curses with which mankind was ever afflicted will place society on a surer basis, and give renewed stimulus and energy to every one possessed of property; and when we reflect that out of upwards of 4,000,000 acres in Jamaica, only 2,235,732 are occupied, and with only *fifty-six* mouths to a square mile, (Barbadoes has 816!) we see what ample scope there is for a developement of social prosperity and happiness. Lord Belmore justly observed, that the capabilities of this fine island would never be brought forward until slavery was abolished. In this sentence his Lordship doubtless alluded to the introduction of free white labourers, the advantages of which will be found set forth under the *General View of the West India Colonies*; there are very many articles which might be largely cultivated and prepared in Jamaica, that would yield a more profitable return than sugar, such, for instance, as pepper, ginger, nutmeg, and various spices,—silk, indigo, cotton, drugs, opium, and dye stuffs; but Jamaica, and our other possessions in the West India Islands, have a right to demand from the mother country a reduction of the present enormous duties levied on their produce, particularly in respect to the article sugar; the colonists of this island, in common with their brethren throughout the western possessions, have ever distinguished themselves by loyalty and attachment to the mother country in times of difficulty and distress,—let that country now exercise common justice to her colonies, and they will prove, even more than they have yet done, a bulwark of maritime strength for the empire, and a mine of commercial wealth for millions of the human race.”—vol. ii. pp. 210—212.

Trinidad was also discovered by Columbus, and from its magnificent aspect, it has received the name of *the Indian Paradise*. Its position, in relation to the South American coast, points it out as a possession where an extensive depôt might be most advantageously formed for continental commerce, as the civilization and wealth of the Transatlantic republics increase. When the chivalrous Sir Walter Ralieggh visited this island in 1595, he states that the inhabitants cultivated excellent tobacco and sugar-canes. But one of its greatest curiosities now is the pitch lake, situate on the leeward side: it is nearly circular, and better than half a league in length, and the same in breadth.

“The road leading to the lake runs through a wood, and, on emerging from it, the spectator stands on the borders of what at the first glance appears to be a lake, containing many wooded islets, but which, on a second examination, proves to be a sheet of asphaltum, intersected throughout by crevices three or four feet deep and full of water. The pitch at the sides of the lake is perfectly hard and cold, but as one walks towards the middle with the shoes off, in order to wade through the water, the heat gradually increases, the pitch becomes softer and softer, until at last it is seen boiling up in a liquid state, and the soles of the feet become so heated that it is necessary to dance up and down in the

most ridiculous manner. The air is then strongly impregnated with bitumen and sulphur, and the impression of the feet is left upon the face of the pitch. During the rainy season it is possible to walk over the whole lake nearly, but in the hot season a great part is not to be approached. Although several attempts have been made to ascertain the depth of the pitch, no bottom has ever been found. The lake is about a mile and a half in circumference; and not the least extraordinary circumstance is, that it should contain eight or ten small islands, on which trees are growing close to the boiling pitch. In standing still on the lake near the centre, the surface gradually sinks, forming a sort of bowl as it were, and when the shoulders become level with the lake it is high time to get out. Some time ago a ship of war landed casks to fill with the pitch, for the purpose of transporting it to England; the casks were rolled on the lake, and the hands commenced filling; but a piratical craft appearing in the offing, the frigate with all hands went in chase: on returning to the lake all the casks had sunk and disappeared. There is a metallic substance thrown up by the pitch fountains, much resembling copper ore. Science is at a loss to account for this extraordinary phenomenon, for the lake does not seem to occupy the mouth of an exhausted crater, neither is the hill on which it is situated of volcanic origin, for its basis is clay. The flow of pitch from the lake has been immense, the whole country round, except near the Bay of Grappo, which is protected by a hill, being covered with it, and it seems singular that no eruption has taken place within the memory of man, although the principle of motion still exists in the centre of the lake. The appearance of the pitch which had hardened was as if the whole surface had boiled up in large bubbles, and then suddenly cooled; but where the asphaltum is still liquid, the surface is perfectly smooth. Many experiments have been made to ascertain whether the pitch could be applied to any useful purpose. Admiral Cochrane sent two ship-loads of it to England, but, after a variety of experiments, it was found necessary, in order to render it fit for use, to mix such a quantity of oil with it, that the expense of oil alone exceeded the price of pitch in England. Another attempt was made by a company, styled the Pitch Company, who sent out an agent from England, but finding Admiral Cochrane had failed, and feeling convinced any further attempt would be useless, he let the matter drop.—vol. ii. pp. 234—236.

The other West India islands belonging to the British are, in their turn, described by the author, with a minuteness in all their history and character equal to the specimens which we have extracted. But, without even naming them particularly, we hasten forward to notice some of the important conclusions to which the facts gathered by him inevitably lead. We may, however, just observe, from the tables furnishing returns of the annual population in Trinidad for thirty years, that the aboriginal inhabitants, or Indians, are fast decreasing. We pass over Grenada, which we are informed is the most lovely of our West India isles, to name Antigua, and to extract the following fact, as given by the author:—

“ I cannot pass to the next British island (in a geographical position) without noticing an act that reflects much honour on the colonists of An-

tigua, who have ever been distinguished for their desire to mitigate the horrors of slavery, and to inculcate morality and religion among their dependents. An act passed the Island Assembly 13th February, 1834, and was ratified by the council two days after, decreeing the emancipation of every slave in the island on the 1st of August, 1834, unqualified from all the provisions of the act of the British Parliament with reference to apprenticeship. The bill provides for locating, in their present domiciles, all the slaves residing upon sugar plantations for the space of one year, and also for settlement in the parishes in which their present residences are situated, for the same period. In case of insubordination or improper conduct, two magistrates to have the power of removing them. Food and clothing, as now provided by existing laws, to be supplied to the old, infirm, and young, for one year, at the proprietor's expense, and reasonable wages allowed to all the able and competent labourers. The laws of the island relative to the slaves to be abrogated, and the statute law of England to take their place.

"In the words of this most righteous Act—*From and after the 1st of August, 1834, slavery shall be and is hereby utterly and for ever abolished and declared unlawful within this colony and its dependencies!*"

"I trust this prompt measure of the Antiguanians will be met in a corresponding spirit at home, and that the destructive four and a half per cent. duties levied on all their produce exported (and which his present Majesty has so nobly resigned) will be immediately abolished—the local act for its abrogation being very properly combined by the colonial legislature in the Slavery Emancipation Act."—pp. 365, 366.

Honduras is a British settlement in the southern part of the North American continent, but its inland boundaries are not well defined. It however may embrace an area of 62,750 square miles, the coast line extending about 270 miles. The author says that every inducement ought to be held out by government for settlers to locate themselves on the waste lands of this territory, where about 60,000 miles lie untilld; the climate being more favourable to European constitutions than any other under the tropics. We take notice of the way in which the celebrated mahogany tree is got at:—

"The mode of procuring it is to despatch a skilful negro to climb the highest tree on lofty places, for the purpose of discovering mahogany in the woods, which is generally solitary, and visible at a great distance, from the yellow hue of its foliage. A gang of from ten to fifty men is then sent out to erect a scaffold round each tree that is selected, and to cut it down about twelve feet from the ground. When felled the logs are with much labour dragged to the banks of the streams, and being formed into crafts, sometimes of 200 united, are floated as many miles to places where the rivers are crossed by strong cables, and then the owners separate their respective shares. It is said that the boughs and limbs afford the finest wood, but in Britain mahogany is more valued on account of size; and none is allowed to be exported to the United States of America exceeding 20 inches in diameter. The *logwood*, on the other hand, affects low swampy grounds, growing contiguous to fresh-water creeks and lakes, on the edges of which, the roots, the most valuable part of the wood, extend.

It is sought in the dry season, and the wood-cutters having built a hut in the vicinity of a number of the trees on the same spot, collect the logs in heaps, and afterwards float up a small canoe in the wet season, when the ground is laid under water, to carry them off."—p. 417.

The author is very earnest in his endeavours, as shown by what is before us, to stir the public attention to the advantages presented by this possession :—

"I cannot conclude this chapter without expressing my regret that such an important settlement as Honduras should have been so long neglected at home. It is valuable not only in a political, but in a commercial aspect, inasmuch as it opens to our trade new regions and countries, while its rich and fertile lands await only the skilful handicraft of the British emigrant to pour forth the abundance of life. The eloquent annalist of Jamaica, writing within the last two or three years, says, 'It is but within the last few months that the town of *Peten*, situated 260 miles west of Balize, at the head of its magnificent river; has been exposed to speculation, or even to our acquaintance. A road is now open, and a lively intercourse with the British merchants has arisen there. Fleets of Indian pit-pans repair almost weekly to Balize, and return loaded with articles of British manufacture. *Peten*, formerly the capital of the Itzaec Indians, was one of the last conquests of the Spaniards in the year 1679. It stands on an island in the centre of the extensive fresh-water lake Itza, in lat. 16. N., long. 91.16. W. Within 50 miles of it the enterprising spirit of the British settler has already extended the search for mahogany; and what may not be expected from a people so industrious, so judicious, and so persevering? The Itza is 26 leagues in circumference, and its pure waters, to the depth of 30 fathoms, produce the most excellent fish. The islands of *Sepet*, *Galves*, *Lopez*, *Bixit*, and *Coju*, lie scattered over its surface, and afford a delicious retreat to 10,000 inhabitants, who form part of the new republic of central America, within the spiritual jurisdiction of the Mexican diocese of Yucatan. The fertile soil yields two harvests in the year, producing maize, chiappa pepper, balsam, vanilla, cotton, indigo, cocoa, cochineal, Brazil wood, and the most exquisite fruits, in wasteful abundance. Several navigable rivers flowing thence are lost in the great Pacific, and suggest an easy communication with the British limits. Within ten leagues of the shores of the Itza lake commences the ridge of the Alabaster mountains, on whose surface glitter in vast profusion the green, the brown, and the variegated jaspers, while the forests are filled with wild and monstrous beasts, the *Equus Bisulcus*, or Chinese horse, and with tigers and lions, of a degenerated breed. Roads diverge in all directions from this favoured spot, and afford an easy communication with a free channel for British merchandise to San Antonio, to Chichanha, San Benito, Tabasco, and even Campeachy; while throughout the whole country the most stupendous timbers are abundant. The most valuable drugs, balsams, and aromatic plants, grow wild; and the achiote, amber, copal, dragon's blood, mastic, and almacigo, are everywhere to be gathered.'

"Such is the splendid country which England deserves to lose, for she knoweth not its worth. May I hope, however, that my labours in endeavouring to develop the treasures (by treasures I mean not gold and silver, but food, raiment, and the necessaries and conveniencies, and even

elegancies of life) spread abroad by Nature, for the welfare of millions, will not be without some good result?—pp. 422, 423.

Every chapter of this volume proves to us the immense importance and value of the West India colonies to Great Britain; “they are, in fact, the tropical gardens for the growth of various articles which our temperate clime will not produce.” The author claims for them, therefore, that commercial justice may be accorded them. He reserves, however, his exposition of what he considers a sound colonial policy for his last volume. He complains bitterly of the enormous duties which have been imposed on the produce of our trans-marine possessions. We have, he says, with the idea of keeping up a mercantile marine, whilst almost shutting the West Indies out from the home market, forbade their selling their surplus in the markets of Continental Europe or America; nay, even from buying food, and the necessaries of life, where the colonists could readily obtain them in exchange for their sugar, rum, &c.

“We have been engaged in upholding a false system. When the British W. I. colonies were first established they had a free trade to all parts of the world, and the result was the most rapid strides in prosperity ever known. Our exclusive system checked that prosperity—our taxation within the present century completed its ruin. Upwards of £100,000,000 sterling have been invested in the British sugar plantations in the West Indies—loans of relief have been issued from the British Exchequer to a vast amount—and £20,000,000 sterling have lately been added to purchase slave emancipation. All this money, and, what is of far more worth, all the gallant blood spilt in defence of those possessions, will have been expended in vain by a perseverance in the present system. We must lower the duty on W. I. sugar from 24s. to 12s., and proportionally reduce the duties on E. I. sugars. We must allow the W. I. islands a free trade with North America and with Continental Europe on their own terms;—the colonists must, in fact, be permitted to buy food at the cheapest rate where they can sell sugar at the dearest price. If this be not done, the destruction of all the property embarked in the W. I. islands is inevitable, and those colonies will remain like a drag-chain round our necks, instead of being, as they would under the system recommended, a source of happiness and prosperity to the parent state.”—p. 434.

We indeed hope that a new day has commenced its dawn upon these colonies, not only as regards the indefeasible rights of humanity, but the prosperity of the planters. Sugar is certainly nothing short of a necessary of home consumption, and three times of the amount now imported, but for our restrictive system, would be used. And would the state revenue not be augmented, whilst the poor man was benefited by an encouragement to a greater supply? The author enters upon a number of other matters, on which he makes many observations, where sound calculation and benevolence are very apparent; but we cannot follow him, for want of space allotted to this article of our Journal. He is not by any means a partisan in any individual interest; for, whilst he maintains that the planters have made great pecuniary sacrifices for the moral and religious in-

struction of their dark brethren, he insists that many measures which he has pointed out should immediately be adopted to enable them to continue their praiseworthy efforts. At the same time he says:—

“ It is no longer consistent with justice or sound policy to continue to the West Indies a monopoly of the supply of the home market; other tropical colonies demand our attention, and have a right to insist on equitable treatment from the mother country; besides, we cripple our own power and resources and commerce by the present exclusive protection to West India sugar, coffee, and rum,—we impoverish a dense population at home, and (as the experience of the past proves) confer no benefit on the colonial agriculturists. Let me implore all who value the happiness of their fellow-subjects in every clime to aid in abolishing the wretched policy of pitting one interest against another—the *West Indian* against the *East Indian*; the Canadian against the Australian; the European against the African;—it is indeed imperatively necessary that such miserable legislation should cease;—England derives no advantage from it; on the contrary, she materially suffers in her revenue—in her internal and maritime commerce—as well as by depriving herself of free outlets to every part of the globe for her unemployed population and surplus manufactures. I advocate nothing Utopian; in the preparation of this work I have been necessitated to look into the early history of the colonies and the mother country—and I invariably found that it was owing to commercial freedom that the British West India Islands became peopled, cultivated, and enriched; whenever restrictions were placed on their trade with America, Holland, France, &c., they immediately began to decline in prosperity, and by a singular coincidence the mischiefs inflicted by the cupidity of man were frequently followed by the terrific visitations of the elements. What with the curse of slavery, the blighting effects of hurricanes, and the far more destructive influence of commercial jealousy, the wonder is how the West India colonies have maintained themselves during the last thirty years; nothing but the unconquerable energy of Britons could have surmounted the ruinous prospects and destruction of property which have been annually going on, and which will progress in an accelerated ratio unless the islands be permitted to renew their commercial intercourse with Europe and America, totally unfettered by any legal restrictions from the mother country. Give, I repeat, the British West Indies that unlimited mercantile freedom, for which their geographical position, fertile soil, and fine harbours so eminently qualify them, and neither the mother country nor the colonies have any thing to fear for the future;—deny it them much longer, and it were far better that the surrounding ocean overwhelmed and sunk them in its fathomless abyss, rather than that they should continue to drag on an anxious and paralyzed existence fraught with misery and ruin to all engaged in those once prosperous, but still highly important and beautiful Isles of the West.”—pp, 455, 456.

We most cordially join in these sentiments, and cannot do better in closing our observations than repeat, with Mr. Martin, that we must bring the trade of our transmarine possessions as nearly as possible to that of a coasting traffic. Why should an Englishman settling in any part of the empire be burdened with enormous

fiscal duties on the produce of his skill and industry, for the benefit of some more favoured portion of his fellow-subjects? It is hoped, however, that the present era of social liberty is but the prelude to a state of commercial freedom, when the rich and varied products of our colonies will be exempted from heavy fiscal restrictions and legislative enactments. In that case the white population of the West Indies will be amazingly enlarged by men of worth, capital, and enterprize, and Britain will appear as appointed by Almighty Providence to work out more than has ever yet been done,—the salvation of the human race, be they white or be they black.

ART. X.—*View of the Origin and Migrations of the Polynesian Nation.*

By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D. D. London: James Cochran and Co.

1834.

THE learned author of this volume tells us, in the introduction to its principal contents, that in the course of a voyage from New South Wales to England, in 1830, he was led to devote a few days, after crossing the Line, to an attempt to ascertain the manner in which the islands of the South Seas had been originally peopled, and to inquire whether there was any affinity between the languages and the institutions and customs of their singular inhabitants, and those of any other known division of the family of man. He had at one time purposed to have subjoined its contents, as a sort of appendix, to his 'Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales,' a work of great ability, reviewed by us a few months ago; but on second thoughts he was induced to preserve and enlarge this essay on the Origin and Migrations of the Polynesian nation for a separate publication; and we can assure our readers, though the volume be but a thin one, it is well worthy and able to appear in this individual capacity.

Dr. Lang's theory is that the South Sea Islanders are of an Asiatic origin, and that the Indo-Americans are sprung from the South Sea Islanders. At first we were startled at this hypothesis, so novel and bold, nor was it till we had got half through the volume that we were willing to allow the author any higher credit than that of great ingenuity, knowledge, and power over the English language, which every page evinces. Indeed we felt assured, that, like many eminent Scottish writers and philosophers, he was building upon an incomplete induction of facts a preposterous doctrine. As we proceeded still further we found our sweeping conclusion losing breadth, and had frequently to pause and whisper to ourselves that the Reverend Doctor was a clear-headed man, and dextrous in wielding hard arguments that we were not prepared to meet. At last, however, we have fairly given in, and must confess that the result of the inquiry, as conducted in this volume, is equally gratifying and unexpected, and that it throws a flood of light on one of the darkest and most mysterious chapters in the history of

man. We shall name a few of the author's facts, and quote some of his arguments.

He begins by observing that the South Sea Islanders exhibit indubitable evidences of an Asiatic origin. He instances the distinction of caste, the most ancient and the most remarkable feature of Asiatic society, which prevails to a great extent in the South Sea Islands.

"In Tahiti, this distinction was formerly carried to so ridiculous an extent in the case of the royal family—all the members of which were regarded as *sacred* in the highest Tahitian sense of the word—that whatever any of the princes of the blood happened to touch became sacred also. If the king entered a house, the owner had to abandon it forthwith. If he walked on a footpath, it was death for a plebeian to walk on it afterwards. In benevolent consideration, therefore, of the welfare and convenience of his subjects, his Tahitian Majesty, having no state-carriage, was graciously pleased to be carried on men's shoulders whenever he wished to see the world, lest he should otherwise consecrate his own highways, and render them impassable in future for his subjects. In the Friendly Islands, the several castes are still better defined; and the Brahmin, or priestly cast, ranks highest, insomuch that the Grand Lama of these islands—the Tooï Tonga, as he is called—(for to form a human god has ever been the highest effort of superstition, whether in the South Sea Islands, in Tartary, or in Rome,) takes precedence even of the king. In New Zealand, indeed, the distinction of caste does not prevail. *There* every man is either a Rangatira, i. e., a gentleman, who knows no superior, and who bows to no authority; or a miserable slave, who holds, or who loses, his life at the mere caprice of his master. The slave, however, is not inferior in birth to his master; he has only become inferior through the fortune of war."—pp. 5—7.

The singular institution of *Taboo*, which is nearly equivalent to the Latin word *Sacer* and the Greek *Anathema*, signifying either *sacred* or *accursed*, *holy* or *unclean*, is evidently of Asiatic origin. The rite of circumcision is practised in several of the groups of Polyneasia; and this is decidedly an Asiatic ceremony. The South Sea Islanders, however, are ignorant of its origin, and practise it as an ancient custom.—In their general appearance and configuration, the idols of the South Sea Islands, though not generally worshipped, but formed for ornament, have a striking resemblance to the idols of Eastern Asia. In their physical conformation and general character, the natives of these islands strongly resemble the Malays. Numerous Asiatic customs are still discernible in the South Seas. But the evidence afforded by the Polynesian language is still stronger.

"'Language,' says the celebrated Horne Tooke, 'cannot lie; and from the language of every nation we may with certainty collect its origin.' 'The *similitude* and derivation of languages,' observes Dr. Johnson, 'afford the most indubitable proof of the traduction of nations and the genealogy of mankind: they add physical certainty to historical evidence; and often supply the only evidences of ancient emigrations,

and of the revolutions of ages which have left no written monuments behind them.'

"The identity of the languages spoken in the different groups of the South Sea Islands was observed by Captain Cook and his fellow-voyagers; and the remarkable resemblance between these languages and those of the Indian Archipelago was also remarked. 'In the general character, particular form, and genius of the innumerable languages spoken within the limits of the Indian islands,' (according to Mr. Marsden,) 'there is a remarkable resemblance, while all of them differ widely from those of every other portion of the world. This observation extends to every country, from the north-west extremity of Sumatra to the western shores of New Guinea; and may be even carried to Madagascar on the west, the Philippines to the east, and the remotest of Cook's discoveries to the south.'

" 'At first,' says the unfortunate La Perouse, 'we perceived no difference between the languages of the people of the Navigators' Islands and that of the people of the Society and Friendly Islands, the vocabularies of which we had with us; but a closer examination taught us that they spoke a dialect of the same tongue. A fact which may tend to prove this, and which confirms the opinion of the English respecting the origin of these people, is, that a young Manillese servant, who was born in the province of Tagayan, on the north of Manilla, *understood and interpreted to us most of their words*. Now it is known that the Tagayan, Talgal, and all the dialects of the Philippine Islands in general, *are derived from the Malay*; and this language, more widely spread than those of the Greeks and Romans were, is common to the numerous tribes that inhabit the islands of the South Sea. To me it appears demonstrated that these different nations are derived from Malay colonies who conquered these islands at very remote periods; and perhaps even the Chinese and Egyptians, whose antiquity is so much vaunted, are moderns compared to these.'"—pp. 18—21.

There is not a little force in the following coincidence of one particular style of language:—

"There is one remarkable peculiarity, for instance, in the habitudes of thinking prevalent among the Indo-Chinese nations, which is also observable among the Malayan and Polynesian tribes, but which, as far as my own knowledge extends, is altogether unknown among the nations—whether Asiatic or European—to the westward of the Ganges. That remarkable peculiarity consists in their having a language of ceremony or deference distinct from the language of common life—a peculiarity which, however repugnant to that innate freedom of thought and of action which forms the noblest inheritance of the western nations, whether of Pelagic, of Celtic, or of Teutonic origin, is nevertheless in perfect accordance with the general habitudes of those races of men, among whom, as in Tartary, a living man is actually worshipped as a God; while the sovereign, as in the Burman empire, styles himself the brother of the Sun and Moon, or is inaccessible, as in China, without the ceremony of nine previous prostrations."—p. 36.

It would seem indeed that the Indian Archipelago has been traversed from time immemorial both by the Chinese and the Malays. The Chinese, it is well known, says M. de Labillardière, received

spices from the Moluccas many ages before these islands were seized upon by the Europeans; and for ages past the Malays have had a fishery established on the north coast of New Holland, which they visit annually with a large fleet of proas, in search of a marine slug, which they cure for the China market. Is it not reasonable to conclude that the same adventurous spirit would lead enterprising individuals of the Malayan nation to the successive discovery of all the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and in quest of unknown lands in the boundless Pacific? The author gives instances where adventure or accident have carried islanders far out of their usual course, where no skilful European seaman would venture, if so inadequately equipped.

There is nice observation and knowledge in the following suppositions:—

“It has appeared to me, that the use of particular words and phrases in the different dialects of the South Sea Islands might throw some light on the past history of their respective inhabitants, by indicating the place or island from which they had originally come. The Sandwich Islanders call England *ka-heite*. It is the same word as *Tahiti* in the Tahitian, and *Tawiti* in the dialect of New Zealand, and signifies *distant land*. Supposing, therefore, that the first inhabitants of Tahiti—the principal island of the group to which it belongs—had discovered and landed on that island in one or other of the ways I have described, and after suffering unheard-of privations while they drifted perhaps for weeks in succession on the boundless ocean, what name could have been more beautifully and more affectingly appropriate than *Tahiti*, the *distant land*? It was so, indeed, to them; for they had doubtless been long in finding it, and they could never have indulged the slightest hope of revisiting their own.

“On glancing at the chart of the Pacific Ocean, it would seem probable that the first inhabitants of New Zealand had reached that island from the Friendly Islands, a group lying to the northward and westward. The internal evidence afforded by the dialect of New Zealand confirms this presumption, as it bears a much closer resemblance to that of the Friendly than to that of the Society Islands; while the tradition of the natives is, that the first inhabitants of the island arrived from the north-westward. Supposing then that New Zealand had been originally discovered and taken possession of by a party that had sailed, perhaps on some short voyage, from the island of Tonga, the principal island in the Friendly Island group, and been accidentally driven to sea, it is evident that, coming from within the tropics, there would be no word in their language to denote such a substance as *snow*. On seeing the strange substance, therefore, for the first time after their arrival in New Zealand, and ascertaining its coldness and insipidity, it would be quite natural for them to exclaim, when sorrowfully recollecting the comfortable country they had left for ever, *Tonga diro!* Tonga lost! This is the singular phrase, in the New Zealand dialect, for snow.”—pp. 65—67.

The grand objection against referring the South Sea islanders to an Asiatic origin is derived from the supposed uniform prevalence of the north-east and south-east trade-winds within the tropics.

“ But the testimony of that eminent and lamented navigator, La Perouse, is decisive as to the invalidity of such an objection. ‘ Westerly winds,’ says that eminent navigator, ‘ are *at least as frequent* as those from the eastward, in the vicinity of the equator, in a zone of seven or eight degrees north and south; and they,’ i. e. the winds in the equatorial regions, ‘ are so variable that it is very little more difficult to make a voyage to the eastward than to the westward.’—La Perouse’s *Voyages*, chap. 25. For my own part, the second time I crossed the Line from the northward, our vessel lost the north-east trade-wind as high as the fourteenth degree of north latitude; and the last time I crossed the equator from the southward (in September, 1833) we experienced a south-westerly gale of several days’ continuance, after losing the south-east trade-wind, which had carried us as high as the sixth degree of north latitude. Nay, I have been informed by a nautical gentleman of experience, that he once encountered a south-westerly gale of twelve days’ continuance considerably within the tropics.”—pp. 75, 76.

The author quotes the testimony of other high authorities on the subject of the trade-winds, and no doubt justly adds, that the long narrow form of the canoes of the South Sea islanders enables them to sail much closer to the wind than European vessels; and that their getting to the eastward is therefore by no means such a mysterious matter as many have presumed. Many other arguments are ably urged and supported by evidence of a strong kind in support of his theory, which we cannot notice within our narrow limits. But we must follow him cursorily in the investigation, which he carries to a much greater length, which he proceeds with after the following preliminary observations:—

“ Pasquas, or Easter Island, which is inhabited by a branch of the Polynesian nation, is situated within one thousand eight hundred miles of the continent of America, but at the distance of not less than eight thousand miles from the Philippines. Are we not warranted, therefore, to conclude that the same causes that have evidently operated during a long succession of ages in carrying individuals of the Malayan race across so extensive an ocean, and to so vast a distance from the earlier settlements of their nation—filling every solitary isle in their trackless course with a numerous population—may have also operated in carrying other individuals of that amphibious nation across the remaining tract of ocean to the coast of America? How many a canoe must not have been ingulphed in the wide Pacific, and how many a feast of blood must not have been enacted amid its *billowy boundlessness*, ere the solitary isle of Pasquas was discovered and settled! The event of a battle in that solitary isle, or one of the other accidents to which the rude natives of an island in the South Seas are necessarily exposed, may have given the first inhabitants to America. In short, I conceive there is abundant reason to believe that America was originally peopled from the continent of Asia; not, as is generally supposed, by way of the Aleutian Islands, at the entrance of Behring’s Straits, but by way of the South Sea Islands, and across the widest part of the Pacific Ocean.”—pp. 85, 86.

The author, after detailing at considerable length the general grounds of his hypothesis, comes to particular tests:—The first

mentioned is, that the species of civilization that prevailed in México and Peru, on the discovery of the continent of America, was essentially Polynesian in its aspect. Under this head there is a great accumulation of forcible facts, before which we cannot avoid yielding up our preconceived opinions; but the work itself must be resorted to, ere their tendency can be felt.

The second test is a comparison between the Polynesians and the uncivilized aborigines of America, in regard to their manners and customs. But, not to swell our pages with the various illustrations here adduced, we notice merely that the South Sea islanders prepare an intoxicating beverage from the root of a sort of wild pepper called *cava*. When they have a cava feast the chiefs assemble, and are ranged in a circular form around an immense bowl, in which the cava is to be prepared; portions of the root are then handed to young persons, who wait for the purpose in an exterior ring, and who, after chewing the root for some time, return the residuum to the master of the ceremonies, who deposits it in the bowl. Water is then poured over the precious deposit, and the cava is forthwith handed round with the utmost etiquette to the expectant guests. The Indo-Brazilians and the aborigines of Guyana prepare an intoxicating beverage, in a somewhat similar way, from the American plant cassava (the coincidence between the two words and names is more than remarkable), which is masticated for the purpose by the women.

The character and the habits of the Polynesians agree in a great many more particulars, and in such a manner with those of the Indians of Guyana, that the description of the one might often form a part of a voyage to the other. Nay, the Malay cast of countenance has been detected among the Indians of America.

“In reference to those of Acapulco, in the republic of Mexico, Captain Basil Hall thus writes:—‘Their features and colour partake somewhat of the Malay character; their foreheads are broad and square; their eyes small, and not deep-seated; their cheek-bones prominent, and their heads covered with black straight hair; their stature about the medium standard; their frame compact and well-made.’

“It may be worth while to inform certain philosophers, both British and continental, who are anxious, it would seem, to multiply the races of mankind, how these broad and square foreheads have been manufactured in the course of ages; and how much the infidelity of modern science stands indebted, in consequence of so serviceable a manufacture, to the midwives of that nursery of nations, the Indian Archipelago. ‘The women,’ says Mr. Marsden, to whom I have been so frequently indebted, ‘have the preposterous custom of flattening the noses and compressing the heads of children newly born, whilst the skull is yet cartilaginous, which increases their natural tendency to that shape. I could never trace the origin of the practice, or learn any other reason for moulding the features to this uncouth appearance, but that it was an improvement of beauty in their estimation. Captain Cook takes notice of a similar operation at the island of Ulietea.’”—pp. 136, 137.

A third particular given in proof of the identity of the Polynesian and the Indo-American divisions of the family of man is their language. Indeed a scholar, whose eye and ear have been accustomed to trace the affinities or to detect the radical dissimilarity of different languages, would at once unhesitatingly assert that many words of the dialect of British Guyana were so many of the Polynesian tongue; but we cannot conveniently present examples sufficiently numerous, within our narrow limits, to demonstrate the author's comparison. He observes also that—

“Many of the names of places in the equatorial regions of America are decidedly Polynesian in their sound and appearance. Of this description are such words as Peru, Quito (Kito), Guatimala (Katimala), Arica, Loa, Titicaca, Panama, Huayna, Chili, Calcara, Atahualpa, Tiahuanacu, Arequipa (Arekipa), Guarohiri (Karohiri), Huanuco, Lima, Tarapaca, Guanaxato (Kanahato).

“One of the two numerals that Baron Humboldt gives in a list of words of the Chayma and Tamanack languages of central America is *oroa* or *oru*, two. In all probability it is merely the Polynesian *dua* or *rua*, with the Tahitian prefix or article.

“The Mexican reverential affix, *tzin* or *azin*, which was always added to the names of princes, is in all likelihood the Rukheng or Indo-Chinese affix, *asyang*, signifying *lord*, if not the Chinese word *tzin*. In the list of Mexican kings who reigned previous to the era of the Spanish conquest we find the names of Nopal-tzin, Ho-tzin, Quina-tzin (Kina-tzin), Cacamatzin, Cuicuitzca-tzin, Coanaco-tzin, Montezuma-tzin, Guatimo-tzin (Ka-Tima-tzin). Several of these proper names have a remarkable resemblance to modern Polynesian names; the last, especially,—the name of the unfortunate prince whom the Spaniards extended over a fire of coals to compel him to inform them where he had hidden his treasures,—is, when stripped of its Spanish doublet and its reverential affix, a pure New Zealand name.”—pp. 143, 144.

There is sound philosophy in what Baron Humboldt says:—

“That there are great diversities of language among the aborigines of America is a fact that cannot be denied; but that there is also a common principle of mechanism exhibited in the structure of all the aboriginal languages of that great continent, which entitles us to refer them all to one common origin, is equally undeniable. ‘In America,’ says Baron Humboldt,—‘and this result of the more modern researches is extremely important with respect to the history of our species,—from the country of the Esquimaux to the banks of the Oroonoko, and again from these torrid banks to the frozen climate of the Straits of Magellan, mother-tongues, entirely different with regard to their roots, have, if we may use the expression, the same physiognomy. Striking analogies of grammatical construction are acknowledged, not only in the more perfect languages, as that of the Incas, the Aymara, the Guarani, the Mexican, and the Cora, but also in languages extremely rude. Idioms, the roots of which do not resemble each other more than the roots of the Slavonian and the Biscayan, have those resemblances of internal mechanism which are found in the Sanscrit, the Persian, the Greek, and the German languages. It is on account of this general analogy of structure—it is because American languages,

which have no word in common, (the Mexican, for instance, and the Quichua,) resemble each other by their organization, and form complete contrasts with the languages of Latin Europe, that the Indians of the missions familiarize themselves more easily with an American idiom than with that of the metropolis. In the forests of the Oroonoko I have heard the rudest Indians speak two or three tongues. Savages of different nations often communicate their ideas to each other by an idiom which is not their own.' "—pp. 148—150.

The author, with a great appearance of reason, says, that supposing America to have been originally peopled by way of the islands at the entrance of Behring's Straits, we cannot account for the prevalence of cannibalism in that continent to a degree unheard of in any other part of the habitable globe; but that the phenomenon must have been the natural and necessary result of the discovery and settlement of that continent in the manner he has supposed. Presuming for an instant that his hypothesis as to the peopling of America to be correct, he maintains that from the very nature of things the first inhabitants must have been ferocious cannibals when they landed on its shores. Cannibalism must have been the general practice of their forefathers of the Polynesian nation, in the course of those miserable voyages that led to the successive discovery and settlement of the myriads of islands that stud the bosom of the Pacific, and are often separated from each other by extensive wastes of ocean. The horrible practice, thus introduced by necessity, would become divested of its horrors by general usage.

The author proceeds to consider the supposition that the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands have been derived from the continent of America, which he says is inadmissible, for two reasons:—

" 1. It implies that the inhabitants of the west coast of America have been a maritime people; which, it is well known, they have never been, and which indeed the very nature of the country they inhabit precludes them from being.

" 2. It implies that the inhabitants of the west coast of America must not only have been a maritime people, but must have been in the habit of making voyages of discovery and adventure into the Pacific Ocean;—a supposition utterly preposterous; for although a canoe belonging to Easter Island, driven accidentally off the land by a westerly gale of a few weeks' continuance, would in all likelihood reach the American continent, a thousand canoes might have sailed successively from Mexico and California—nay, even from Chili or Peru—on voyages of discovery into the Pacific Ocean, before one of their number had ever reached that diminutive island. Further, Easter Island, which is situated in latitude 27 deg. S., is beyond the usual limits of the south-east trade-wind, and consequently within the limits of the westerly gales of the Southern Pacific. Besides, the uniformly prevalent wind along the west coast of South America, within a hundred leagues of the land, is from the south, parallel to the course of the Andes. It is absolutely incredible, therefore, that a canoe sailing from Chili or Peru, much more from Mexico or California, would ever be driven to Easter Island: on the contrary, a canoe driven to the eastward from that island by a westerly gale would at length come

within the influence of the southerly coast wind; in which case the northerly *set* or current would infallibly carry her towards the isthmus of Panama."—pp. 167—169.

In short, from the peculiar character of their civilization, from the manners and ancient customs of their uncivilized tribes, and from the general structure and analogies of their language, the author seemingly with reason concludes, that the Indo-Americans are the same people as the South Sea Islanders, the Malays of the Indian Archipelago, and the Indo-Chinese nations of eastern Asia;—and that the continent of America was originally peopled from the scattered islands of the Pacific. Besides advocating his own views with learning, and in a manner which proves his great research, he combats the opposing doctrines with the freedom and skill of one, master of the subject. Indeed he tells us, in the introduction, that the discussion regards a branch of literary and philosophical inquiry to which he is very partial.

Dr. Lang has been carried by his subject on to various topics, which, though it may not seem so at first sight, are intimately connected with the title of the book. For instance, it has been said that there is an organic defect in the mental constitution of the Indo-Americans, involving an original and inherent incompetency for intellectual, moral, and religious improvement. All this the author repudiates with ability and excellent feeling. He has before taken notice of the influence of climate on the human frame, and quotes Burckhardt in his travels in Nubia:—

"That accurate traveller speaks of a tribe of Arabs, called the Shegyia tribe, inhabiting the north of Africa, who retain the Arab features, speak the Arabic language, and trace their descent from the purest Arabian blood, but who are nevertheless as black as negroes. Black Jews are met with in Morocco and in the East Indies; and the genuine descendants of the old Portuguese settlers on the coast of Coromandel are as dark as the Hindoos."—pp. 186, 187.

But as to inferiority of intellect, and the opinions of a Dr. Von Martius on this head:—

"He regards them as a radically inferior race—inferior in point of intellect to the rest of mankind, and hopelessly irreclaimable. This idea but ill accords with the state of things among the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians at the era of the Spanish conquest, or with the evidences of a still higher state of civilization with which, on his own showing, the American continent still abounds. What other division of the human race would, in similar circumstances, have attained a higher level than the Indo-Americans appear to have reached? Had Europe, for instance, been inhabited exclusively either by the Celtic or the Teutonic race for the last three thousand years; had that race been shut out from all communication with the rest of mankind; had they been equally ignorant of letters and of the use of iron; had their only domestic animals been the dog, the turkey, the llama, and the duck,—and their only species of grain, Indian corn,—I question whether Europe itself would have vied at this moment with ancient Mexico and Peru. But the mani-

festations of Indian intellect were not confined to central America. The Indian, Philip, who headed a coalition of Indian nations to expel the colonists of New England, about the middle of the seventeenth century, was a hero of the highest accomplishments, and as worthy of a poet as any of the famous warriors of the Iliad: and, for a long period after the occupation of their country, the French Canadians had abundant experience of the superior intelligence of the warlike Iroquois. But the atrocities of Cortez, and the robberies of Pizarro, the *auto-da-fe* that was practised on the brave Guatimozin, and the condemnation of his unhappy subjects to the Spanish mines—these and a thousand other acts of injustice, villany, and oppression, on the part of numerous European intruders, gradually broke the spirit of the Indo-Americans, and reduced them to that state of intellectual debasement and national decay which they now almost uniformly exhibit.

“ Dr. Dwight, a highly competent authority, repudiates the idea of there being any organic defect in the mental constitution of the Indo-American, of such a kind as to involve an original and inherent incompetency for intellectual, moral, and religious improvement. ‘ From Major-General Gookin,’ observes Dr. D., ‘ a perfectly unexceptionable witness, we learn with certainty, that, in the colony of Massachusetts’ Bay, there were in his time eleven hundred praying Indians in fourteen villages. In the colony of Plymouth, there were at the same time, including those of all ages, not far from six thousand; in Martha’s Vineyard and Nantucket, there were perhaps fifteen hundred more; when to these we add those in Connecticut, the number may be estimated at not far from ten thousand. These facts perfectly refute the opinion that there is some peculiar difficulty attending the conversion of Indians, which is inherent in their character or manners. It cannot, however, be denied, that the attempts which have been made in modern times to spread the influence of the Gospel among them have in a great measure been unsuccessful.’ And no wonder that they should; for the intercourse of Europeans with the Indo-Americans, even in North America, has too frequently been one of oppression and spoliation to the Indian, even when no such result was either wished for or intended. The march of European civilization in that continent has been a march in which the Indian has been trodden down like the leaves of his own gloomy forest.”—pp. 187—190.

Another matter of discussion with the author regards the period at which America was originally discovered; so that our readers will perceive how extensive becomes the subject as handled in this volume.

“ In regard to the period at which the continent of America was originally discovered by some Heaven-directed wanderers of the Polynesian nation, it is evident that a long series of ages must have rolled over the heads of its aboriginal nations ere such a state of things as America exhibited at the era of the Spanish conquest, in regard to the wide dispersion of its Indian population, could possibly have been arrived at. It follows, therefore, that even on this ground alone, independently of every other consideration, we must utterly reject the crude and irrational hypothesis of those fanciful philosophers who derive the Indo-American race either from a colony of shipwrecked Britons of the tenth or eleventh century, or from

a tribe of Tartars driven eastward across Behring's Straits by the Aleoutski Islands, during the tyranny of Zengis Khan; the state of things exhibited by the Indian nations and the Indian languages of America, on the discovery of that continent by Europeans, being altogether irreconcilable with the supposition of so recent an origin. America was undoubtedly peopled many ages before Julius Cæsar landed in Britain; and the colossal structures of his forefathers, that still excite the wonder of the wandering Indian of Peru, were in all likelihood in ruins long before the great-grandfather of the Tartar conqueror was born."—pp. 194—196.

The author admits the impossibility of fixing the date of the discovery of America with certainty, but thinks an approach may be made not very distant from the truth on the subject: that though the evidence be scanty in its amount, it is definite in its announcement, and as little likely to mislead as the records of ancient eclipses. This is a ground somewhat stronger than we can allow the author to have established, notwithstanding his research and facts, for ingenuity alone is not enough. We may as well here also give it as our opinion, that the Doctor is apt, as soon as he becomes convinced himself, to treat with severity the opposing convictions of others, and we dare say would have very little patience with an antagonist on religious points. But to return to the matter before us, respecting which, even to say the most, it would not be safe for a weak hand to defy the author; he remarks, that the first source to be sought after is the Polynesian language. In tracing the affinities of the Malayan and Polynesian tongues he has already attempted to shew that there are two epochs in the history of the former, to which our attention ought to be especially turned. The first is the epoch of the Sanscrit, the second of the Arabic infusion.

"Of the Arabic, or more recent infusion, the Polynesian language exhibits no trace whatever. We are therefore warranted to conclude, that the stream of emigration had ceased to flow from the Indian Archipelago towards the continent of America long before the era of Mahomet, or the rise and prevalence of the Saracen power.

"Of the Sanscrit, or more ancient infusion, which has even changed the aspect and character of the ancient Malayan language, its Polynesian sister, or rather daughter, exhibits no tincture whatever. It follows, therefore, that the stream of emigration, which was destined to people the South Sea Islands and the continent of America, must have been flowing from the Indian Archipelago towards that distant continent long before the ancient Sanscrit language was spoken in the Indian isles. But that venerable language, like the Latin and Greek tongues in Europe, has been a dead language in India for many centuries. It must have been a living language, however, at the period when a portion of its substance was imbedded into the Malayan tongue—a period, we have reason to believe, long anterior to the Christian era. But before that period had arrived, the forefathers of the present Polynesians must have quitted the Indian Archipelago, and individuals of their number may perhaps have reached the far-distant American land."—pp. 196—198.

He next states that the religion of the Polynesians and the Indo-Americans indicates a remote antiquity. The idea that God is a spirit invisible to men is still common to both of these divisions of the human family, which the author thinks must have been derived from the patriarchal religion taught by Noah and his immediate posterity; and he adds, "but was so speedily forgotten, or debased by the great majority of the tribes of men." But we would ask, how came tribes, who are otherwise debased, to preserve more purely an idea of this kind than more intellectual nations? We rather think that the attributes which these South Sea and American tribes conceive to belong to God, are as gross and false as the belief of those who think that a block of wood or stone becomes the receptacle of Deity; and that, as compared with the religion of Noah, the one is as bad as the other. But the author has, what we consider, better grounds to go upon, when maintaining the high antiquity of the people in question:—

"The form of the Polynesian and Indo-American temples refers us also to a remote antiquity. They were merely square spaces enclosed with massive walls, but without roofs. Such, also, was the form of the most ancient Egyptian temples. In regard to the bearing of this circumstance on our present inquiry, it is observed by Mr. Mitford, in his '*History of Greece*,' that the antiquity of the writings of Homer may be inferred from his silence on the subject of temples and image-worship. It would seem, however, that they were both equally unknown to the ancient South Sea Islanders and the Indo-Americans, although a species of image-worship has undoubtedly prevailed, in later times, in some of the groups of islands. The same inference, therefore, is as legitimately deducible in the latter case as in the former.

"The horrible practice of offering human sacrifices (which I have already shown has prevailed extensively among the Indo-Americans as well as among the Polynesians) appears also to be indicative of an ancient origin. Tacitus informs us that this practice was in use among a tribe of the ancient Germans; its prevalence among the ancient Celts, under the reign of the Druids, is matter of notoriety. The question of the king of Moab, 'Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?' and the whole hecatombs of victims that were offered up in Sicily after the battle of Himera by the Carthaginian general, Hannibal the elder, to the manes of his grandfather Hamilcar, who had been defeated and slain by the Sicilians under Gelon about fifty years before, attest its frequency among the ancient Phœnicians; while the story of Iphigenia perhaps indicates its prevalence among the ancient Pelasgi in the isles of Greece. 'But these,' to use the Scripture phrase, 'are ancient things.'"—pp. 199—201.

We must draw to a close our notice of this talented and remarkably interesting volume, leaving out the most distant reference to as many striking circumstances and views as any we have touched. The following principles for regulating such researches as the present are worthy of much attention:—

"These indications of remote antiquity are borne out and corroborated in a remarkable manner by the style and character of those remains of

ancient Polynesian, as well as of ancient Indo-American, architecture, which have hitherto excited the wonder and mocked the ingenuity of the ablest speculators. These remains consist chiefly of the ruins of ancient temples, pyramids, and tumuli; the chief and the most remarkable characteristics of which are the magnitude of their dimensions, and the massiveness of their architecture, compared with those of the ephemeral erections of modern times, and especially with those of the erections of the more recent aboriginal inhabitants of America, and of the South Sea Islands. Now, it appears to me, that just as an architect, who surveys the ruin of some ancient building for the first time, can at once tell the age or period to which its erection is to be assigned, merely from the style of its architecture, and can pronounce it unhesitatingly either a Celtic, or a Saxon, or a Norman erection,—there is a sort of internal evidence afforded by these most interesting remains of Polynesian and Indo-American civilization, which can enable an attentive observer to ascertain, with a tolerable degree of precision, the age or period in the past history of man, to which their erection may be referred. In short, I conceive that the ruins in question afford us a means of ascertaining the period at which the forefathers of the modern Polynesian and Indo-American races originally took their departure from the Indian Archipelago.”—pp. 203, 204.

Following up these principles, the author endeavours to show, taking the history found in the Bible of the antediluvian and post-diluvian ages to help him out, that the structure of the stupendous Egyptian monuments, which have hitherto defied the ravages of time, were formed on the antediluvian model—the model of a world in which pride was enormous, and the life of man a thousand years. If so, then, whenever we find monuments of a similar character, we may be assured that they were the work of a people whose civilization was derived immediately from the same primitive source:—

“The existence, therefore, of remains of ancient buildings in America, of a style and character analogous to those of ancient Egypt, (to which, I have already remarked, there is something similar even in the South Sea Islands, and in some of the islands of the Indian Archipelago,) affords a presumption that the people by whom these buildings were erected had derived their knowledge of the arts and sciences from those primitive times in which the impression of antediluvian civilization still remained visible on the intellect of man. In short, there is reason to believe, that the forefathers of the great Malayan nation had arrived and settled in Eastern Asia, and in the isles adjacent, at a period coeval with the origin and establishment of the Egyptian empire in the west; and that the Indian Archipelago and the Western Pacific were traversed in all directions by the beautifully carved galleys of that maritime people, long before Agamemnon and his brother chiefs had conducted their hordes of semi-barbarous Greeks to the siege and pillage of Troy.”—p. 209, 210.

The author, from these, and other arguments, as well as facts, adduced, concludes that the religious worship and the religious edifices of the Polynesian and Indo-American tribes were an exact transcript of the worship and the edifices of the earliest and the most celebrated of the postdeluvian nations. He goes to Asia and to

China for his support to his hypothesis, and quotes Humboldt, who has arrived at a similar conclusion with respect to America, though without reference to their Polynesian origin.

“ ‘It cannot be doubted,’ says that eminent writer, ‘that the greater part of the nations of America belong to a race of men, who, isolated ever since the infancy of the world from the rest of mankind, exhibit in the nature and diversity of language, in their features and conformation of their skull, incontestible proofs of an early and complete separation.’ ‘I think I discover in the mythology of the Americans, in the style of their paintings, in their languages, and especially in their external conformation, the descendants of a race of men, which, early separated from the rest of mankind, has followed for a lengthened series of ages a peculiar road in the unfolding of its intellectual faculties, and in its tendency towards civilization.’”—pp. 225, 226.

On the great question which also arises out of the foregoing subject,—how are the Polynesians and Indo-Americans to be civilized? the author earnestly maintains that the introduction of Christianity is the least and surest method; and not that men must first be enlightened and civilized before they can be christianized. It must be confessed indeed, by every one that follows the plain declarations of Scripture, that the author’s doctrine is sound; but, besides, the real state of the facts in the history of modern missions leads to the same conclusion.

We must now bid adieu to Dr. Lang, but it would be with sorrow did we believe it was to be for the last time. Of this, however, we have little dread, should his health and life be spared, for he seems not merely to be a ready, but an indefatigable labourer, losing none of his days in idleness, whether upon land or sea. We not only learn from him, that this volume was planned and principally composed in the course of a voyage from New South Wales to England in 1830; but that in 1833, during another voyage, he drew up his much larger work on New South Wales, which has been some time before the public. The only time that he has been able, as he tells us, to devote to literary labour for several years past, has been the time passed on ship-board—either amid storms and ice bergs in the high latitudes of the southern hemisphere, or beneath vertical suns within the tropics,—where the only book to be had, in addition to the few odd volumes in the corner of one’s own trunk, are the stars of heaven by night, or the flying-fish and the dolphin by day. Another of these long voyages, we have no doubt, will be no less worthily occupied by him, which, if our voice is to be listened to, we hope may soon be undertaken.

ART. XIII.—*Tales for the British People.* By CANDIDA London: Ridgway and Son. 1834.

LISTEN, ye British people, to a tale from the Emerald Isle! and call not the passages that we are to quote from this *precious* volume extravagant or exaggerated, indelicate or indecent, irreverent,

false, or furious. For if you do, it is because you prefer facts to fancy, arguments to unmeasured assertions, and common sense to unintelligible bombast. It will be because you know not what illustrious patron's countenance has been sought, or who the speaker is. But let us advertise you of both. There is a dedication—"To the Man of All People!!! Daniel O'Connell, Esq. M.P. &c. &c. &c." who is described as an intrepid champion, the uncorrupt, and incorruptible, the only one in the brilliant galaxy of those patriots that illumine the realm or the age we live in worthy to be named. The dedicator is Lady Candida, a strapper we doubt not, if dressed in female attire, probably as stout and as tall as the *Man of All People*. Now, Britons, that ye understand these things ye are prepared to learn more. Nor is there any lack of the most formal preliminary pains to treat you well by Lady Candida. For there is a plentiful table of contents, pointing out what excellent things are to follow; a kindness of an especial kind, for which we Reviewers cannot be sufficiently grateful. There is next a preface, which can only be done justice to by allowing it to speak for itself; a portion therefore must be presented.

"To probe and display the moral character, in a metropolis where open and flagrant delinquency abounds in the 'high places,' calling aloud for castigation and reform, is ever in its own nature a task of hazard and of difficulty. The ermined partizan, the lawn-sleeved tartuffe, the mitred sensualist, the biblical matron, and the sly saintly stale maid; in a word, imposture, hypocrisy, ostentation, pride and arrogance, all the inseparable satellites of conscious guilt: all the sons and daughters and disciples of guile and corruption—all, all the ungodly host will take the alarm, and the tempest of their mania must be encountered: a risk fraught with terrible results: and to invite and dare it for the good of humanity and the love of country, must argue somewhat of the courage and devotion of a Decius.

"Yet all burry and briary as the field around us is, all waste and inhospitable as it appears; still at intervals, few and far between, are to be seen some green and fragrant spots for the weary traveller to repose, and relieve his mind with the cheering reflection, that all is not lost,—that much may be recovered and reclaimed, and that the bane of contamination is not universal.

"He will be delighted to perceive, in contrast with the vicious and the false, some true ones, rare ones, in the panoply of virtue and integrity, scorning alike the flatteries and frowns of corruption and its votaries."—pp. xi. xii.

In due order there follows an introduction, in which, the march of intellect, the double hooded hypocrites whose foul hands sully the gospel on Sunday—thrones and sceptres crumbled to dust, monarchs and potentates whom a breath has made,—the mighty and the humble are all huddled together. The people who give, and will take away, the people who create, will chasten and do wonders with the tyrants. But what is to be done with the stain, one hideous eye-sore on the fair face of the recipient Amora, the arch-enemy of

man? Not the devil, but the Russian monster. This is what puzzles Candida, therefore she closes the introduction with latin, and goes on to another piece of preliminary etiquette, and that is, to frame a suitable address to the British people, of which these are the two first sentences, somewhat unusual as respects grammatical and elegant instruction ; on this side of the channel Dear brethren, the following sheets are the production of one of your fellow-subjects, for the common benefit of all. That *it* emanates from the Emerald Isle, it is hoped, will not diminish *its* merits with you, for *it* advocates your rights and privileges, as much as those of the all-suffering Irish themselves. These *sheets* that thus *emenates* and *advocates* your rights, good people, that have thus been dedicated, prefaced, introduced, and addressed, we must now peruse and borrow from. And all this, we perceive may be done without much delay ; for every thing in them, is so uncommonly good of its kind, that we have but to put forth our hand and extract the rarest and richest morsels. Here is a woeful tale ; it is of a hapless, though independent, accomplished, christian young English gentleman, of fair London town, whose name was Saul, and who having learned that Rose, his love, is no more, will not be comforted.

“ The lot of poor Saul was now miserable, all that was dearer to him than his own dear self was now gone. His heart and soul, as if buried in the same tomb with his Rose, completely deserted him ; the world to him was a blank without her. She was his theme by day, his dream by night, and her memory was ever hovering round his imagination. Thousands around him, he was alone. In the gay merry circle, he was absorbed in silence and in sorrow. Oft in a sweetly plaintive tone, while the big round tear trickled down his pallid cheek, and the sigh and broken accents spoke his inward agony, was he heard involuntarily to exclaim—‘ Rose, Rose ! Where are you ? Why have you deserted me ? Alas ! Alas ! why am I permitted to survive you ? What have I done to merit this infliction ? O Rose ! Rose ! My moss Rose, my Rose-bud : so sweet, so fragrant, so delicious to the sight and touch ! What will become of me ? A mere moving death alive : reft of sensibility : indifferent to all that passes around me. You, my first, my early love, have deserted me ; my dearest affections are with you : hold them, cherish them in the tomb, till we meet again inseparable, in another and better world ; yes, sweet Rose, we shall meet in heaven ; which to me, would not be a heaven without you.’—p. 4.

This heart-stricken, ill-used young man, repairs to Dublin, that his brooding sorrows may be diverted, and falls in with various classes of society, whose manners he studies, and whose conversation he reports. The disconsolate youth, or rather Candida, has much to tell about the scandal-loving character of the gentry of Dublin. In the following extract we give part of a dialogue, which was meant for wit we suppose.

“ ‘ They say, indeed,’ said the lady, ‘ very queer things about the matter.’ ‘ But,’ rejoined the old gentleman. ‘ *They say*, is bad authority for scandalous reports.’ ‘ I beg your pardon,’ interrupted a bilious Governess, with particular emphasis, laying by her netting and sipping her tea ; the

expression '*they say!*' comes under the plural article in our language, and, if I mistake not, means *many*, that is to say, more than *one*; however, it may be understood in an extensive sense, and according to a common observation, what every body says must be true.'

" 'Admirable logician,' said the old gentleman, 'you brandish induction famously. I regret the mistake that made you for petticoats, instead of many a numscull who wears breeches.' 'Breeches!' exclaimed an old maid sitting at the window, 'breeches! fie, sir, unmentionables if you please, before ladies.' At this proof of modesty, the old gentleman shrugged and smiled, and regaled his olfactories; I also took a pinch."—p. 20.

The words, *plural article*, remind us of a long paragraph on the parts of Speech in Grammar, somewhat further on, which might have been highly instructive to the British people, and therefore deserving to be quoted by us, a duty which we certainly should not have shrunk from performing, had it not been that it is so full of double meanings and obscenity, that we must hope it will never be read by another person after us, unless in Candida's coterie.

Where Saul, the disconsolate, lodged, there also dwelt—

"A gay dashing collegian, one of the inmates, who had made deep impressions on the soft, sensitive heart of a sighing sentimental governess, was rapturously extolling the charms of an absent fair one, who had completely monopolized to herself his own poor heart. In his raptures he exclaimed,—'Oh! by Jove! she is an angel to follow!' Here the bile of the governess swelled and curdled: she shouted, 'and a devil to meet.' 'No, no,' said the bewitching beau, 'an angel! I say, angel!' 'Ay, a fallen angel,' rejoined the governess. 'By all that's lovely, bewitching, fascinating, enchanting, divine! she is an angel, a goddess, a divinity! Heaven in her face! In every movement majesty and love. I saw her charming, but ——' 'I insist,' said the governess, 'she is no beauty, she has no animation, she squints, has a pug nose, and a mouth from ear to ear; and you, Sir, are a wretch, without taste or sympathy.'

" 'All in my eye, and Betty Martin,' said the collegian. 'Envy! envy! envy!' 'Envy, indeed!' retorted the governess. 'Yes,' continued he."—pp. 26, 27.

And so should we have continued to extract a few lines more of this amazing effort of exquisitely seasoned strife of wit and repartee, but that delicacy forbids, and never shall we wittingly pollute our pages with impurity of any kind.

Candida tells us, of the British nation, that, 'the consummation of learning is to think well and speak well,' and of all the topics handled by this right speaker and thinker, whose volume we are now upon, there are none so frequently and violently treated as the persons and the objects referred to in the following extracts. They purport to be the words of an old broken-down tradesman of the town, whom comfortless cockney Saul, he whom death is supposed to have used so scurvily, in taking away his *Rose*, his moss *Rose*, his *Rose-bud*, frequently meets; the said wasted tradesman becoming the silly youth's mentor, at the rate of a crown-piece for each lec-

ture. But, reader, behold how the persons who dare to encourage the spread of Bibles in the Emerald Isle is treated.

“ ‘ Yes, Sir,’ said he ; ‘ the Irish biblicals have a long and heavy account to settle with Ireland, with humanity, and the Christian religion. They have uprooted society, and destroyed the spiritual repose of our people ; they have extinguished the charities of human nature ; armed man against man ; severed the bonds of the dearest relations ; and flung the torch of discord into the most peaceful and affectionate families. Biblicism is the greatest curse that ever afflicted Ireland : a refinement of all the impious schemes ever devised by her worst enemies, to vex, corrupt, and divide her. Sir, I never see a vagrant biblical but a horrible association of ideas haunts me. Methinks I perceive some evil genius ; some fiend or beast of prey, invading, devouring, and dispersing the peaceful flocks. The monster reminds me of the poet’s *Alecto*—

“ ‘ The fell Fury from the dire abodes.’ ”

Yes, Sir, the biblical is a fury at war with the happiness of man: he disturbs his conscience; obtrudes on his affairs; and the asylum of the modest and peaceful cottage is not safe from the cloven foot of the biblical. He sheds the seeds of discord wherever he goes; and creates and inflames the worst passions. With knavery and impudence going before him, ignorance and hypocrisy attending his steps, he commits the grossest enormities, which he vainly endeavours to hide under the tattered and greasy guise of a spurious affectation of religion and piety, which the creature, without remorse or shame, wilfully violates in every thought, word, and deed.”—pp. 38, 39.

This *elegant* satire, this *manly* reproof, continues for pages together, nor even for many pages is allowed to be silent. That *vile* book, the Bible too, comes in for a share of this *polished* vituperation.

“ The biblicals are the arch enemies of thrones, and of the religion and repose of nations. The throne, the church, and the institutions of these realms, will do well to watch the Irish biblicals: whose acts directly tend to rebellion, revolution, and the utter disorganization of the social system. Who insist, in violation of reason and humanity, that the Bible is the grand panacea for all bodily evils: that it is the effectual substitute for meat, drink, and clothes, to a starving, perishing people. Who would present to a poor peasant, and his wretched family, after the toil and fasting of a whole day, not food and raiment to cheer and refresh them, but a Bible, with its mysteries, parables, prophecies, and all its superhuman difficulties; as if to insult the misery of the poor unfortunates; to confound and distract their untutored intellect, already racked and subdued by the pressure of calamities.”—p. 40.

The next paragraph is so wonderfully lofty in its rebuke and happy in its illustrations, that our readers must be content with but one of these wonders, which we shall be careful to copy faithfully. “ Suppose, at dinner hour, the Saints, hungry and voracious, should find the table not loaded with the luxury of exquisite viands, but richly and piously covered with gilt-lettered and massive Bibles. Oh!

what a scene would be here displayed—the tables overturned—Bibles kicked aside and damned—belly timber! belly timber! shouted for, and the saints fighting, like bull-dogs, for the first bone.” But the poor Bible is dropped for an instant, and this cool and sensible speaker and thinker next runs foul of those who are so unwise and impolitic as to attempt teaching the truth, because it may happen to disturb the religion of a county.

“The biblicals are evidently a crusade against the Roman Catholics of Ireland; they have in vain exerted every engine that malice and ingenuity could contrive to subvert the religion of the people. Knaves and hypocrites as they are, they pretend a pious concern for the state of religion universally, and under this specious mask push their warfare against the moral and spiritual repose of the Irish people, and commit the most violent and horrible excesses; they erect biblical schools, and then go about in squads like so many press-gangs, kidnapping the Catholic children, tearing them from the cottages, and the arms of their parents; they take them by force to those biblical pandemoniums, which the Irish Catholic in his soul abhors.”—pp. 41, 42.

The establishment in England comes under Lady Candida's fury; but chiefly as it extends to Ireland.

“These churchmen seem to consider the mitre co-ordinate with the crown: their arrogance and assumption are pace-a-pace with this pretension. They have sprung from the moorings of all responsibility; hold public opinion in contempt; and have entirely out-grown the dimensions of apostolic modesty, or christian piety; they suppose they are bound to no function, no duty; and therefore think of nothing but the indulgence of their pleasures and passions. Thus the people were left without spiritual or moral instruction; the deserted flock dispersed and strayed; and each sheep adopted, for itself and followers, some new, and perhaps unsound pasturage; but this was absolute necessity, as any was deemed better than none at all. Hence the progressive increase of dissenters, deserters, and sectaries; the daily desertions, that have left Protestant priests no congregations; and, what they so dearly like, nothing to do; and last, not least, has flown from it that consummation of all religious scandal, the knavish, immoral, Irish biblicals. Did you ever hear, Sir, that any of the apostles was wont to fire the paving stones with his prancing coach and six; or to drive four-in-hand, to the admiration of the most adroit disciple of the whip? how many of them have died worth two millions of our sterlings, wrung from the sweat of the brow, and labour of the hands, of the people.”—pp. 44, 45.

Next to the Bible and its friends, the aristocracy are battered down by *pure* and *eloquent* satire. The love-sick silly Saul and his Mentor are the loquitors.

“My brave and magnanimous countrymen, the *People of England*, never were the willing enemies of the Irish, but the English aristocracy, those titled nobility, the natural foes of popular rights and happiness, have ever placed themselves between the people of both nations. In that position, they malign and vilify them, one to the other. They tell the English, that the Irish are their implacable and deadly enemies. And the Irish, that the English are ready to cut them down, and exterminate them. Thus the aristocracy systematically create and preserve an un-

natural and inveterate hatred between the people of the two nations, they foment division and discord among them, conquer and enslave one party, by setting the other at it. The foolish people kill and maim each other, the *titled lads* joyfully look on; and when the battle is over, they bravely give the ass's kick to the exhausted survivor; then securely impose new restraints, and plunder and spoliage him of all he possesses.'—'So then,' resumed my old friend, 'we, the English and Irish people, have had no means of seeing each other, but through the murky medium of the aristocracy; no wonder we should appear on both sides in lurid, repulsive hues and stains.'—'My friend,' said I, 'it shall not be so in future. I will impress on my high-minded, generous countrymen, that it is not reputable to them to have their high and mighty name, as Englishmen, identified with the cruelties and tyrannies perpetrated on their plundered and persecuted Irish brethren.'—'Sir,' said he, 'this is music to my aged ears.'—pp. 46, 47.

Our readers must forgive us for offering them what is far below criticism or even contempt. But though we have no desire to mingle in political strife, we wish to show to what extremes rancour runs among parties in poor Ireland. If we can form a judgment any thing like what is correct from this worthless volume, it is that religious intolerance respects neither truth nor the lives of opposite parties; at least on the side of the *Man of all People*, if Candida be a fair representative.

But ere we close, we must look for something not so seriously uncommon in these tales addressed for the benefit of the British People:—A Scotch lady is introduced, who, Scotch-like, delivers a lecture about the superiority of modern Athens, the virtues of Scotch women, and the foul tongues and vices of the fair sex of Ould Ireland.

" 'We,' rejoined the Scotch lady, 'love home and its occupations. We never trouble or vex our neighbours with inspection, scandal, or impertinent inquiries: here you act like spies and sharpers on your neighbours. But we treat each other in the true spirit of friendship, cordiality, and kindness. While our neighbour is well and happy we rejoice, and congratulate, and give no farther trouble. But if he meet with any untoward reverse in his health or affairs, or is reduced to any crisis or jeopardy, then, indeed, we are busy about him and family; acting, and inquiring, and devising the best we can, silently and discreetly, to relieve and to restore him. Then, and then only, we trouble him with inspection, close inquiry, and frequent visits. Your kindness, as now I perceive, has the malignity of the serpent. Judas like, you kiss only to betray; you vex your neighbour with assiduities, and inquiries into his condition; not to sympathize or relieve, but to slander him, expose him, and cruelly aggravate his calamities. I have heard much of the scandals of a Dublin tea-table: I always thought the account exaggerated, but I am now convinced it fell short of the truth; for I never had an idea of any thing so malignant, wicked, and unsparing as the slanders of a Dublin tea-table, that regards neither age, sex, or condition.' "

" 'I expected to find Irishwomen of a different taste and calibre. I am sorry to perceive them to be of a giddy, volatile, censorious disposition, strongly tinctured with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness to-

wards one another ; devoted to admiration and outward show, no flattery too gross, no praise too fulsome or absurd, their devouring vanity has stomach for it all. , With all this, I am told they have no *national feeling*, no *love of country*. In their breast there is not one throb or spark of national virtue. Any foreign impostor is sought and cherished, while an accomplished native is repulsed and excluded. The barbers, jugglers, cut-throats, or gaol-birds, in short, the low, the outcasts and abandoned from France, Italy, or any other country, are employed by Irishwomen, to teach their pretty daughters the corruptions and vices of language and morals imported amongst them by those abandoned and vicious renegades, while honest erudite natives of both sexes are left to starve, and the native language, the very soul of sweetness and delight, is spurned and degraded. I trust,' continued the Scotch lady, 'that after all this, so notorious and so glaring, I shall hear no more of such nonentity as the good taste, patriotism, or national virtue of Irishwomen. I'll put the matter to the test in a moment. Is there an Irish lady present that can speak her native language ? I pause for a reply——None ! then none possessing a particle of good taste, patriotism, or true Irish feeling, nor worthy of the high name of Irishwoman.'—pp. 57—59.

In a tale called *Life in the Irish Militia*, a regimental anecdote is given in these *cutting* terms:—

"Some of those Ensigns, farmers' sons from the plough's tail, rude and savage as unlicked bears, were totally ignorant of delicacy, or even of common manners. On a company day at mess, when the officers were entertaining those of another regiment, at the close of dinner, when finger-glasses were introduced, three Ensigns of the redoubts appeared to have never seen such appendages. One swallowed the contents of his glass in the presence of the astonished company. There was no checking that blunder, for it was soon over ; but the two other sprigs of war deliberately tucked up their sleeves, bared their wrists, and called for soap and towels, and began washing their hands, and would have gone through the whole ceremony were it not for the interference of Captain B—l—ee, an estimable gentleman of polished manners, acute wit, and cultivated intellect, who was sometimes necessitated to be, as it were, the schoolmaster of the corps. The literary qualifications of those braided and gilded peasants were in perfect keeping with the rest of their accomplishments. One of them on the recruiting service, on transmitting some recruits to head-quarters, writes to his commanding officer—'Sur,—I enclose to you four roots (meaning recruits) fit for saurvess.'"
—p. 157.

In some parts of the volume we are told that every thing is bad and wrong in Ireland. We are happy, however, to find that there are exceptions, when the Bible and biblicals are forgotten.

"Such as their language—the spring and source, perhaps, of all the languages now living ; certainly the fountain of the Greek, Latin, Spanish, and French.—The language of sweetness, kindness and charm—the language of harmony and sublimity—the language of the heart and soul, that above, any other now living, in which every passion can find congenial expression. The only remains now in existence of the great original primeval *Celtic* that once spread its civilization and idiom all over Europe. The language of the Irish music, so proverbially fascinating and delightful. To what does our celebrated Moore owe the imperishable

fame of his Melodies, but to their kindred connection with this matchless language, which was spoken in attic purity and refinement by the royal ancestors of his present Majesty, in the proud days of Ireland's ancient glory,

"It is a custom of the Irish, men as well as women, at departures or meetings, after a long absence, to kiss each other. This practice of the men is considered very shocking and barbarous by the gross and mawkish affectation of delicacy of their less pure, less moral, less honest, and more barbarous censors. But let it be remembered that this, like most other Irish habits, is derived from remotest antiquity. Xenophon² makes countless allusions to it, not censorious, but historical. He tells us that when Cyrus was going to his grandfather, Darius, King of the Persians, his father accompanied him to the frontier of his dominions, and on taking leave they kissed each other. Cyrus proceeded, and on his arrival at the Persian court he was kissed by his grandfather, and all his male relatives. After some time there, when preparing to depart for home, he was kissed by all his acquaintance.

"The most polished writer of the Augustan age, describing a journey from GREAT ROME to a remote part of the country, tells us that some of the great men of the state, amongst them Mæcenas, the imperial premier, met at a certain stage, and greeted each other with hearty embrace and rejoicing—

'Oh! what embraces! what joy was there!'

Such is the enthusiastic ejaculation of the immortal writer in recording the circumstance. The native Irish do the same at this day at meetings and partings, and thus preserve the customs and manners, in this regard, of the peers and princes of the Medes, Persians, Greeks, and Romans, the most polished and powerful nations that ever lived. What a field of inquiry and contemplation does not observation and comparison here lay open to the philosophic inquirer!"—pp. 188—190.

We shall close our extracts with a touch at the sublime; it is to be found in a visit to the Lakes of Killarney.

"We now proceeded to Glenà, where our eyes with wonder were enchained. Lost in admiration and mute attention we gazed.—Every thing we had previously been delighted with seemed but the every-day work of inferior, though still superhuman, agency. All our former ideas of grandeur and sublimity were, indeed, but imperfect!—here the hand of the Great 'Architect' was visible: a higher style of the sublime could not be imagined nor borne by the feeble organs of man. If our notions of the Deity permitted us to suppose that Omnipotence ever reposed on earth, Glenà would be the hallowed retreat. Inferior angels, I am willing to think, sometimes quit Elysium, and deign to sojourn in this terrestrial paradise. We sounded our French horn—Echo from her deep recess responded, as if to return the compliment, in notes so softly dulcet, as melted the soul to an exquisite perception of harmony."—p. 199.

We forgot to mention, at the commencement of our notice of this very precious work, that besides energy and elegance, the author's originality is extraordinary; and what better proof can we give than in the learned mottos prefixed to these tales, several of which must have cost a vast deal of research, whilst they exhibit an amazing degree of acuteness and tact?

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*Popular Encyclopædia*, &c. Glasgow: Blakie and Son, 1834.

THIS very useful and truly popular work has fully sustained the pretensions with which it started. The part before us is the first of the second volume beginning with the French word *Canaille*, and ending with *Congress*, amounting to four hundred closely but clearly printed double-columned pages, besides plates and a preliminary dissertation on the rise and progress of literature, by Sir D. K. Sandford. And all this handsomely bound in cloth for eleven shillings. This dissertation is comprehensive and elegant essay, as the name of its author must assure the reader. The work, and others of a similar stamp, really almost make us regret having been born before learning and knowledge were to be found of such easy access as now-a-days they are. It was in many and ponderous volumes that, what is contained in the one before us, had to be sought for. Here, however, men of high standing in literature, have presented the wheat without the chaff, so that he who desires a fair and popular acquaintance with any given subject may speedily have himself informed, and in the most agreeable manner too. But we can add nothing on this subject, to the now prevalent mode of getting up works of practical excellence, which is not generally known and felt in a way more perfect than we can possibly state it. Of the class of books to which we refer, we can safely declare, that the *Popular Encyclopædia* is a decidedly good sample, and it is worthy of the western Metropolis of Scotland.

ART. XIII.—*Illustrations of Taxation*. No. V.—*The Scholars of Arneside*. By Miss MARTINEAU. London: Charles Fox, 67, Paternoster-row. 1834.

THE gifted authoress tells us, that she is now about to compensate for her much speaking, by a long silence, that is, of course, as a writer. Now, though we have had much pleasure in perusing her various little works illustrative of her view of political economy, we cannot, when considering her own interest, which is dear to us, regret the resolution she has adopted. No one, even Miss Martineau, could not always, as a tale-teller, be original and remarkably happy; but especially, when we know that in this shape she sought to unfold and enforce certain great principles connected with the regulations of a vast empire, it is time that she should feel her labours in that way have not been particularly effective or useful.

We do not go into the tale before us as such, though we observe it possesses Miss Martineau's homely, but forcible portraits; we had almost said, the same portraits so often given us in her former pieces. Still it would grieve us did we think she was never more to amuse and instruct. But this, it gives us pleasure to say, is not to be the case, according to her purposes, for, as she tells us, after a few years' preparation, she contemplates the time when, better qualified for the service, she may greet her readers again. We shall welcome heartily her re-appearance; but let us have no more political economy in the shape of this.

ART. XIV—*History of the Fleet Marriages, &c.* By JOHN SOUTHERDEN BURN. Second Edition, London, 1834.

THIS is the second edition of a work we entered into at some length when it first appeared. The favourable opinion we then expressed of it has been borne out by the public, and hence a revised and improved impression is now published. The additions are considerable. The size of the work precluded the author, he says, from giving an account of the different episcopal and dissenting chapels where marriages were solemnized, and which were in existence prior to the passing of the Marriage Act in 1753. A list of the principal of such chapels however is inserted in this edition; but out of eighty or ninety of them in and about London, only fourteen of the registers remain, some of which are in private hands. The numbers thus limited are therefore of considerable value. He has also been enabled to give for the first time, in a published form, an account of the succession of wardens of the Fleet Prison: thus conferring greater precision upon some points treated of in this curious book.

ART. XV—*An Analytical Arrangement of the Apocalypse.* By RICHARD ROE.—*Dublin Times*, 1804.

THIS we think is an obscure book, and assuredly on an obscure subject. The author treats of the order of our ideas as embodied in external signs, and this as introductory to such an orderly arrangement of the Apocalypse as he declares can alone lead to a proper balancing of its parts, and consequently understanding of its meaning. He anticipates that, ere long, the whole of the Bible will be analyzed and arranged in

this manner, and it appears that the Rev. Thomas Boys has made a commencement. The principle followed has been developed by Bishop Lowth and Bishop Jebb, under the name of Parallelism.

The author discusses first of all the signs employed by us for the communication of our ideas; and this leads him into a philosophical elucidation of the principles of universal grammar. After endeavouring to shew that there is a strict and beautiful order observed and desired in the arrangement of signs, he goes on to say that an analysis of such an order becomes an analysis of the sense. We have then such a classification of the different parts of the Apocalypse as at a glance show a visible correspondence and agreement, and next, in a similar form, we have a summary of the respective topics belonging to these arranged signs. We cannot, however, expect any one to be capable of comprehending the system as here elucidated, without a careful perusal of the work itself. If it be, as the author says, that, until an arrangement agreeable to this, of the whole volume of Scripture is completed, we shall not make the nearest possible approach, either to the best translation or the most correct interpretation, certainly it must be a matter of the very last importance, that the principle and system here proposed should be understood and followed up. He accordingly intimates that he will proceed to other portions of Holy Writ in fulfilment of his views. The endeavour is highly praiseworthy, but, as here exemplified, not one of a thousand will understand him: we may add, very few biblical scholars, unless gifted with clear, steady, and long-sustained powers of abstractions, will join him in such a field.

ART. XVI.—*The Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott*. By J. Hogg, with a Memoir of the Author. Glasgow: John Reid & Co. 1834.

THE Shepherd has so often given the particulars of his own life upon a much larger scale than is here presented, that we need not say any thing of the Memoir, drawn up, we do not know by whom, but evidently from the materials furnished by himself. The private life of Sir Walter Scott, by the Shepherd, is a greater curiosity; or rather their joint lives: for he, the Shepherd, is fully as much kept in the fore-ground as the mighty minstrel. Yet though a coarse, and in no few instances we believe an inaccurate, account, it yet reflects a very full, and by no means, as a whole, an unfavourable portrait of the deceased. Several of the opinions advanced are laughably absurd, and some of the stories told indebted in no small degree to the Shepherd's imagination. For there is a difference between being Jamie and true Jamie. At any rate he is an original, and the most imperturbably vain man that ever snuffed the mountain breeze of old Caledonia; and that is no slight comparison.

Hogg's *Domestic Manners of Scott* have lately received in *Fraser's Magazine* a most unmerciful handling; far exceeding the merits or demerits of the work. One thing we are quite sure of—had the great deceased perused this life himself, not much exceeding in length fifty pages, he would have been the first to laugh, and probably to thank the author for it. There is something so richly extravagant in the fancy, which James cannot disguise, that Scott was jealous of his talents and success, as to make it the most clumsy process possible to attempt combatting the doctrine. We repeat,

that, as a whole, this sketch by Hogg of the great Magician's life, instead of lowering, has lent us a more striking, though homely, picture of the deceased than we before possessed, whilst it has raised the Shepherd a grade higher in our estimation.

ART. XVII.—*Miller's Gardener's Dictionary*. No. 10. London: G. Henderson. 1834.

THE great celebrity of this first-rate work, as left by its author, is a sufficient ground for its appearance in this cheap and perfect state, in these days, when very many branches of knowledge of vastly inferior value are assiduously pursued, and at such convenient prices presented to the world. The whole of "Miller's Gardener's Dictionary" in fifty numbers, at one shilling each, can hardly be supposed out of the hands of any gardener or enlightened agriculturist, who has not been previously possessed of it. The present edition, however, not only gives substantially the one last revised by himself, excepting with such modifications as later discoveries suggested, but brings down to the present period every additional improvement and fact that has been since added to the sciences embraced in his work. The additional information here afforded in the departments of agricultural chemistry, mineralogy, and zoology, will be found a vast improvement.

On perusing the portion of this edition which has been published, even the general reader, who is totally unacquainted with the subjects treated, will at once find the most instructive and entertaining matter, proving the celebrated author to have, like all other great men, conferred on common-place topics the riches of his own clear, comprehensive, and original mind. *Abies*, the *Fir*, which of course comes to be

considered at the beginning of the work, would, were this any thing more than a general notice, afford some highly attractive extracts. The author brought to his task, not merely an inexhaustible store of information and sound reasoning, but a fine enthusiasm, that has justly obtained for him an undying fame. The scarcity and high price of his best edition, and the various imperfect and garbled versions attempted to be given of it, not only prove its high character, but the necessity of this reprint and enlarged form. We shall only farther say, that the publication before us will, when completed, be by far the best practical and scientific work in existence connected with many parts of general agriculture, but especially on every branch of horticulture.

ART. XVIII.—*Illustrations of Social Depravity, No. V. What are the Rabble?* By a Lady. Glasgow: John Reid & Co. 1834.

WE do not like this number any more than the last. The writer has vigour of thought and language, but a distorted and distorting imagination. The facts brought forward are not correctly stated, or at least not fairly placed as regards light or circumstances. Sweeping conclusions are drawn from scanty premises. Many of the opinions pronounced with unmeasured confidence are crude, and the entire spirit and influence of the writing forbidding. Surely it is not expected that such pictures of human life should benefit either the class whose interests are advocated, or that which is the object of vituperation. The commencement of the first chapter leads one to guess the tone of all that follows. "Who made the rabble? Was it themselves? Was it an absolute and tyrannic law of nature? Was it

God?"—and what will our readers think of the writer's weight as a moralist or philosopher, when we tell, that these short questions, comprehensive and some of them too puzzling for any modest person at once to answer, are all in about as short a space disposed of, as the propounding of them occupied!

ART. XIX.—*A Second Letter to C. E. Long, Esq. on the M.S. Journal and Private Correspondence of the late Lieut.-Gen. R. B. Long.* By GENERAL LORD VISCOUNT BERESFORD, G.C.B. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1834.

LORD Beresford has a hard matter of it, between one and another, to defend himself from charges of incapacity and misconduct as a Military Commander. First and most formidable appears Colonel Napier, and next the nephew of the late Gen. Long, whose journal and correspondence have in part been published. Besides incapacity, the latter antagonist alleges that the Marshal was partial and unjust in not having recommended Gen. Long for the Albuera Medal. We can only refer to the publications that have of late been appearing on these matters, for any thing like a clear understanding of the points at issue. They are no doubt of importance to the men of high names immediately implicated, but to the public in general the subject is not very interesting. We observe that Lord Beresford declares that the present is to be the last notice he shall ever take of the matters discussed in his letter. This is clearly a prudent resolution, nor will the country at large estimate the great services he conferred upon it by his skilful generalship the less correctly and favourably from his abstaining from further disputation.

ART. XX.—*An Introduction to Greek Prose Composition.* By the Rev. JOHN KENRICK, M.A. Part 2d, *Syntax*. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1834.

MR. KENRICK is indefatigable in his labours to make the finest language that ever was spoken understood by scholars, not merely in so far as a general apprehension of the writings of its best writers is concerned, but in its radical principles; in its grammatical philosophy and original genius. In his numerous efforts, it will be observed that he is chiefly concerned, like all first-rate linguists, with what less enlightened scholars might conceive to be the trifling parts of speech, and peculiarities of construction. With him the Greek article, the accidence of nouns, the *rationale* of the declension of verbs, the value of indeclinables, and the use of particles, are of chief moment in his lessons on grammar.

This is the second division of a book, the first part of which was in a great measure a translation from the German of Rost and Wüstermann. In this part, however, the author has not followed the arrangement of these grammarians; and the examples to which he has had recourse are of a purer age of the literature of the Greeks than many which they have adopted. The Attic prose writers, before the time of Alexander, especially Xenophon, are the principal source of his examples. There is an exception in the admission of the anecdotes and sayings of the philosophers from Diogenes Laertius, the style of which, as the author justly remarks, is so different from that of the biographer himself, as to show that they have been verbally preserved from earlier times. As an introduction to Greek prose composition, this work, and especially this

part of Syntax will be found a clear and highly useful help to advanced scholars, we mean not to tyros.

ART. XXI.—*The Family Topographer, being a Compendious Account of the Antient and Present State of the Counties of England.* By Samuel Tymms. Vol. IV, Oxford Circuit. London: J. B. Nichols & Son, 25, Parliament-street. 1834.

THIS volume of the Family Topographer, embracing the Oxford Circuit, includes, of course, the counties of Berkshire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, Oxfordshire, Shropshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire. The principal merit in all such works must lay in the comprehensive and lucid character of the arrangement, and in the accuracy of the minute details, which require care and industry much more than any talent of an original kind. In these essential particulars we find this volume, as we have found the preceding, to excel. The arrangement is as follows:—The situation and extent of each county is given; the ancient state and remains; the present state and appearance, which contains a number of statistical particulars; the population; the history of remarkable and important events; an alphabetical list of eminent natives, and miscellaneous observations. At last, and perhaps not the least valuable, comes a list of the works consulted in the compendium of each county. There is a neat and distinct map of every shire prefixed to its particular department. Upon the whole of the features of this work, as an itinerary, as a statistical account, as an antiquarian index, and historical, as also miscellaneous guide, we pronounce it to be our opinion, that it will be found remarkably correct, and worthy to become a standard book of reference in all such matters.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

NOVEMBER.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of John Napier of Merchiston, his Lineage, Life, and Times; with a History of the Invention of Logarithms.* By MARK NAPIER. 4to. Edinburgh: Blackwood; London: Cadell. 1834.

THIS new and elaborate life of the celebrated Inventor of Logarithms abounds with learning, particular acquaintance with the times, of the subject of the work, and the most minute circumstances connected with his lineage. It also betrays not a little conceit, affectation, prejudice, and bad taste, both in style and sentiment. But before giving specimens to establish these assertions, we shall just glance at the leading points and landmarks of the illustrious John Napier's History.

He was Baron of Merchiston, which is in the immediate vicinity of Edinburgh; the house which he inhabited being still in the hands of his family, and the apartment in which he conducted his profoundest studies being regarded by his posterity as a sanctum sanctorum. He was the eldest son of Sir Archibald Napier, and was born in the year 1550; his death took place about sixty-eight years afterwards, so that he lived in very eventful times, in which he took an influential part, in so far as learning, philosophy, and an earnest, at the same time exemplary standing for the truth, were concerned. His natural parts, which were great, received all the culture that the University of St. Andrews could afford, and all the knowledge that travelling in France, Italy, and Germany could present. When he returned to his native country, instead of seeking after the highest offices of the state, which might have been reached by him, he chose rather to devote his powers to private, more noble, and indeed more useful occupations. His chief employment was the study of the Holy Scriptures and Mathematics. His Essay on the Book of Revelations was a profound work, though, like many other researches connected with this mysterious portion of the Bible, some of his calculations have by time been discovered to be erroneous. It was at that period, however, hailed by the

reformed Churches at home and abroad, as an unanswerable effort ; and at the present day it is regarded as a work of the utmost penetration, evincing judgment and erudition of the highest order.

Napier's chief renown, however, belongs to his discovery of logarithms in trigonometry, by which the ease and expedition in calculation have so wonderfully assisted the science of astronomy, and the arts of practical geometry and navigation. The work which contained this great discovery or rather invention of artificial numbers, appeared in 1614; an account of which is ably given by the author in the volume now under review. Indeed, if this account does not evince a first rate knowledge of the abtruse subjects there discussed, it shows that there is in the family a strong partiality towards such pursuits;—a sort of testimony of homage to the celebrated philosopher, the most respectful and honourable. It is in this portion of the present work that every one, we think, will meet with the least number of those blemishes which disfigure the other parts. We shall not, however, follow the learned author into such profound topics as those necessarily connected with the history of logarithms lead. We rather quote some curious incidents illustrative of the manner in which the invention was received by the scientific world at the time.

It would appear that Napier had communicated to Mr. Henry Briggs, mathematical professor in Gresham College, his wonderful canon for the logarithms ; and that that learned professor set himself to apply the rules, in his '*Imitatio Napieræ*.' In a letter to Archbishop Usher, in the year 1615, Briggs writes thus:—"Napier, Baron of Merchiston, hath set my head and hands at work, with his new and admirable logarithms. I hope to see him this summer, if it please God ; for I never saw a book which pleased me better, and made me more wonder." The following passage from the life of Lilly the astrologer, is quoted by Lord Buchan, as giving a picturesque view of the meeting between Briggs and the inventor of the logarithms, at Merchiston. "I will acquaint you, (says Lilly) with one memorable story related unto me by John Marr, an excellent mathematician and geometrician, whom I conceive you remember. He was servant to king James I. and Charles I. When Merchiston first published his logarithms, Mr. Briggs, then reader of the astronomy lecture at Gresham College in London, was so much surprised with admiration of them, that he could have no quietness in himself until he had seen that noble person, whose only invention they were : he acquaints John Marr therewith, who went into Scotland before Mr. Briggs, purposely to be there when these two so learned persons should meet. Mr. Briggs appoints a certain time when to meet at Edinburgh ; but failing thereof, Merchiston was fearful he would not come. It happened one day, as John Marr and the Baron Napier were speaking of Mr. Briggs : 'Ah ! John (said Merchiston) Mr. Briggs will not come.' At the

very instant one knocks at the gate; John Marr hasted down, and it proved to be Mr. Briggs, to his great contentment. He brings Mr. Briggs up to the baron's chamber, where almost one quarter of an hour was spent each beholding the other with admiration, before one word was spoken. At last Mr. Briggs began:—"Sir, I have undertaken this long journey purposely to see your person, and to know to what engine of wit or ingenuity you came first to think of this most excellent help into astronomy; viz. the logarithms; but sir, being by you found out, I wonder nobody else found it out before, when now being known it appears so easy." He was nobly entertained by Baron Napier, and every summer after that, during the laird's being alive, this venerable man, Mr. Briggs, went purposely to Scotland to visit him."

Besides this great invention of the logarithms, Baron Napier improved trigonometry with his universal rules of theorems for solving all the cases of right angled spherical triangles, which he calls the *five circular parts*. His last literary production was his '*Rabdology and Promptuary*,' in the year in which he died, dedicated to the chancellor Seton. This publication contains the description and use of an apparatus called '*Napier's Bones, or Rods*,' and other ingenious methods of abridging calculation. To his works may be added his letter dated June 2nd, 1596, to Anthony Bacon, (the original of which is in the archbishop's library at Lambeth,) entitled, "Secret inventions profitable and necessary in these days, for the defence of this island, and withstanding strangers, enemies to God's truth and religion." Such, indeed, was the extent of Napier's reputation that the illustrious Keplen dedicated to him his '*Ephemerides*,' which was published in 1617; and it appears from many passages in his letter, [that he reckoned the Scottish philosopher the greatest man of his age, in the particular department to which he directed his attention.

Baron Napier was twice married. He had only one son, called Archibald, by his first wife. By his second he had a numerous family, five sons and five daughters. His successors have been, and are still eminent among the Scottish aristocracy, but the most renowned name of them all is still he who Mr. Briggs, with an amiable and single-minded devotion, went once every year to visit, when travelling between London and Edinburgh was no ordinary affair, but such as suggested to men of prudence and forethought the propriety of making their latter wills, ere starting on such a perilous and dreary journey.

But it is time we should say and present something of the quarto before us. With our first extract we entirely agree in so far as the sentiments are concerned; and have only to say of its composition, that for labour, and pushing every point to the farthest on which eulogy may be fastened, it is not half so obtrusive as many others in the volume:—

“ John Napier is the great land-mark of the most important epoch of letters in Scotland. He is the first who, in the early struggles of our church, gave a decided impulse to its biblical lore, by a commentary on the most abstruse books of the sacred Scriptures, which for learning and research has never been equalled by any of his countrymen. At the same time, alone and unaided, he placed his sterile country upon a level in mathematical learning with those more propitious climes, Germany and Italy, —the cradle of astronomy, and the hot-bed of letters. It would be no less interesting than instructive to trace minutely the development of his extraordinary faculties. But it is chiefly from traits afforded by the individual himself that the progress of so great an intellect can be intimately known; and autobiography was incompatible with the qualities of Napier's mind, and the nature of his achievements. Yet few could have left a more instructive diary of education. He had drunk deeply of human knowledge at its most recondite fountains; and the Bishop of Orkney, when he urged immediate attention to his studies, had not cast his advice upon the waters, or falsely predicted the result. His illustrious nephew made himself acquainted with the heights and depths of learning. He read and studied the sacred volume in all its tongues. He could enliven his abstruse lucubrations with the beauties of the ancient classics. He was more than learned in science and philosophy—he was a high priest in their temples; and the occult sciences were not left by him unexplored. Most probably it was the state of the country that prevented the advice of his uncle, given in 1560, from being immediately adopted. In 1558 the University of St. Andrews, the most celebrated in Scotland, became nearly deserted in consequence of the tumults of the Reformation; and in the following year, for the same reason, the faculty of arts were obliged to dispense with the public exhibitions of the graduates. Yet Napier commenced his public education at an earlier period than has been supposed. It was in his fourteenth year, before the marriage of Mary to Darnley, and when the seats of learning were shaken by the storms gathering around the unhappy queen, that he left, for the first time, his paternal roof. His mother died in 1563: and in that same year he became a student in St. Salvator's College.

“ Although this was three years after the Parliamentary establishment of the Reformed doctrines, St. Salvator's was still remarkable for the divided state of its opinions; and the keenness engendered betwixt the scholastic temper of the age, and the magnitude of the question which agitated Europe, must have exercised a corresponding and decisive influence over many a youthful mind. In the mass of learned and minute information respecting St. Andrews, afforded by Dr. M'Crie in his *Life of Andrew Melville*, I find it stated that sometime at this period the students were exercised once a week in theological disputations, at which one of the masters presided, and the rest were present and took a share in the debate. The disputants were exhorted to avoid the altercations usually practised in the schools, and not to bite and devour one another like dogs; but to behave as men desirous of mutual instruction, and as the servants of Christ, who ought not to strive, but to be gentle to all. Napier, who throughout all his life was characterized by the utmost singleness of heart and the gentlest dispositions, appears, nevertheless, to have been able to keep his

own, and even to play a conspicuous part, amid the gladiatorship of intellect affected by his youthful competitors. From the moment his mind began to work he aspired to be a Protestant champion, and applied his whole energies to that sacred cause. The fact is derived from his own words, which are the more interesting as they convey the solitary anecdote of his youth that is known to exist. In his address 'to the Godly and Christian reader,' prefixed to his Scriptural Commentaries, he says, 'In my tender yeares and barneage in Sanct Androis, at the schooles, having, on the one part, contracted a loving familiaritie with a certaine gentleman, a Papist; and, on the other part, being attentive to the sermons of that worthy man of God, Maister Christopher Goodman, teaching upon the Apocalyps, I was so mooved in admiration against the blindness of Papists, that could not most evidently see their seven-hilled citie Rome painted out there so lively by Saint John as the mother of all spiritual whoredom, that not onely burst I out in continual reasoning against my said familiar, but also from thenceforth I determined with myselfe (by the assistance of God's spirit) to employ my studie and diligence to search out the remanent mysteries of that holy Book: as to this houre (praised be the Lorde) I have bin doing at al such times as conveniently I might have occasion.' Thus from himself we have an explanation of his long retiring habits, and, at the same time, such a picture of the early vigour and independence of his mind as to make us wish for more. A youth, under fourteen years of age, listening so intently to an exposition of the Apocalypse from the pulpit, and bursting forth in disputation with his Papistical friend and companion, until he conceived the daring project of leaving not a mystery of prophecy unfolded, is a trait seldom surpassed in the history of boyhood."

It can hardly escape the notice of any one who but glances at this volume, that the author is a Napier of the same race with that of the celebrated philosopher whose life he has undertaken to give fairly; and that it would be an offence no less heinous to claim an unauthorized alliance with the house of Merchiston, than to deny, as we find Anthony Wood approaches to do, (though without any thing like sufficient grounds) that his ancestor was the inventor of logarithms. But the Scottish philosopher's name is something greater than the king can confer, nor does it require the fulsome phraseology of kindred to force it at every turn into the ears of the present generation, which we have never understood to be reluctant in awarding him his due meed of praise and honour. The following mode of bolstering a celebrated man, is not according to an amiable principle, or one that takes pride in the illustrious names of his father-land. We are confident it is not such as the inventor of the logarithms would have countenanced. At any rate, George Buchanan will still be boasted of in Scotland by every scholar, for his erudition, his elegant Latin prose, and Latin poetry:—

"We have now to name the man whom contemporary eulogists were most apt to select as a *pendant* to Napier; and that is the popular Buchanan, who became principal of St. Leonard's College in 1567. 'The intellectual endowments of George Buchanan,' says Dr. Irving, 'reflect the highest splendour on the land of his nativity; and every scholar who de-

rives his origin from the same country is bound to cherish and revere his memory.'—'The history of Buchanan is the history of an individual unrivalled in modern times.' There is some exaggeration in this estimate. It is what may be said of Napier, but not of Buchanan. He ranks high in the learning of his country; but to render the praise of his biographer not hyperbolical, the heart of Buchanan ought to have been purer, and his head more profound. Blackwood says of him with great truth, that he was 'homme ingrat, et disloyal;' and when we examine his conduct and his writings in reference to the history of Queen Mary, with the aid of those proofs which have been collected within these few years, to illustrate that unhappy page of our history, no impartial mind can come to any other conclusion, than that Buchanan was a rogue. His admirers have claimed for him an *apothecosis* with the eloquent and elegant Livy: but he may find himself—under the fiat of eternal justice—nearer the reprobate Sallust. In popular estimation his name is much more identified with the erudition of his country than Napier's. Our philosopher has acquired with the vulgar the equivocal status in letters of a warlock; but there are men in our own times of considerable literary attainments, who will afford him no higher praise than the sneer of Iago 'forsooth a great arithmetician.'—'Napier,' says an author of historical celebrity, 'has much merit, but cannot stand in the rank of great inventors. He is only a useful abbreviator of a particular branch of the mathematics.' Sir David Brewster (or the writer he employed) ransacked his memory to record the names of those whose literary achievements illustrate Scotland, and forgot only John Napier. But had he omitted the name of *George Buchanan*, the very printers' devils would have mobbed the disciple of Newton up the streets of Modern Athens.

"The purest pedestal of Buchanan's fame is his Latin poetry. Thus, it is not difficult to determine the respective grades in letters of James' pedagogue and Scotland's philosopher. We shall show that Napier surpassed Archimedes in logistic, and emulated him in mechanics. Does Buchanan rival Horace in rhyme?"

There is a ransacking for authorities to establish this illiberal opinion, which in such a turbulent period as is referred to, and regarding such a conspicuous man as king James's tutor was, one naturally must have expected to be much more abundant than the author has been able to bring forward. But let us see the utmost that can be advanced against him, whose disparagement our author seems to consider necessary to the upholding of Napier:—

"The distinction of their moral characters is yet more marked: being that betwixt an unprincipled partisan, and a Christian philosopher. While the learned in our own times labour to give us fanciful portraits of Buchanan, we have one of him drawn from the life by Napier's relative, Sir James Melville, upon every line of whose simple portraiture the stamp of truth is impressed. 'Bot Mester George was a stoik philosopher, and looked not far before the hand; a man of notable qualites for his learning and knowledge in latin poesie, mekle maid accompt of in other contrees, plaisant in company, rehersing at all occasions moralities schort and fecful, whereof he had abundance, and invented wher he wanted. He was also of gud religion for a poet; bot he was easely abused, and sa facill that he was led with any company that he hanted for the tym, quhilk maid him factious in his auld dayes; for he epak and wret as they that wer about

him for the tym infourmed him; for he was becom that sleperie and cairles, and followed in many thingis the vulgar oppinion; for he was naturally populaire, and extrem vengeable against any man that had offendit him, quhilk was his gretest falt.' Other cousins of our philosopher were in daily converse with Buchanan. The Lady Mar and her brother Tullibardine had the especial charge of King James in his youth. At this time, says Melville, the king 'had for principall preceptouris, Mester George of Buchwennen, and Mester Peter Young, &c.' 'My Lady Mar was wyse and schairp and held the king in great awe; and sa did Mester George Buchwhennen.' Thus the family of Merchiston must have been well known to James's pedagogue, though probably the contrariety of their habits, moral and intellectual, kept him and the philosopher always separate."

We pass over our author's account and theory of Napier's travels, and intercourse with some of the most renowned Hugonots of France, to quote a few of the gossiping passages of the volume, of a more homely character, which we doubt not will be thought also more attractive reading:—

"If Napier encountered perils abroad, he certainly escaped one of a deadly nature at home. In the year 1568, (exactly a century before Newton was driven from Cambridge by the plague which then ravaged England), a most fearful infliction of pestilence broke out in Edinburgh. The courts of justice were closed, the General Assembly of the Church postponed, and the very literature of the country threatened with annihilation. Sir Archibald Napier and his family were much exposed to the contagion, by the vicinity of his mansion to the 'Borough Muir' of the city, upon which waste the poorer class of those infected were driven out to grovel and die, under the very walls of Merchiston. At this very time Sir Archibald was not suffered to quit the Lothians. Mary's defeat at Langside had just occurred, and the regency of her brother was securing the fruits of victory by a rigorous surveillance of the baronial strongholds, and the conduct and affections of their proprietors, throughout the whole country. All Protestant as he was, and although even his cousins Tullibardine and Grange had been in arms upon this occasion against the fugitive queen, it is not surprising that Merchiston, whose immediate predecessors had fallen successively under her father's standard and her own, should have evinced some affection for the persecuted, and only legitimate child of James V. That this was the case is proved by the bond quoted below, the terms of which compelled Merchiston to remain a prisoner in Edinburgh, or within two miles of it, under heavy securities. When the plague broke out, he appears to have petitioned the privy-council of the regent for some relaxation, which had been refused in the most peremptory manner, although his brother-in-law, the Bishop of Orkney, was one of that council, and apparently anxious to befriend him. The following letter, than which a more curious and interesting remnant of the kind could scarcely be produced, was written in consequence by the prelate to our philosopher's father:—

"To the Richt Honorabill and our weil belovit Brother the Laird off Merchanstoun.

"Richt Honorabill Schir and Bruther,—I haird the day the rigorous answer and refuis that ye gat, quhairof I wes not wele apayit; bot alwayis

I pray you, as ye ar sett amiddis betwix twa grete inconvenientis, travell to eschew them baith : the ane is maist evident, to wit, the remaining in your awin place quhair ye ar ; for be the nummer of seik folk that gain out of the toun, the muir is abill to be overspred, and it can not be bot throw the nearness of your place, and the indigence of thame that are put out, thai sall continewallie repair aboutte your rounge, and throu their conversatioun, infect some of your servandis, quhairby thai sall precipitat yourself and your children in maist extreem danger ; and, as I se, ye hef foirsene the same for the young folk, quhais bluid is in maist perrell to be infectit first, and therefor purposis to send thame away to Menteith, quhair I wald wiss at God that ye war yourself, without offence of authoritie, or of your band, sua that your houss get na skaith. Bot yet, Schir, their is ane midway quhilk ye suld not omit, quhilk is to withdraw you fra that syid of the toun to sum houss upon the north syid of the samin quairof ye may hef in borrowing quhen ye sall hef to do, to wit, the Gray Cruik, Innerlethis self, Weirdie, or sic uther places as ye culd chose within ane myle ; quhairinto I wald suppois ye wald be in les danger than in Merchanstoun : and close up your houssis, your grangis, your barnis and all, and suffer na man cum therin, quhill it plesit God to put ane stay to this grete plege, and in the mein tyme, maid you to leve upon your penny, or on sic thing as comis to you out of the Lennos or Menteith ; quhilk, gif ye do not, I se ye will ruine yourself ; and howbeit I escape in this wayage, I will nevir luik for to se you again, quhilk war some mair regret to me than I will expreme be writing. Always besekis you, as you luif your awin wele, the wele of your hous, and us your freindis that wald your wele, to tak sum order in this behalf, that howbeit your evill favoraris wald cast away, yit ye tak better keip upon yourself, and mak not them to rejoice, and us your freindis to mune baith at anis ; quhilk God forbid, and for his guidnes preserve you and your posteritie from sic skaith, and mainteine you in holie keping for evir. Of Edr this xxi day of September, be

“ ‘ Your Bruther at power, the

“ ‘ BISCHOP OFF ORKNAY. ’ ”

In some of the late numbers of this Journal we have had occasion to consider at length the darker superstitions of Scotland, and the general history of necromancy. From what is there set down, it cannot be matter of much wonder to find that the single-hearted Napier, exemplary man and profound theologian, as he undoubtedly was, spent not his days and nights in abtruse study, without falling under the suspicion of having a familiar spirit, at a period when the mass of mankind distinguished not between the pursuit and discoveries of science, and the supposed alliance formed by mortals with superhuman powers, for unhallowed purposes. The following extract refers to what was not many years ago, to our knowledge, by no means a rare fire-side tale in the vicinity of Edinburgh :—

“ There is this remarkable circumstance in his history, that while he possessed the respect and confidence of the most able and Christian pastors of the Reformed Church, and while he was looked up to and consulted by the General Assembly, of which he was for years a member, he was at

the same time regarded, and not merely by the vulgar, as one who possessed certain powers of darkness, the very character of which was in those days dangerous to the possessor. Traditions to this effect might be met with in the cottages and nurseries in and about the metropolis of Scotland not many years ago; and the marvels attributed to our philosopher, with the aid of a jet-black cock, supposed to be a familiar spirit bound to him in that shape, have, within the memory of the present generation, been narrated by the old, and listened to by the young. We cannot help suspecting that the legend of the black cock is in some way connected with the hereditary office of king's poulterer (*Pultrix Regis*), for many generations in the family of Merchiston, and which descended to John Napier. This office is repeatedly mentioned in the family charters as appertaining to the '*pultre landis*,' hard by the village of Dene, in the shire of Linlithgow. The duties were to be performed by the possessor or his deputies; and the king was entitled to demand the yearly homage of a present of poultry from the feudal holder. It is not improbable that our philosopher made a pet of some jetty chanticler, which he cherished as the badge of his office, and as worthy of being presented to the king, *si petatur*. If so, there can be little doubt that in those days it would pass for a spirit."

The first part of this work, from which alone we select a few paragraphs, has led the author into such researches as have opened up to him several curious passages of Scottish history; the following gives a sad but no doubt descriptive picture of the times. The John Graham of Hallyards spoken of, succeeded Sir Alexander Napier, the father of the philosopher, as justice-depute to the Earl of Argyle; and some years afterwards, was advanced to the situation of a Lord of Session:—

"David Moyse the notary, who has left a very curious journal of his times, records, that in June 1590, 'The Lordis of Sessioun wer intendid to be altered, and sum accusatioun past betwix Mr. John Grahame and Mr. David M'Gill, baith Lordis of the Sessioun, ather of thame accusing utheris of bryberie and kneaverie.' But he afterwards became involved in a matter yet more serious, and which proved fatal to him. The estate of Hallyards consisted of temple lands, which Graham had obtained through his wife, the widow of Sir James Sandilands of Calder. That lady held them upon a title granted by her first husband, whose tenants in those lands had a preferable right of possession. To defeat this, a deed was forged by a notary, at the suggestion of William Graham, a brother of the Lord of Session, by which it was made to appear that these tenants had yielded their preferable right; and consequently, they were cast in an action raised to establish it. But the forgery was discovered, and the notary hanged; upon which Mr. John Graham raised another action against the minister of Sterling, who, he alleged, had extorted a false confession from the unfortunate notary. This proceeding brought the General Assembly of the Church and the Court of Session into violent collision. The Assembly cited Graham to appear before it, and answer for his scandal against the church. The Court of Session stood up for the independence of their own jurisdiction and members; and sent their president, Lord Provand, with the Lords Culross and Barnbarrach, as a deputation to the ecclesiastical court, disclaiming the Assembly's right to inter-

fere in the matter. Both jurisdictions were obstinate, and the dispute was quashed without being properly adjusted. The result was, that the tenants of the temple lands pursued the young heir of the original proprietor, whose tutor and uncle, Sir James Sandilands, took up the matter with all the vindictive violence of the times. The Duke of Lennox lent his powerful aid: and, says Calderwood, 'upon Tuesday, 13th February, 1593, Mr. John Graham of Hallyards went out of Edinburgh towards Leith, being charged to depart off the town. The Duke and Sir James Sandilands following as it were, with clubs in their hands, and coming down Leith Wynd, one of Mr. John's company looked back, and seeing them, they turned to make resistance. The Duke sent and willed them to go forward, promising no man should invade them; yet Mr. John Graham's company shot, whereupon the Duke suffered Sir James and his company to do for themselves. Mr. John was shot; his company fled before ever he was carried to a house. Sir Alexander Stuart's page, a French boy, seeing his master (Sir Alexander) slain, followed Mr. John Graham into the house, *dowped a whinger into him*, and so dispatched him. Before this encounter, Mr. John was accompanied with three or four score.' The tragic end of this unhappy Lord of Session affords a curious picture of the times, and shows that our philosopher acted wisely in his endeavours to prevent *cummer* in such matters, and in his anxiety to '*mell with na sik extraordinar doings*.' Probably his letter is of a date long previous to the death of Graham, and it may be before the latter was elevated from his justiceship to the bench. Perhaps the deed quoted a reference to the period when John Napier encountered such perilous disputes in the management of his father's estate. The autographs will interest the reader. The royal signature is of James VI. while he was yet a youth. That of Montrose is of the grandfather of the lady who became the wife of John Napier's eldest son, and was the sister of the great marquis. He was high chancellor and viceroy of Scotland after James succeeded to the throne of England. As for the signature of Morton, the right hand that traced it is recorded in blood. The Lord Maxwell, a celebrated border noble, obtained a grant of the earldom of Morton (upon the fall of the regent) in the year 1581, of which, however, he was deprived a few years afterwards. A deadly feud arose betwixt the Maxwells and the Johnstones; and in the celebrated battle fought betwixt them, the Lord Maxwell or Morton, being borne to the ground, stretched out his right hand for quarter, but it was instantly severed from his body. In the meanwhile, a certain feudal lady of the Johnstone clan issued from a family fortress, (which she had valiantly defended), attended by a single female, and with the keys of the tower hanging on her arm. On the field of battle 'she saw lying beneath a thorn-tree, a tall, grey-haired, noble-looking man, arrayed in bright armour, but bare-headed, and bleeding to death from the loss of his right hand. He asked her for mercy and help with a faltering voice; but the idea of deadly feud, in that time and country, closed all access to compassion even in the female bosom. She saw before her only the enemy of her clan and the cause of her father's captivity and death: and raising the ponderous keys which she bore along with her, the *Lady of Lockerby* is commonly reported to have dashed out the brains of the vanquished Lord Maxwell.' Such, gentle reader, were the characters and habits of Lords of Session, noblemen, and ladies, in the times of our philosopher, and

with many of whom; notwithstanding the quiet and studious retirement of his own habits, he must have come into occasional contact."

The defeat of the Spanish Armada set thinking men to consider of the cause of such a marvellous escape for the British nation; and whilst many ascribed the deliverance to the power of magic, more enlightened and pious minds, such as Napier's, of course traced it to the counsels of the Almighty. This event, indeed, seems to have led to the publication of his profound work on the Apocalypse, at least at an earlier date than he had previously contemplated:—

"The mind of Napier was particularly agitated upon this occasion. He had been long brooding over the depths of the Apocalypse, and began to perceive a divine light breaking upon his hitherto obscure lucubrations. The sequel I shall give in his own words: 'Then,' says he, 'greatly rejoicing in the Lord, I began to write thereof in Latin; yet I purposed not to have set out the same suddenly, and far lesse to have written the same also in English, til that of late, this new insolencie of Papists, arising about the 1588 year of God, and dayly incresing within this island, doth so pitie our hearts, seeing them put more trust in Jesuites and seminarie priests than in the true Scriptures of God, and in the Pope and King of Spaine than in the King of Kings, that to prevent the same, I was constrained of compassion, leaving the Latin, to haste out in English this present worke, almost unripe, that thereby the simple of this island may be instructed, the godly confirmed, and the proud and foolish expectations of the wicked beaten downe; purposing hereafter, God willing, to publish shortly the other Latin edition hereof, to the publike utilitie of the whole church.' One great object was to awaken and alarm the conscience of king James, whose duplicity and inconsistent conduct harassed the Church at home while beset by powerful enemies from abroad. Our philosopher proposed, therefore, to address his commentaries to that prince with such a solemn warning as the times suggested, and his majesty's conduct seemed to require. But in the beginning of the winter 1589, James was absent on his matrimonial expedition to Denmark. When he returned with his consort in the following year, he found every department of his government unusually tranquil, owing chiefly to the judicious management of the affairs of the Church by Robert Bruce of Airth, aided in his exertions by such laymen as John Napier and Thomas Craig of Riccarton, who were at the same time members of the General Assembly. The whole country now became engrossed with the ceremony of the coronation, and great cordiality prevailed betwixt the Church and the court. James was submissive to his clergy, and the clergy played the part of courtiers as well as they could."

With these specimens our readers may form tolerable correct notions of the spirit and style of this volume. We have before mentioned what appeared to us to be its character, as regards the part which the author has performed, in dealing with the valuable subject and materials subject to his hand. And we conclude by saying, that, notwithstanding his aristocratic prejudices, his laboured beauties and smartnesses, and sometimes unnecessary, nay,

enfeebling efforts to enlarge the fame of the inventor of logarithms, who has long held a niche in the most prominent part of the temple of science, his work will add to the fame of Scottish genius, whilst it extends the knowledge of her family and national memoirs.

ART. II.—*France, Social, Literary, Political.* By Henry Lytton Bulwer, Esq., M. P. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley, 1834.

IF Henry Lytton Bulwer possess not the master power as a writer, which has raised his brother to such a distinguished station amongst the authors of the present day, his manner is less self-sufficient, his self-confidence less obtrusive. Indeed, it is evident from the introduction to the work before us, that he ventures before the public with very considerable doubt and fear upon his mind; for he there solicits the indulgence of readers and critics in a way that would almost lead us to charge him with a weakness incompatible with superior qualifications. A pretty accurate estimate and firm assertion of one's talent, we think is generally essential, and characteristic of the possession of what is above mediocrity. Still Henry L. Bulwer is particularly situated. He must feel that the very name he bears raises obstacles in his way to a just appreciation of his talents; for his brother's established popularity will ever be ready to lead the reader to disparaging comparisons; so that should he write a book even twice as able and good as any that Edward has done, still the public will be apt to deny him his full right, and to admit him but to the station of an imitator; especially will this be the case in such a work as the present: for "England and the English," has had the precedence. As he himself says, the nature of the two works in some degree are assimilated, so that, when they differ, it may be thought a censure is conveyed in the present, and where they agree, that it merely is an imitation. We shall endeavour, however, to divest ourselves entirely of any unfair feelings and of all prejudices, and to judge of "*France, Social, Literary, and Political*," as here represented, entirely and singly upon its own merits.

Our first remark is what will naturally occur to every man, on the mere announcement of the title—that it is a mighty and boundless field, in relation to one man, which the author has proposed to traverse and disclose. Indeed, any one of the branches would be a subject too extensive for the compass of two such volumes as those, were a full and particular detail attempted to be given. The author, however, is perfectly aware of this, and defers to succeeding volumes which he purposes to publish, a fuller development of his subjects. And here we shall merely state, that it will be with impatience we wait for their appearance, from the satisfaction those before us have conferred. But when we say that no moderate labour can possibly give a minute exhibition of the materials falling under any one of the heads set down in this work, we are only taking a very inaccurate way of judging of all such efforts. For should it

turn out that the author has furnished us with certain well defined keys or indices with which we can afterwards proceed of ourselves to explore and understand, he has done better than burden us with a heap of less interesting matter. And such, in one sentence, is the character and valuable feature of Mr. Henry Bulwer's France, if we may judge from the vantage ground which he has enabled us to gain, in viewing the various conditions and relations of France; "France as France is—not only France serious, but France gay." He thought that such a work might be useful, as he tells us, as well as interesting; but that, to make it useful and interesting, he found it necessary to make it amusing; and all this too, we say he has generally succeeded in accomplishing. But our readers must judge for themselves, as we shall enable them to do from a pretty liberal presentation of extracts.

From a remarkably lucid analysis of the statistics and other general branches of the national power and character, given in an introductory form, for the more easy and ready comprehension of what follows in the body of the work, take this as one of the specimens of what may be called the useful part:—

"The extent of France from north to south, from Dunkirk to Perpignan, is 575 French miles; its breadth from east to west, from Strasbourg to Brest, is 499 French miles: its total superficies about 53,000,000 hectares*; its population in 1833, 32,560,934 inhabitants†. This population is divided between the towns and the country in the following manner:—

35,384 little communes contain	- - -	23,725,809 inhab.
1,620 towns, from 1,500 to 50,000 inhab. contain	-	7,209,855
8 great cities, varying from 59,000 inhab. to near 800,000†	- - - -	1,625,270

so that 23,725,809 may be considered the agricultural population, and 8,835,125 the population devoted to other pursuits—a result entirely different from that which the population of Great Britain gives us‡.

* An hectare is equal to two acres, one rood, thirty-five two-fifth perches English measure.

† In France the population increases every sixteen years by one-tenth. The proportion of male to female births is as sixteen to fifteen, and not as twenty-two to twenty-one—a proportion anciently established. The average of life calculated fifty years ago at twenty-eight years, is now calculated at thirty-five.

‡ Paris	. 774,338	} 1,625,270 7,209,855 23,725,809 32,650,934 Total.
Lyons	. 292,370	
Marseilles	. 145,115	
Bordeaux	. 104,467	
Rouen	. 88,076	
Nantes	. 87,198	
Lille	. 69,073	
Toulouse	. 59,630	

§ In England as appears by the census of 1821:—

1,350,239 families engaged in trade and manufacture.	
978,656	in agriculture.
612,488	other objects.

2,941,383 families.

46 per cent.	in trade.
33	in agricultural.
21	other pursuits.

This is followed up by a number of other tables and calculations, all most carefully gathered and considered; by which the mind imperceptibly is led to compare the state of France with that of England in a great variety of particulars, wherein the different orders of the peoples' genius, of their institutions, laws and habits, are pointedly contrasted; so as to enforce strongly the doctrine that nothing can be more preposterous than to measure the eminence of the one nation with the other, by any special or narrow principle of comparison or contrast. This we shall be the more strikingly taught, as we proceed to consider France and the French in a great variety of aspects, as here set forth by one who has evidently had many opportunities of studying them, and to which he has long devoted his earnest attention.

Mr. Bulwer sketches with considerable power the entrance into London by the Thames, although we must say, the description by no means comes up to what we felt the first time we thus approached the great mart of the globe. But men look upon the same thing under different lights, and in various ways. Still, our simple observation, as regards what we think the failure in this opening sketch, leads to this conclusion, that in all attempts at graphic and striking pictures, the artist is apt either to take an inadequate, or an inaccurate, or to some extent an indescriptive view of his subject, and therefore in effect leaves a false representation of it. Let us uniformly then be on our guard not to repose unlimited confidence in representations, where fine words, sparkling ideas, and laboured antitheses have much more engaged the mind of the writer—upon which he has exercised his sportive ingenuity to a greater extent, than in giving a prompt and easy statement, that would be much more natural, and consequently much more intelligible and fair. This, however, is asking a great deal—what a consummate master of his subject, and one with a full reliance upon his mastery can alone accomplish—and this is also something more than what the author is always equal to. Accordingly, although the following paragraphs are no doubt good, well balanced and so forth, we suspect they convey not all that should and might have been conveyed—not even all that the author laboured to exhibit. In short, *labouring*, and that somewhat *in vain*, is the fault we find with him here, and in many other places.

“To enter Paris with advantage you should enter it by the Champs Elysées; visiting for the first time the capital of a military nation, you should pass under the arch built to commemorate its reign of victories. Coming to dwell among the most gay and light-hearted people in the universe, you ought at once to rush upon them in the midst of their festivities. Enter Paris, then by the Champs Elysées! Here are the monuments that speak to you of the great soldiers; and here the ‘guinguettes’ that display to you the great dancers of Europe. You pass by the old gardens of Beaujon; you find the ‘caserne’ (and this tells you a good deal of the nation you are come to visit) intermingled with ‘cafés’ and ‘salons littéraires;’ and you see the chairs under the trees, and the open spaces left for the ball; and if you stop to read an advertisement, it will talk of the ‘Chevaux mé-

carriages,' and of the 'Bal-paré' and of the 'Concert des Champs Elysées,'—and the sun shines upon the golden cupola of the stately Invalides, and on the glittering accoutrements of the sauntering soldier; and before you are the Tuileries, with their trees and terraces, which yonder misplaced monument cannot quite conceal: and to your right are the Seine and the Chamber of Deputies, and to your left the Corinthian architecture of those tall palaces that form the Rue de Rivoli. The tri-coloured flag floats from the gates of the Royal Gardens; the military uniform, mixed up with the colouring of every passing group, enriches it with its deep-blue and its bright scarlet; the movement about you is universal: equipages of all kinds are passing in all directions; the movement is universal, but differing from that you are accustomed to in England,—the movement is the movement of idleness and of pleasure; an indescribable mirth reigns in all you see, and the busy gaiety of Paris bursts upon you with the same effect as the glad brightness of Italy. The people, too, have all the habits of a people of the sun; they are not the people of one stock; collected in every crowd are the features and the feelings of divers races and different regions. In Paris you are not in the *climate of Paris*—France is brought into a focus, and concentrated in the capital you find all the varieties that vivify the many provinces of the kingdom. It is this which gives a city of the North the gracious and agreeable aspect of the South, and transports the manners that are legitimate to the olives and the myrtles of Provence to the elms of the Champs Elysées and the Boulevards. London is the city of the English, as Constantinople is the city of the Turks. Paris is the city of Europe; it unites, more than any city in the world, the wants of a variety of classes, the habits of a variety of people. With the snow you have the sledge of St. Petersburg; with the summer the music, the nightly promenade, the ice, the lemonade, and all—but the sea and the sky of Naples.

"Oxford Street gives one aspect of London, Regent Street another, the Strand another; but the Boulevards, running directly through Paris, display the character of the town in all its districts, and the character of its inhabitants in all their classes.

"Go from the Rue Royale to the site of the old Bastille. You first pass by those zigzag and irregular houses that jut out upon the old rampart, and which have rather a picturesque appearance, from the gay little terraces and balconies, which, when there is a ray of sun, are sure to be lit up by it; and opposite, you have the stalls, gay also, (notwithstanding their poverty,) where you may get nailed shoes and cotton-net braces, and works 'six sous the volume!' stalls which carry, even into this scene of wealth and pleasure, the democracy of the epoch, and say that the people are everywhere buying, lounging, reading. And here you have a happy opportunity of admiring the vast variety of Parisian equipages—the poor and the rich are on horseback, on foot, in carriages, in tilburies, in 'citadines,' in 'demifortunes,' in omnibuses, hurrying to or from the Champs Elysées—but once passed the Rue de la Paix, in the neighbourhood of the Bains Chinois, the Café de Paris and Tortoni's, you are in a different region. It is not only a throng perpetually changing, which you now see—the cavalcade has in a great measure ceased; and you perceive a new and a more lazy, and a more lounging crowd seated at the doors of the 'cafés,' or strolling up and down before them; those gentlemen who, to use French

expression, '*eat their fortunes,*' are here; and here are the gamblers of the stock exchange, of '*the salon,*' and of Frencoati's, the passionate race who crowd existence into a day, who live every minute of their lives, and who have come to enjoy the hour they have snatched from agitation. Here they saunter listlessly in the sun, or stand in clusters at the corners of the streets."

There is a great deal more in this strain, but after all we have not found the picture either simple enough, or nearly completed; it is not a graphic master-piece, though no doubt exceedingly fine, and the occasion of much working up. We think the author's brother would have done it better. But we are forgetting our resolution, which was to forget Edward Lytton Bulwer. Out of such facts as the following we make something:—

"I said that few in Paris are rich, few poor. No workman employed gains upon an average less than about eight hundred francs per annum. Hardly any workman, willing to work, is without employment; and the average income of each Parisian, taking one with the other, has been considered one thousand francs. On this fact reposes the equality which strikes us, and the reign of that middle class, whose dominion and whose aspect I have described. This income of one thousand francs Mr. Millot has divided, and according to his calculation, the washerwoman costs the Parisian more than the schoolmaster; the new-year's gift more than the accoucheur: the theatre twice as much as the nurse; the librarian and bookseller half as much as the theatre; the bath the same as the bookseller and librarian; and the money spent in luxury and amusements considerably more than that which is expended in the purchase of fuel, the dearest article of Parisian existence. Nor let it be thought that Parisian gaiety is owing entirely to a Parisian climate! They who are now watching the weather-glass in our land of fogs, may like to know that the Parisians themselves have, in the way of weather, something to complain of.

"Paris has in the year (on an average of twenty years) but one hundred and twenty-six days tolerably fine.

"But what may not be said of these one hundred and twenty-six days! They contain the history of France."—pp. 65—67.

When discussing the chapter of French characteristics, politeness of course comes first, and we believe, as regards the present day, the author is not unjust either towards England or France.

"Thus, the manners of the French in the time of Louis XVI. had one feature of similarity with ours at present. A monied aristocracy was then rising into power in France, as a monied aristocracy is now rising into power in England. This is the aristocracy which demands obsequious servility—which is jealous and fearful of being treated with disrespect: this is the aristocracy which is haughty, insolent, and susceptible; which dreams of affronts and gives them; this is the aristocracy which measures with an uncertain eye the height of an acquaintance; this is the aristocracy which cuts and sneers—this aristocracy, though the aristocracy of the revolution of July, is now too powerless in France to be more than vulgar in its pretensions. French manners then, if they are not gracious, are at all events not insolent; while ours, unhappily, testify on one hand the insolence, while they do not on the other represent the talent and the

grace of that society which presided over the later suppers of the old 'ré-gime.' We have no Monsieur de Fitz-James, who might be rolled in a gutter all his life, as was said by a beautiful woman of his time, 'without ever contracting a spot of dirt?' We have no Monsieur de Narbonne, who stops in the fiercest of a duel to pick up the ruffled rose that had slipped in a careless moment from his lips, during the graceful conflict? You see no longer in France that noble air, that '*great manner*,' as it was called, by which the old nobility strove to keep up the distinction between themselves and their worse-born associates to the last, and which of course those associates most assiduously imitated.

"That manner is gone; the French, so far from being a polite people at the present day, want that easiness of behaviour which is the first essential to politeness. Every man you meet is occupied with maintaining his dignity, and talks to you of *his* position. There is an evident effort and struggle. I will not say to appear better than you are, but to appear *all* that *you are*, and to allow no person to think that you consider him better than you. Persons, no longer ranked by classes, take each by themselves an individual place in society; they are so many atoms, not forming a congruous or harmonious whole. They are too apt to strut forward singly, and to say, with a great deal of action, and a great deal of emphasis, 'I am—*nobody*.' The French are no longer a polite people; but in the French nation, as in every nation, there is an involuntary and traditionary respect which hallows what is gone by; and among the marvels of modern France is a religion which ranks an agreeable smile and a graceful bow as essential virtues of its creeds."—vol. i. pp. 91—98.

The next French characteristic mentioned is *gallantry*, and as the picture is without question most faithful, who would not exclaim "England! with all thy faults, I love thee still."

"There is a small piece now acting at one of the minor theatres, called '*Pourquoi*.' It is very popular; every body goes to see it, and says, 'It is so true.' What tale lies hid under this mysterious title?

"There are two married friends living together. The wife of one is charming, always ready to obey and to oblige; her husband's will is her law. Nothing puts her out of humour. This couple live on the best of terms, and the husband is as happy as husband can desire to be. Now for the other pair! Here is continual wrangling and dispute. The wife will have her own way in the merest trifles as on the gravest matters—storms when contradicted, still tosses her head when humoured. In short, nothing can be so disagreeable as this good lady is to her grumbling but submissive helpmate. Happiness and misery were never to all appearances brought more fairly face to face than in these two domestic establishments. 'Why' is one wife such a pattern of good nature and submission? 'Why' is the other such a detestable shrew? This is the *pourquoi*.

"The spouse whom you shrink from in such justifiable terror is as faithful as woman can be. The spouse whom you cling to as such a pillow of comfort, is an intriguing hussey.

"Hear, oh! ye French husbands! you must not expect your wives to have at the same time chastity and good-temper; the qualities are incompatible. Your eyes must be picked out, or horns on your heads must grow. This is the farce which is 'so popular.' This is the picture of manners which people call 'so true.' Miserable man, if the lips you press to yours

are chaste to such endearments! Miserable man, if the wife of your bosom should be so singular as to be faithful! There is this to be said for England—if the poor-houses of the country swarm with children without a father—if the streets of the metropolis are almost turbulently infested with ladies of a most improper character—if Grosvenor Square and St. James's Square, and Hill Street, and Charles Street, are witnesses to some mysterious and unconjugal indecorums,—the crime of unchastity is still spoken of and considered as deadly and damnatory as any to be found on the Newgate Calendar. It was but the other day that a poor woman charged, I think a chimney sweep, with grossly ill-treating, *i. e.* beating her. What says the chimney sweep? Does he refute the charge? No: but he asks the plaintiff at once whether she is not guilty of a criminal intercourse with a certain cobbler of her acquaintance; and when this unhappy fact is established—turning round triumphantly to the magistrate—‘Now, your honour, vot does your honour say after that?’ says the chimney sweeper.”—vol. i. pp. 94—97.

Well might a late association of virtuous literary Frenchmen denounce the frightful character of their present fashionable literature, and declare that unless stemmed speedily, that it would overwhelm the nation with such a tide of impurity as would make it nauseous in the estimation of the world. Long have the nation cherished the memory, not only of their great men but of their great men's mistresses; but it seems that not merely a speculative looseness of principle holds its place in reference to gross immoralities, when these are softened by distance from the full vision of the spectator, by being confined to the chambers of the royal or noble, or covered by the pomp or glitter of rank; but that the vile and loathsome evil has infected the body of the middling classes, where the strength of the virtue of a nation lie in its surest sanctuary. The consequence of this state of things, as compared with what is to be found in England, is with great discernment truly stated in these plain sentences:—

“The hospitals of the ‘*Enfants trouvés*,’ which, under their present regulations, are nothing less than a human sacrifice to sensual indulgence, remove the only check that in a country without religion can exist to illicit intercourse. There is, then, far more libertinage in France than in any other civilized country in Europe; but it leads less than in other countries to further depravity. Not being considered a crime, incontinence does not bring down the mind to the level of crime. It is looked upon, in fact, as merely a matter of taste: and very few people, in forming their opinion of the character of a woman, would even take her virtue into consideration. Great indeed are the evils of this—but it also has its advantages: in England, where honour, probity, and charity are nothing to the woman in whom chastity is not found—to her who has committed one error there is no hope—and six months frequently separate the honest girl of respectable parents and good prospects from the abandoned prostitute, associated with thieves, and whipped in Bridewell for her disorders.”—vol. i, pp. 102, 103.

Surely our new Poor's Law Bill will lead to nothing like this. But we are glad to escape to another feature of character very striking among our neighbours on the other side of the Channel,

viz. *vanity*, which our author considers the cause of national union among them, as he successfully shows it to be.

“That vanity is not *only* ridiculous; it contains a power which many more lofty and serious qualities would fail to supply. With that vanity is combined a capability for great things; a magnificence of design, and a daringness of execution, rare amongst the pale and frigid nations of the north. In that vanity is security to France: for in that vanity is—union. That vanity it is which concentrates and connects a people different in their manners, different in their origin, different in their climate, different even in their language. That vanity it is—which gives to *thirty-three* millions of individuals—one heart and one pulse. Go into any part of France, some districts of Brittany perhaps excepted, and let any body of persons be assembled! address them to soothe or to excite! Say ‘Vive la liberté!’ there are times when you will not be listened to—‘Vive la roi!—Vive le charte!—Vive la république!’ these are all rallying cries which will now be hissed, and now applauded: but cry ‘Vive la France!’—‘Vive la belle France, songez que vous êtes Français!’ and, almost before the words are out of your mouth, your voice will be drowned with cheers, and a circulating and sympathetic thrill will have rushed through the breast, and brought tears into the eyes of every one of your audience. If you were to say to an Englishman,—‘Give me up your property, and give me up your liberty, and give me up your life for the sake of England,’ he would say, ‘Stop a little; what is England to me without my property, and my liberty, and my life?—my liberty, my property, and my life, are England to me all the world over.’ Not so the Frenchman: talk to him of France; tell him that what you wish is for the interest and the glory of France, and he will let you erect scaffolds and send his children to the guillotine and the battle—he will stop in the highest fever of freedom to bow to the most terrible dictatorship, and stick the red cap of democracy on the triumvirate tyranny of Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just. There is nothing you may not do with him under the charm of those irresistible words—‘*Français soyez Français!*’ ‘The Englishman,’ as an author lately observed, ‘is proud of his nation because it belongs to himself; the Frenchman is proud of himself because he belongs to his nation.’ This is true, and this is true—because a Frenchman’s vanity induces him to prefer to himself the association which connects him with something greater than himself; so merit is more honoured in France than in England—because the Frenchman at once connects his own fame with the fame of the sage or the warrior of his land, and loves and cherishes his countryman’s reputation as a part of himself. ‘It was not from a massive bar of iron, but from a small and tiny needle,’ as my Lord Bacon observes, ‘that we discovered the great mystery of nature: and thus is it often by marking carefully those passions, which, looked at superficially, appear the smallest and the meanest—that we trace the causes of a nation’s principal distinctions.’—vol. i. pp. 116—118.

We must pass over several chapters altogether, and others very cursorily, on the social and political conditions of France, as we wish to dwell at some considerable length on the literary character of the gay and lively nation. What Mr. Bulwer advances in his deciphering antithetical way, of French *wit* and *frivolity*, is fully as good as anything we have yet extracted. Indeed, he shows his

power over the subjects discussed, more firmly and highly as he proceeds; and by the middle of the first volume we find the light which, in our preliminary remarks, we spoke of as being by him shed abroad over France and the French, beginning to gain a fixed breadth and clearness which must recommend the work, and proves it to be a hundred times superior to that multitude of tours which has appeared, skimming over the surface of things, and the result of a six weeks' residence in Paris. Light subjects as well as grave are gravely gone into. Here is something of the serious characteristics, although in France the more lightsome points are not the least descriptive. It would appear that the qualities, propensities, and passions, which distinguish one people from another, wind themselves into every legislative enactment. And this the work before us proves, which wisely has been written without the object of advancing any favourite political dogma. It is on the subject of *crimes* that we shall allow the author now to speak. We wish that our limits permitted us to give the tables with which he has enriched the books, taken from M. Guerry's late statistical publication,—a work that “bowls down at once all the nine pins with which late statisticians had been amusing themselves, and sets up again many of the old notions, which, from their very antiquity, were out of vogue.” But we must content ourselves with a few scattered passages under this head, referring our readers to the volumes themselves, so well worthy of careful perusal.

“If education be an advantage, it is so, not because it prevents men from committing crimes, but because it adds to the enjoyments of mankind without increasing their vices in the same proportion. But should education add to human guilt more than it adds to human happiness—should this be the case, the fault is very much in ourselves, and very much owing, let me add, to all education being insufficient—to the absurd belief that to teach reading and writing is quite enough, and that there we may halt and rest satisfied with the good work that we have performed. As well might we say, that if we could but turn the river into our grounds, it would be a matter of perfect indifference whether we led it to the mill, or allowed it to inundate the corn-field.

“In giving instruction we create a power, which, if left to itself, may produce more good than evil—which will always produce good with evil, but which it is still our duty to govern and direct, in order to make it produce as much good, as little evil as possible; and if we wish to make ourselves sure of its results—if we wish from afar to see, to regulate, and rejoice in its effects—we must not only *fill the mind*, we must *form the character*—we must not only give *ideas*, we must give *habits*, we must make education *moral* as well as *intellectual*—we must give men great designs and good desires, at the same time that we invite them to exertion, and make easy to them the paths of ambition.

“But to turn from general dissertation to the more immediate subject that is before us—it now, I venture to presume, appears—as well from the very remarkable table I have given, as from the maps to which I refer, that in France, at all events, there seems to be some influence or influences superior to accident, independent of laws, independent of any existing sys-

tem of instruction, regulating crimes—and the distribution of crimes—not merely in respect to their number, but also in respect to their kind.

“ How far the peculiarities of race, the habits resulting from old institutions, the differences arising from a rich or barren soil—from a level or mountainous district—from the communication of rivers, or the absence of rivers; how far all these circumstances, each affecting the passions, the propensities, the pursuits, the wants, and consequently the crimes of a varied population, may extend their empire, M. Guerry, deploring the want of any materials on which to calculate, leaves us in doubts, which I do not find myself qualified to dispel. Amidst these doubts we are only sensible that France, in spite of its system of unity, still contains a variety of distinct races, with different languages, different prejudices, different manners, and that neither the line and measure of Abbé Sièyes, nor the terrible policy of the mountain, nor the centralizing genius of Napoléon, have been able to give to the grave and slow inhabitant of Normandy the joyous and eager character of the chivalric child of Bearn.

“ From the first step to the last then, from the entry into life to the departure from it, the influence of the sexes, in all its wonderful variations from physical passion to moral depravity, predominates in France over human actions, and shows here, in a more serious manner, many of those traits in character to which I have elsewhere, in a lighter tone, alluded.

“ Nor is this all; we find that in the committals in England and Wales, the females are in the proportion of one to five; in France the females are in the proportion of one to three.

“ The difference indeed between the crimes of the male and the female in France, does not seem caused by the superior innocence but by the greater weakness of the female: for exactly as a woman's facility for committing crime increases, her criminality also increases, and becomes more especially remarkable—where one would have hoped to find it least so, viz. beneath her master's, her father's, and her husband's roof. Two-fifths of the thefts by females are domestic thefts, whereas only one fifth of the thefts by males are thefts of this description. Committing only one murder in twenty, and one assault in twenty-five, the woman is guilty of every third parricide, of half the crimes by poison,—and whenever man or wife conspire against the life of the other, the accomplice, if chosen from the family, is almost certain (says M. Guerry) to be a female. So restless, so active, so incapable of repose and insignificance, in France, is this nervous and irritable sex—here poisoning a husband, there intriguing for a lover—here spouting for equal rights, there scribbling in the ‘*livre rose*,’—the nature of the French woman is still the same, sometimes conducting her to glory, sometimes to the galleys.

“ The annual number of natural children is 67,876, (34,708 males, and 33,168 females). The department of the Seine, which produces a thirty-second of the population, produces one-sixth of the natural children; and one-third of the population of Paris would actually be illegitimate but for the unhappy destiny which infants so begotten undergo: three-fifths of these children are abandoned by their parents, and one out of every three dies before attaining his third year. Where we find the most hospitals, there we find the fewest infanticides. But such is the state of these institutions, that, little better than a device for encouraging prostitution and checking population, they do that which the law forbids the abandoned parent to do—they murder the child. They transfer the guilt from the

individual to the state. Miserable duplicity!—the mother is punished for her crime—the government is lauded for its humanity.”—vol. i. 186—199.

From such passages our readers will perceive that Mr. Bulwer's *France* is a work of vast variety, and abounding with momentous as well as amusing matter. We pass on to the second volume, which proceeds with the historical changes that have come over the nation of late years, where his carefully weighed opinions, although the period is too recent for impartiality to have arrived, will impart instruction and much satisfaction to every candid reader. The clear arrangement of his ideas, and the graceful dress with which they are clothed, must charm even the fastidious in such matters. We quote a passage respecting the benefits of the restoration of the Bourbons, where the facts of the case and the fairness of the author go hand in hand.

“Say what you will of its ministerial errors, of its factious agitations, ‘the Restoration,’ as a period of improvement, was a mighty epoch. No country, perhaps, ever made in the same time the same advances that France made from 1815 to 1830.

“The ambitious soldier and the enthusiastic boy may linger with a fond delight over the narrative of those almost miraculous exploits, which place upon so lofty a pedestal the endeavours of human genius; the more cool-blooded politician will observe that the tower of Babel, the loftiest edifice on record, was the least useful, the most certain not to be completed, and that the merits of a reign are to be measured, not by the admiration it excites, but by the benefits it produces. The battle of Waterloo left France the victim of two invasions. The losses which had been inflicted upon her territory have been estimated at fifteen hundred millions of francs, the same sum that she was condemned to pay the Allies. From 1818 to 1827, in nine years alone, says M. Dupin, ‘these wounds, profound and terrible as they were, had been healed, and even their scars obliterated. In the wars of twenty-three years, fifteen hundred thousand men had perished, and in thirteen years their loss had been repaired.’ Agriculture, which the presence of a foreign enemy had repressed (one department alone had suffered to the extent of seventy-five millions of francs) revived, and had even advanced during the Restoration, as well by an increase in horses and cattle, as by various improvements in the art of cultivation.

The manufactures of wool, of cotton, of silk, aided by the improvement of machinery and the experiments of chemistry, had added, during that time, in no small degree to the resources of industry, and the investments for wealth. The population of Lyons alone had advanced in eleven years from 100 to 150,000 inhabitants. The product of indirect taxation, that sign not merely of the riches, but of the enjoyments of a people, had been swelled during the interval of 1818 to 1827 by twenty-five per cent. The customs and the post produced more, the lottery less; and, a circumstance not to be forgotten in the details of administration, the expense of collecting the revenue had diminished as the revenue itself had increased. The number of printed sheets were, in 1814, 45,675,039; in 1826, 144,564,094; thus displaying, in the production of human knowledge, a yet greater increase, and a yet greater activity than in the other rapidly and daily increasing productions.”—vol. ii. pp.54—56.

Then came the famous Ordonnances, accompanied by a famous report, not less remarkable for the eloquence than for the history it contained; on which the author remarks, that this document may convince us, that even in the worst times, and under the least favourable circumstances, arbitrary power will never want able, perhaps conscientious defenders. Mr. Bulwer even maintains that Charles X. as well as Louis XVIII. possessed very considerable talents; nor are we aware of any evidence to the contrary, unless we rely upon the vulgar and popular clamour of the time, which uniformly runs into extremes, and with respect to those whose situation removes them from close inspection and intimacy, must ever be exercised in exaggerations, especially if vices be the material to heap up. But the period is at hand when the author has to write an epitaph upon the restoration.

“‘Vive Lafayette! Vive Lafayette!’ this was the cry in every street, as down from every window, as down from every balustrade, whence the ball and the broken bottle and the massive pavement lately rushed, now dropped gentle flowers on the venerable head of the friend of Washington—of the old general of the National Guard; and, wafted on every breeze, flew the national cockade, the old and famous tri-coloured riband; and lo! the very hero of popular parade, the revolutionary veteran, bowing, smiling, embracing; and lo! the immense masses, shouting, laughing, waving their hats, firing their arms! To the Hotel de Ville marched the long procession.”—vol. ii. p. 87, 88.

Contrast the fortunes of Charles X. as once more in the course of history brought into operation with those of the venerable republican.

“On the 16th of August this unfortunate monarch embarked at Cherbourg. On the 30th of July he had left St. Cloud; for a day he halted at Versailles. He halted there amidst the recollections of bygone times; every tree had a story linked with far distant days; and melancholy must it have been to have seen him as he looked fondly over those stately avenues—as he lingered (and long, his attendants say, he did linger) upon the steps of that royal palace, which he had known so early and which he will never see again. When he arrived at Rambouillet, it was night; the moon threw a ghastly light on the antique tower, and into the dim court-yard of the old chateau, as bent with fatigue, and worn by agitation, the old King descended amidst the scanty crowd, collected less from affection than curiosity. Here he determined to abide. The great body of the troops were bivouacked in the woods and park, and in spite of many desertions, a large force was still devotedly attached to the royal family.”—vol. ii. p. 100, 101.

Mr. Bulwer, in considering the predominating influences over France, returns to woman, and places her as the first in his list. Military influences follows, and at last that of literature. Here is a fine opening to this branch of his work, when he starts as a true lover of it, and by no means an ordinary cultivator.

“At the very moment that I am writing, the words yet ring in my ear which I heard one of the most distinguished members address the other

evening to the Chamber of Deputies: 'And I—I who am speaking to you 'Messieurs,' when people talk to you of an aristocracy, and the influence of an aristocracy, what am I? What am I, whom you think worthy of your attention; who take my place on yonder bench, by the side of men who have gained battles; by the side of men bearing the noblest names in France? What am I, 'Messieurs,' but an humble man of letters, whom a little talent, kindly noticed, introduced amongst you?'

" 'There are countries, the monarchs of which show an enlightened sense of the dignity with which men of science decorate their dominions: there are countries in which you will find ambassadors and ministers as eminent for their literary attainments as for their high political station; but in no country do literature and science open so free, and honourable, and independent a career, as in that France which M. Thiers addressed from the National Tribune, in the few touching words that I have just cited.

" 'Overturn the monarchy: give me the liberty of the press, and I will restore it in six months,' was the noble expression of an author, confident in his talent, confident in the genius of his countrymen, and only wrong in the folly of his cause. A great writer in France is a great power. The baron of feudal times sallied forth against his neighbour, or his sovereign, with his armed retainers at his heels; and in those days of violence the goodness of the right depended on the goodness of the sword. The courtier in France, who succeeded the baron, abandoned the glaive and the gauntlet, for the Graces, and trusted to an appropriate smile and a well-turned compliment for the success of his career. But mark yonder pale young man, feeble in his person, slovenly in his dress, holding his pen with a trembling hand, doubled up over his paper! That young man has come from some mean abode, from some distant province, where, amidst penury and insignificance, with his eyes now fixed on the page of history, now on the heading of a newspaper, he has long indulged his reveries of immortality and his hopes of power. In him see the baron and the courtier of the day; he attacks the monarch and the minister, but it is not with the falchion and the lance. He glides into the cabinet and the boudoir, not in a powdered wig and an embroidered waistcoat, but bound in vellum. He does not measure his force or his address with your's, but his intelligence;—he is the person to admire; he is the person to fear; he is the person, in France, which he is nowhere else.

" He is the person in France that he cannot be in America, for there is no superstition for the arts in America; the vanity of wealth, the natural consequence of a nation depending wholly on its industry and its commerce, predominates over the diviner thoughts and more graceful occupations of letters. He is the person in France that he cannot be in Germany—for in Germany a 'von' before your name is a matter of social necessity; for in Germany, to be 'well born,' or to be 'nobly born,' or to be 'right-nobly born,' is a matter submitted to historical rules, and the superscription of a letter demands the profoundest study, the most accurate knowledge, the nicest distinctions. He is the person in France that he cannot be in England—for, in England, politics is the only passion of the men, fashion the only idol of the women—for, in England, to be a blockhead is far more pardonable than to live in a bad street—for, in England, to have voted against the house and window-tax would win you more favour than to have written the profoundest work on legislation.—vol. ii. pp. 184—187.

Our author ridicules the theory, and we fear too truly, that the Reform Bill would introduce into our nation's counsels and assemblies men of letters, because they were such, in the same manner in which they are in France, where they are highly esteemed. Certainly, it is nonsense to embrace all advantages in one system and to exclude them from another. It is necessary in looking to the present to refer to the past. We are sure to be wrong, if we think one effect is always produced by one cause, or that the same events which confirm and extend a power have, as a matter of course, planted or produced it. It is true that there are more who can read and write in England than in France, out of every hundred; but ordinary education, which would be sufficient to spread and to increase a love for science and the arts, where it already exists, may be insufficient to generate that affection when it does not exist. But—

“If you wish to introduce a love of the arts, and to elevate literary men in England, you must study the genius, the character, and the history of the English people. You must introduce the passion you wish to create, in the manner in which it can best blend with the dispositions that you find existing. If you wish to wake the attention of a cold and apathetic people to the arts, you must multiply statutes and forms of beauty in your public walks—you must let your galleries and your collections stand with doors wide open to the public. If you wish to inspire a manufacturing people with any just idea of the value of sculpture and of painting, you must not simply institute schools of painting and sculpture, but schools that shall connect painting and sculpture with manufactures. If you wish among an aristocratical people to raise the situation of men of science and men of letters, you must not merely institute universities and societies which shall keep men of letters and science apart from the rest of their fellow-citizens, you must confer such honours and distinctions upon literary and scientific labours as are obtained in the army, or at the bar, and not forbid the highest genius in literature to aspire to the same position and the same rank in society that even wealth and court favour are sufficient to give.”—Vol. ii. pp. 200—202.

In France, the author says, wherever you go, the person particularly noticed, if not a remarkable officer, is sure to be a remarkable writer; whilst in England, to be known as a writer is certainly to a man's prejudice. Let us have something more of his theory for all this.

“Some—many—of the reasons for this difference between France and England I have stated. They belong to history; they belong to the past; they belong to the fact, that a monarchy governed in France, which sought to humble the aristocracy, while an aristocracy governed in England, which sought to abuse the Commons. But there are three causes which more especially operate at the present time to maintain the distinction originated by former laws, and customs, and institutions.

“First—The influence of women in France, and the higher cast of their thoughts and their pursuits. Secondly—The ‘*esprit de corps*,’ which, in France, as connected with the natural vanity of the French, I have already noticed. And lastly, The state of property in France—

the state of property, which enters more than people imagine into every relation of life, into every production of human intelligence, into every law passed for social happiness, and which, when we consider the present state of France, it is most especially our duty to keep before us.

“ The greater frivolity of English women, and consequently the greater frivolity of English society, necessarily create a kind of fear and horror amongst that body for a being who, having been guilty of writing, is supposed, oftentimes very fallaciously, to have been guilty of thinking, and who is therefore considered what a sober man would be by a set of drunken associates, viz.—a bore and a critic. The esteem which every man sets upon himself in England—so different from the vanity which makes every man in France connect himself, wherever he can, with all that is greater than himself—induces persons to view with jealousy, instead of with pride, any man who, employing no more pens, ink, and paper, than he does, contrives to make a greater reputation.”—vol. ii. pp. 216—218.

We do not know what our English ladies may say to this, but we fain hope that Mr. Bulwer's assertion, in so far as they are concerned, is unfairly made. Indeed it does not altogether in this particular seem consistent with some other portions of his work, part of which we have extracted pretty early in this article. We are not against his frequent recurrence to *woman*, blessings upon the sex!—as one of the most important influences in the world, whether France or England be spoken of;—but we think that *her* confessedly more virtuous life in our own country must not permanently or generally operate to the disadvantage of literature of that high and ennobling nature which of late years is so scarce across the channel. One error in the author's theories seems to us to be the assigning a cut and dry, a clearly defined cause, for what is the result of a great number of nameless influences, namelessly interwoven. But especially are our ireful feelings in arms against him, for characterizing the British fair as *frivolous*, when in an earlier portion of his work, *gaiety and frivolity* are set formally down as being eminently descriptive of the French, whether men or women be considered. However, Mr. Bulmer may have some latent prejudice, arising from disappointment or the like, in his own country, and therefore we must allow his spleen to have its way for a time.

He goes on to say, that from the fall of Napoleon, philosophy and letters have been gradually assuming an ardent spirit and a vivid colouring, analogous with the glory and the fever of that man's reign; and to support this assertion he proceeds to consider French literature in its two most important divisions—history and the drama. And here he maintains, that the nation for the first time is now remarkable for the former of these departments; and that *painting* rather than *description* is its characteristic. Why?

“ Authors, since authors have mixed with mankind, have been modelled more or less by their public. The historian's public in the eighteenth century was, as I have said, a public of would-be philosophers and agreeable fine gentlemen, and the historian went trippingly along,

now lecturing the one class, now chatting with the other. The historical style of the nineteenth century is different from the historical style of the eighteenth; but the historian's manner has not changed more than his readers have changed. He was formerly read by a clique—he is now read by a country.

“It is not only that more men read now than they used to do—this has not increased the number of those who disturb the dusty volumes in the royal library, that treat of astrology and magic—it is not only that more men read than they used to do, but that more men read history—that more men naturally feel an interest in historical composition.

“History is, in fact, not interesting far beyond the pale of those whose actions make history, and whose fortunes are affected by it. History *would not* be widely interesting in a country where the great mass of the people were slaves and mendicants, without honours to gain or property to lose. History *would be* widely interesting in a country where the great bulk of the people were proprietors, and where there was no post in the state which every citizen might not reasonably hope to obtain. In the one case it is an idle speculation to be studied from curiosity; in the other it is a practical lesson to be looked to for examples. With the general diffusion of honours, of employments, and more especially with the general diffusion of property—on which the diffusion of honours and employments mainly depends—has been diffused the interest of history.

“The small herd of encyclopædists and courtiers, who once listened to the historian, are now cut up, as it were, into an immense crowd of journalists, shopkeepers, soldiers, and mechanics.

“This division and diffusion of property—bringing up a fresh class of feelings upon the surface of France—inverting the usual order of events—creating a new society when we might have been looking to the mature caducity of an old one—turning an aristocracy of readers into a democracy of readers—has made the historian a popular orator where he was formerly a wit and a metaphysician. Addressing a more numerous, a more impassioned, a less reasoning, class of readers than his predecessors, he has assumed a more vehement, a more impassioned, a more powerful, style of writing.”—vol. ii. pp. 258—260.

Upon the French Drama at the present day the author considers, first, the horrid nature of its subjects, and the manner in which those subjects are handled and introduced. He says here, that a subject is not allowable on the stage that either offends the rules of art or the more important rules of morality. Under this last particular he chides and appeals to M. V. Hugo, and M. Dumas, two of the most talented and popular French dramatists of the day. We shall close our extracts with this earnest and virtuous remonstrance;—

“It is of the rules of morality as of the rules of art: it is not the horrid nature of a subject that offends either the one or the other; it is in the manner in which the subject is treated that its beauty as a piece of composition, or its value as a lesson of virtue, depends. The immorality of M. V. Hugo and of M. Dumas is not in having brought Marion de Lorme and Antony upon the stage, but in affecting to breathe a mawkish interest over the infamy of the prostitute, and attaching a romantic

heroism to the adulterous seducer of female honour. The inverted philosophy of M. Hugo appears to me, as I have frankly said, a kind of unphilosophic madness, with which I have no sympathy, for which I think there is no excuse; and what I say of the intentional follies of M. V. Hugo I say of the wild and whining vice of M. Dumas.

“And why is this? Why, M. Dumas, instead of attempting to breathe a false poesy into the grovelling amours of a Parisian salon, or holding up for imitation a political profligacy—which, thank God, is yet untrue—in the public men and the parliament of Great Britain—why have you sought for no truer, no better, no brighter models for the emulation of those ardent youths who admire your talent and worship your career?—Are there no characters you can take from the heroes of July, or the enthusiasts of June?—Are there no models of female heroism and devotion you can draw from the revolution of 1789, and the restoration of 1815? Have Madame Roland and Madame Lavalette lived in vain? Have you had no men in France who have been disinterested and brave? Have you had no women in France who have been noble and virtuous? Must you fill your stage with sickly-faced apothecaries in the frontispiece attitude of Lord Byron, and fourth-rate fine ladies vulgarly imitating the vices and the ton of M^{de}. de Mirepoix? Why should you invent imaginary personages in the representation of your age, who are exceptions to your age? Why should you take as the heroes and heroines of your drama the creatures whom it would sicken you to meet in the commerce of daily life?

“And you, M. V. Hugo!—you, the promise of whose youth was so generous—in whose Odes breathed a spirit no less remarkable for its purity than its poesy—you, who seemed by instinct to have caught the chivalry and the grace of the old knightly time, with the popular language that goes to the heart of the present day—have you no better mode of elevating your countrywomen than by teaching them to be good mothers by the example of Lucrece Borgia, or devoted mistresses by the example of Marion de Lorme? What! have you found no cleverer mode of elevating the people in their own esteem, than by telling every unwashed apprentice that a Countess wishes to marry him—not because he is a good man, and a steady apprentice—Oh, no! simply because he is an apprentice, because he is a working man?

“Is not this stuff! Is not this prostrate and dust-licking flattery! Can you talk of the cringing of a courtier to his monarch, when you bow thus slavishly before the meanest of your mob? Nor is my praise or censure indifferent to you—If I—a foreigner—far away from all your petty jealousies and rival cliques—If I—who not even as a man of letters—a title to which I have not the honour to pretend—if I, who neither as a countryman, nor even as a literary man, can possibly have any rivalry with you—if I, who honour your talents, love your country, and approve of many of your principles—if I, who, if any wish were stirring in my mind, can only have the wish to propitiate your friends, to obtain and enjoy the pleasure and honour of your acquaintance—If I have allowed words to be wrung out from me—words of reproach—strong words—words expressive of more than my regret—at the manner in which you have allowed ignorance, and prejudice, and adulation, and negligence, and indifference, and immorality, to obscure and to tarnish the lustre of talents for which such a country and such a time as that in which you live opened so great, and so noble, and so heart-cheering a path to fame—if I have had language

—such as that which I have used, unwillingly, I declare—extorted from me—is it not possible that, far away from that feeble chorus of easily-enchanted friends, who, like the bird in the Arabian Nights, pass their lives in repeating ‘There is but one Poesy, and Dumas and Victor Hugo are its true prophets!’—is it not possible, I say, that, far away from these sickliest sounds, there is an opinion rising, gathering, swelling, an opinion which shall be the opinion of Europe—the opinion of posterity—an opinion which might have raised you in a new time to such pedestals as those of the old time occupy—an opinion which shall break as busts of clay what you might have made statues of stone and of marble—an opinion which shall leave you the lions of a drawing-room, and which might have made you the land-marks of an epoch?”—vol. ii, pp. 336—340.

Yes, women of England, such are the dramatists that the literary ladies of France court, praise, and countenance. Your *frivolity*, so strongly alleged in a former part of these volumes, cannot be worse than the favour shown to such writers. But your domestic virtues, your matronly or maidenly partialities, be they towards men of letters or not, would not tolerate these two dramatists whom the author has so eloquently been rating, and we must prefer you still; so indeed does Mr. Bulwer, whose work is well worth your careful and partial perusal.

ART. III.—*The Political Life of Prince Talleyrand.* 2 vols. London: Churton. 1834.

IF all the books that have been written to illustrate that most extraordinary period in Modern History, from the commencement of the French Revolution to its close, were piled together, we verily believe they would reach from earth to heaven. There is scarce one of the men of that epoch whom either circumstances or talents made conspicuous, who has not found a deputy historian, when, as rarely happened, he showed no disposition to favour the world with a personal narrative of his sayings and doings. Memoirs, and Souvenirs, have been written by every one, from the waiting maid and valet to the prince and marshal. And yet among this vast mass of historical illumination, all centering in this common focus, we have been often at a loss for some compilation that would give us a distinct and uninterrupted view of the career of the illustrious individual who forms the subject of the present sketch. And among the whole gallery of portraits, there is scarce one which has more decided claims upon our attention. His name is interwoven with the greatest events of the last and present century. He has figured in every character, and stood godfather to every dynasty. Who has not heard of the refined elegance of the prelate courtier, the eloquence of the deputy, the subtlety, sagacity, and exquisite tact of the diplomatist? Under the old regime, the directory, the consulate, the empire, the restoration and subsequent overthrow of the Bourbons, we observe Talleyrand arise, overtopping all competitors, bask in the sunshine

of the prosperity of each successive government, foresee its coming ruin, and with a tact never before paralleled, succeed in gaining an ascendant over its successor, by rendering himself indispensably necessary for the promotion of its interests. Without exaggeration or temerity it may be asserted, that the political career of Talleyrand presents us with a picture of a man of genius, at strife with the greatest events of modern history : sometimes their friend and director, at others their decided opponent, always their superior and master. While the most distinguished men of each successive order of things sunk beneath the pressure, and perished around him, the immortal brow of the great diplomatist rose calm and serene above the confusion of each successive change, crowned with the ensigns of victory.

When the worn-out elements of the old French government were in 89 dashed to pieces and dissolved by the shock of new and more energetic principles, when the whole fabric of society was remodelled and recast, it was in the natural order of things that men of profound thought, of energetic daring, and boundless ambition, should rise pre-eminent over the multitude, by the force and vigour of their own genius; and become identified with the great events of the period. It is among the men thus distinguished for the spirit, perseverance, and address with which they directed the first efforts of the new for the demolition of the old system, that we first meet the name of Talleyrand de Perigord associated with the events of his times. Though allied in principle to the great men of the movement, and often marching at their head, Talleyrand preserved an historical character distinct and peculiar ; if we could suppose a man cast amid the wild uproar of the revolution, bearing in his outward man all the traces of the agitation of the epoch, while his heart was calm and his judgment unclouded ; if we can suppose a man gifted with such extraordinary coolness and self-possession, weighing in his own mind the character of the great events that were passing before him, embracing their most distant results at one wide and comprehensive view, and, with an almost superhuman sagacity and acuteness, marking their favourable and unfavourable points ; if after having thus weighed events in his mind, he shaped the course most favourable to his own fortunes, and that that course was uniformly attended with success ; that man would give us a powerful image of Prince Talleyrand,—we should have the truest picture of Talleyrand.

Charles Maurice Talleyrand was born at Paris in the year 1754. His family enjoyed the sovereignty of Querey during the middle ages. The name of Talleyrand seems to have been originally the denomination of an estate or territory. It was formerly written Talferan, Tailleran, Talairand, and Taleiran, and was assumed at the commencement of the twelfth century by the Counts of Perigord, who were descended in a right line from Boson I. Count de la Marche. Helie V. who succeeded his father Boson III. in 1116, is

the first we meet with the annexed title of Talleyrand. His third son Helie Talleyrand was the chief of the branch of the Counts of Grignolds, who became princes of Chalais and Talleyrand. The Counts of Perigord were descended from the eldest son of Helie V. After the extinction of this line of Counts of Perigord, the younger branch, known as Counts de Grignols, and afterwards Princes of Chalais and Talleyrand, has continued down to our days.

Of the early years, the education, character, and domestic position of the young diplomatist, we profess our utter ignorance; we commence with the period when he assumed a position that drew upon him the attention of his countrymen.

Before he had quite completed his twenty-sixth year, we find him figuring in the high and responsible capacity of agent-general of the Clergy, in 1780. In conformity with the spirit of the times, he had embraced the ecclesiastical profession, from necessity rather than inclination. Under the garb of the priest, which he abhorred, Talleyrand cherished an ardent love of independence, and that same garb proved of the most decided efficacy towards obtaining it. His comprehensive intelligence, and the peculiar tact of his mind, drew upon him the admiration of his order; they fancied he was devoted to their interests, and they selected him to represent them. The conspicuous position of agent-general was soon merged in the more brilliant title of Bishop of Autun, which was conferred upon him on the 30th of November, 1788.

From this elevated position Talleyrand cast his penetrating glance around him. He saw at once the nature of the drama that was about to ensue, and determined upon the course he was to steer. A letter of Mirabeau to the Minister Colonne, gives us at once the course he had fixed upon, and the progress he had already made in it.

“You express your regret (says this document) at my refusal to employ my feeble talents in giving a form to your fine conceptions: pray, allow me to point out to you a man in every respect worthy of this high mark of confidence. M. l’Abbé Perigord unites to really solid and well practised talents, a profound circumspection, and a secrecy above all proof. You cannot possibly select a man more discreet, more scrupulously observant of the duties of gratitude and friendship, more anxious to do good, less desirous of partaking of the glory of others, more convinced that it belongs of right wholly and entirely to the man who has the wisdom to conceive and the courage to execute.

“He possesses another advantage with respect to you; his influence over P—— represses the defects of one with whom they seek to frighten you, and calls into play all those great qualities, those rare talents, which are becoming more necessary to you every day. There is not another man who can manage M. P—— like M. l’Abbé de Perigord: the former will be most useful to you for large money transactions, without which you will not have it in your

power to tempt another. You can confide to M. l'Abbé de Perigord the delicate business which, more particularly in a moment like the present, you should not abandon to clerks, &c."

Such was the ascendancy Talleyrand had already acquired over the mind of Mirabeau. But this friendship was not of long continuance. What led to this rupture? Did Mirabeau penetrate the real character of Talleyrand? It is impossible to say. Certain it is, that his change of style is most extraordinary. It is for the public to decide upon the justice of the bitter accusations contained in a subsequent letter to the Count d'Antraigues, it runs thus:—

"For these last ten days I have requested to see you ten times a day. How and where shall I obtain a sight of you? Can it be possible that I have lost your friendship? and this too at the moment when, after being indebted to you for my escape from my persecutors, after being indebted to you for the consolations and the termination of my exile, I come with a heart overflowing with gratitude.

"If I have lost you, I must only blame my destiny, since I never had any claim upon you, beyond that proceeding from your elevation of mind, your greatness of soul, and your sensibility of heart.

"Your little note, worthy of the pupil of Jean Jacques, has poured balm upon my lacerated heart. I have nothing to find fault with but its brevity; my situation, darkened as it is, has been by the infamous conduct of the Abbe Perigord become intolerable. I enclose you the letter I have written to him: consider it, and send it to him. Send it to him, I repeat, for it gives me pleasure to think that you know not the man, and I feel confident that to every man of a disposition similar to yours, he must for ever remain unknown. But the history of my misfortunes has thrown me into his hands, and I must still have recourse to policy with this vile, avaricious, and base intriguer; it is mud and money that he wants. For money he has sold his honours and his friend; for money he would sell his soul, and he would be right, for he would exchange filth for gold. Adieu, my dear count, I am unhappy; you will not abandon me; I have a pledge of it in the services you have rendered me; you will not withdraw them, for we become attached to the good we have done.

"Signed le C. de Mirabeau.

"Paris, Rue St. Anne, Hotel de Gener, April 28, 1787."

However, the semblance of a reconciliation was rendered necessary by the circumstances in which they were placed, but it was not until a few hours previous to the death of Mirabeau, that the reality took place between them.

Meantime the Revolution was advancing with rapid strides. The approach of the great convulsion, which was yet to lift temples and thrones upon it, like reeds upon a wave, was felt in the quiverings of the earth, and the overshadowings of the air. Those men of great ambition and great talents who had the sagacity to foresee

the coming shock, were not slow to profit by the opportunity of mounting up to power, upon the ruins of existing institutions. The States-General were summoned. The monarchy and the revolution entered the lists, and encountered each other hand to hand. The conflict promised to be tremendous. Talleyrand had been returned for the Baillage of Autun. In this conjuncture he acted with characteristic caution, and characteristic energy; caution in deciding upon his course, and energy in giving effect to that decision. He foresaw the ruin of the court, and he abandoned it. The polished and obsequious courtier was transformed into the severe and simple republican. The States-General had met, and their stormy debates had begun.

The verification of their powers gave rise to a violent discussion; rejecting the precedents of former assemblies, and guided only by equitable principles, the deputies of the tiers état, were for perfecting this verification in common. This was met with violent opposition on the part of the deputies of the nobility and clergy. Scorning all appeals to equity, they deprecated a departure from established usages.

The king was obliged to interpose between the disputants. He appointed commissioners, with the keeper of the seals at their head, to investigate and settle the difficulty. To those were added, commissioners delegated from the three bodies respectively: among those deputed by the clergy, foremost was the bishop of Autun.

The commissioners met at the house of M. De Barentin, keeper of the seals. Overtures were made which met with the approbation of the nobles and the clergy, but the tiers état was obstinate in refusing all compromise. From the 13th to the 19th of June, the delegates of the clergy deliberated on the question, "Should they ratify their powers in common in the great hall, or should they ratify them separately." Such was the question proposed; the bishop of Autun took a prominent part in the discussion. His reasoning and address were chiefly instrumental in procuring a decision of the majority in favour of the definitive ratification being performed in the general assembly, with a reservation of the distinction of the orders. The bishop triumphed, and the court was in consternation. Until the last moment they had counted upon his support. To remedy the evil, no other expedient suggested itself than that of offering a large bribe to Talleyrand, whom they knew to be embarrassed, on condition that he would exert himself to neutralize the effect of the resolution, and, if possible, to undo his own work. The proposal was met with this reply: "The coffers of public opinion will yield me a recompense far beyond that you offer. Henceforward the money of the court must prove fatal to the receiver; and as it is absolutely necessary that I should enrich myself, I propose building my fortune on a more solid foundation." When the list of the majority who had voted for the verification in common was read in the hall of the assembled deputies, the names

of the bishop of Autun and of the archbishop of Vienna were received with acclamation. Those prelates were the first to carry the resolution into effect.

This question of the ratification of powers was succeeded by another equally perplexing and embarrassing. Many of the deputies sent to the assembly of the states-general had been bound by their constituencies to confine themselves to the support of some specific measures for reforming the abuses in the mode of assessing and levying the taxes. When the plan of a constitution was submitted to the assembly, these pledged deputies declared their incapacity to join in the general deliberations, alleging that to do so were to exceed the powers vested in them by their constituents. This operated as a virtual suspension of the public business. A luminous discussion arose, in which the acuteness and eloquence of the bishop of Autun shone pre-eminent. From that moment his reputation as a debater was firmly established. As the question of pledges has of late occupied the attention of the British parliament, perhaps it may not be uninteresting to observe how Talleyrand treated the question at that early period. We can only afford room for a few extracts bearing immediately upon the question at issue. After an ingenious statement of the question he proceeds thus:—"I have put to myself all the questions which occurred to me as belonging to this subject. If it be asked, should the powers of deputies be altogether free and uncontrolled, my answer is this: I can conceive two species of powers prejudicial to liberty; the first are powers which we may denominate limited; the second, powers positively imperative. The first may exist. Those two words seem to approximate closely, but they are widely separated by examples. I shall be more explicit. We can conceive three species of limited powers. A constituency may limit the powers of its representative with respect to their duration, their object, and with respect to the particular period when they shall be exercised. With respect to their duration: thus, many constituencies have delegated their powers for a term not exceeding a single year; that term expired, the powers of the deputy expire with it; to enable him to exercise them again, they must be renewed by the same constituency. With respect to their object: thus, a constituency may very properly address its representative thus: 'I send you for this particular business and for no other.' As far as regards this specific business, which must constitute the sole end and object of the mission, the deputy will be in possession of all the powers which the constituency if present would possess, otherwise he would not be their representative, but beyond that business he would have none. Again, a constituency may limit the powers of its representative with respect to the precise time at which they are to be exercised, and may with perfect propriety say to its deputy, 'I do not empower you to vote for the supplies, until such and such a measure has been definitively settled.' If the majority of constituencies had held this language, then in the event of

a deputy proposing to vote the supplies previous to the settlement of the specific measure, the majority of deputies must oppose the motion, for they would be without the power of supporting it.

“ These I apprehend to be the three limits which constituencies, (always subject to the decision of the majority) may legally impose upon the powers confided to their deputies, but these limitizing injunctions have nothing in common with the injunctions positively imperative or prohibitory, mentioned in the motion. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the powers confided to the deputies cannot be curtailed by the depositaries of those powers, as far as relates to the precise object and time of their exercise; but admitting that the object and the time be once distinctly determined, can the powers granted for that object be subjected to imperative or prohibitory clauses?

“ I have frequently put the question to myself, What is the nature and force of an imperative injunction? I have been able to discover but three sorts. A constituency may have said to its deputy, at least in terms equivalent, I command you to give expression to such and such an opinion, to say yes or no when such and such a measure shall be proposed, or I do not empower you to deliberate in such and such a case; or again, I order you to withdraw if such and such an opinion is adopted. These, I think, will be found to comprehend every possible case; for assuredly we cannot rank among the imperative clauses, the numerous articles of the hustings which are simply declarations of the wishes of constituencies. If this were the case, the national assembly would be perfectly incompetent to deal with any measure unconnected with taxation. All that would be necessary would be to count the opinions of each constituency upon each article, and the most inexperienced clerk would suffice for the performance of that operation.

“ Now, proceeding upon just principles, it follows that these three imperative injunctions cannot have been given by constituencies—a constituency cannot have said to its deputy, I command you to give expression to such and such an opinion when a certain question shall be debated: for why do they send a deputy? unquestionably to deliberate, to take his share in the deliberations. Now it is impossible to deliberate where there is a forced opinion. Moreover, the individual constituency cannot pronounce with certainty what would be its opinion after the question had been freely discussed by all the other constituencies; it cannot then fix and settle it by anticipation; in a word, (and it is this that truly constitutes a deputy a representative) the constituency, to point out the goal, to determine the end of the exertions of a deputy, it rests with him to choose the path and to make such combinations as shall be most decisive in giving effect to those exertions. However, although I think that this injunction deviates from principle, and that every previously expressed opinion should be looked upon as nothing more than a proposition submitted for discussion, and in a great

measure left to the conscience of deputies, I confess that I would not pursue this injunction with the same severity as the other two, especially at the first sitting of the states-general, when a sort of uneasiness may well be excused, when every thing that interests the constitution, legislature, and all the rights of mankind, seems to have been confided to the deputies; and above all, if this injunction was only binding on a small number of individuals. As for the other two, which alone are comprehended in my motion, I hold the clause containing them to be absolutely null.

“No constituencies could say to its deputy, ‘You shall not deliberate in such a case,’ for to deliberate when the other constituencies deliberate is at once a right and a duty; and as all deliberation is the desire of the majority when it commences and its result when it ends, to be unable to deliberate when the others deliberate, is an open contravention of the general will, and an erroneous estimate of its authority. Again, the injunction, ‘*I command you to withdraw if such an opinion prevails*,’ is still more reprehensible, for this is openly to announce a rupture, and it is a still more explicit declaration of a wish to make the voice of the great collective body yield to the voice of a particular constituency or province.”

The destruction of the Bastille by the hands of an infuriated mob followed close upon this event. A confused report of the circumstance reached the assembly while it was sitting. A deputation was instantly despatched to examine and report the real circumstances of the case. The Bishop of Autun was a member of this deputation. Nothing could exceed the warmth of their reception by the people as they passed along; the multitude poured blessings on their heads. Their report was communicated to the assembly in the sitting of the 16th of July.

On the 14th of August a motion was made that prior to all business, the following resolutions should be passed.

1st. The general equalization of taxation.

2nd. That all feudal rights should be purchased by the several communities on an average valuation of ten years.

3rd. That those feudal exactions denominated *Corvées*, *Mortmains*, and other personal services, should be prohibited without redemption.

These resolutions were passed with unanimous approbation. The Bishop of Autun was among the foremost in leading them his support, and when the exclusive privilege of killing game was mentioned as a grievance, both he and the rest of the clergy proposed its abolition. Then came the memorable night of the sacrifices. The authority and example of Talleyrand put a powerful impulse to this consummation. In a single night, the triple powers, feudal, aristocratic, and parliamentary, were at once abolished, and the cultivator of the soil was placed on an equality with his quondam lord and master. In a few days after this occurrence, the Marquis of Lacaste, having exposed the wants of the state, moved a string of resolutions, which involved the suppression of tithes, when the

Bishop of Autun assented. But he had a more signal triumph in gaining popularity and influence, objects which he has never lost sight of, in his popular sentiments upon the rights of man and of citizen: thus raising himself from the very first labours of the National Assembly to its first ranks. He successively caused the bailiwick of Autun to make a formal tender of resigning all its privileges, provided the other districts of the kingdom should equally renounce theirs: he approved of the plate of the church being devoted to the public service, and declared that its property also might be, without a violation of vested rights, confiscated to the interests of the state. It is not difficult to see what effect such language would at that time have within and without the National Assembly; but whatever generosity it seemed to attribute to the wily Talleyrand, it was yet of a cheap nature; for his attachment to his order was any thing but sincere, and all hopes from it gradually giving way. We are not discussing the abstract question of right as to church property; we are only stating the hand which the subject of the work before us had in its accomplishment, at the period of the French Revolution. The measure, however, was not passed until sometime afterwards, when Mirabeau carried it by storm.

The National Assembly was at this period always embarrassed by the disorderly state of the finances, and on the 4th of December, 1789, the Bishop of Autun proposed the establishment of a national bank, with a number of measures relating to the creation of a new paper money, which were partially adopted. We mention this, that we may have an opportunity of giving him credit for having studied those matters more deeply than any other man in France at the time. But the address which he a few days afterwards moved should be proclaimed to the people, is nothing short of a masterpiece of sound reasoning, clear logic, and parliamentary eloquence, presenting at one glance a complete review of all the Assembly had already done, and a no less compressive sketch of what it had yet to achieve. This address led to his almost immediate election to the presidency, which he for some time retained.

The National Assembly contained all the elements that have since prevailed in France, each taking a particular direction, and its history, for nearly the last fifty years, may be said to be composed of the struggle between these parties. A minute history of the clubs that were originated about this time, would establish the same point. Whatever share the Bishop of Autun might have in these societies, all his conduct seems to have amounted to this,—to urge the progress of the revolution to its extreme verge, but by no means to the issue in which it spent itself. The very uniformity of weights and measures throughout France, and to be established with England, proposed by Talleyrand, had, in its perspective, a political union of the two countries, which of late years has been happily realized, and at a period when the same

sagacious and dexterous man reaps the rewards he, no doubt, forty years ago contemplated.

The duplicity, the wavering (because ignorant which side was to be uppermost), the atheism of the Bishop, are each and all strongly charged against him by the author of these memoirs, in reference to the grand festival that was solemnly and magnificently celebrated at the Champ de Mars, on occasion of the Federal Compact of France, enacted by the National Assembly. The nation at this time may be said to have been without a government, each succeeding day despoiled the crown bit by bit, of its ancient rights, till in the course of a year, nothing remained symbolic of royalty; the national flag was even changed. But what belongs more immediately to our present purpose, M. de Talleyrand was about to be suspended between ecclesiastical and secular life; for he was amongst the very first to pronounce the oath declaratory of the civil constitution of the clergy, in which sweeping measure is to be found the division of the Gallican Church into priests who had taken the oath, and those who had not.

At the beginning of the year 1791, the electors of the city of Paris made choice of the Bishop, to fill the situation of deputy for the department of the Seine, when those clergymen who protested, to no purpose, against their civil constitution, declared they would no longer take part in the debate on the question. It was now, when those who refused to take the oath lost their benefices, and were reduced to beggary, that our hero wrote thus, to a fair friend of his, a married woman, the mother of his little Charles—

“ Important business and harassing creditors will deprive me of the pleasure of spending the evening of twelfth night with you as I had promised. Unfortunate kings! I rather think that their festivals and their reign will soon be over. Mirabeau himself is fearful that we are proceeding too rapidly and with too great strides towards a republic. What a republic would that be, composed of thirty millions of corrupt men! For my own part, I much fear that before we come to that, the fanatics will light their torches, and the anarchists raise their scaffolds; and who knows how many of us will escape either the religious flames or the political gibbets! I must in the meantime manage my affairs in such a way that if I am wrecked, I may not find myself without resources on the coast where I may happen to be cast. I hope to receive to-morrow a considerable sum which the Duke owes me. This sum, with what I already possess in assignats, would enable us to live in some distant country, if circumstances required it.

“ What did you think of the farce of yesterday? The galleries were so full that it was impossible for me to speak to you. What hypocrites! they have certainly achieved a masterpiece! You must have remarked how studied their speeches were—how affected their resignation! The impression they made upon me, however, prevented me from appearing at the tribune, where I should have felt great pleasure in unmasking them. They know perfectly well that they ran but little risk in exchanging their episcopal mitres against a pretended martyrdom, otherwise the cowards

would not have shown themselves so valiant. My dear love, I am really indignant when I reflect upon the facility of making dupes in this world. The Capets, male and female, have given excellent lessons of superstition, as also have certain cardinals with whom patriotism is certainly not a cardinal virtue. I really wish they would act their comedies at Rome, and not at Paris, where their apostolic mummeries are out of date. Their martyrdom may, I fancy, be placed upon a par with their orthodoxy. All this has become obsolete, although some good kind of people are still excellent Christians, and ignorant enough to believe that which their grandfathers believed. Though all these ridiculous affairs have given me a great deal of trouble, I have, however, no reason to complain, for they have even been more profitable to me than I expected. All my debts are paid, and I have enough to purchase the popedom of France or of Rome, if either was to be sold.

“ I shall sup with you on Monday. How is Charles’ deafness? I embrace you both ; burn this letter. Adieu ! ”—vol. i. pp. 316—318.

The Bishop of Autun was the only bishop possessing a benefice in France who had taken the oath. This conduct, and his hand in consecrating new prelates, in the stead of those who had been displaced, with other irregularities, led to his suspension and excommunication by the Pope. Talleyrand had many other accusations and reproaches levelled against him at this crisis, which he parried in the best way he could. But we find his statements in the Assembly continuing to be highly honoured, which was still more so, in having been named by Mirabeau, on his death bed, to read, as it were, that most contradictory man’s testamentary opinions on the question of the law of succession, which was just pending. Talleyrand was appointed to fill the office vacant in the Directory by Mirabeau’s decease, and was thus placed in the highest administration of the capital, and called upon to decide in the most important matters. After this, he signalized himself in the Assembly by various measures, in which his foresight has been proved to have been very correct. But we cannot but mark the tortuous path of the serpent in some of them, for instance, in a petition to the king, in behalf of the ecclesiastics, who had been deprived of their livings, in consequence of their refusal to take the oath to the civil constitution imposed upon their order, chiefly through his agency. Double-dealing, and the Talleyrand-policy, are strikingly reflected by such conduct.

Talleyrand seems never to have been an advocate for the total subversion of the former order of things. He prudently classed himself with the constitutional royalists ; but perhaps this was until the time should come either to sacrifice the constitution to the king, or the king to the constitution. At any rate, he knew the pretensions of the court, those of the clubs, and the plans of the republicans ; whilst the work before us, would make us believe that it interprets correctly many motives and dispositions, which we do not see how any one but the Searcher of Hearts can reach. Hitherto we have admitted nothing which the overt acts of our hero do not seem to

declare; nor will our limits, after taking up the second volume of these memoirs, permit us to enter into speculations otherwise founded. Indeed, the magnitude and variety of the almost incredible vicissitudes in which he has yet to figure, can only be very slightly touched in our notices.

Talleyrand visited England more than once in 1792, though without any avowed mission, where he was received very coldly by our ministers, the court, and the higher circles. The purpose of his visits was to bring about an alliance between England and France, or at least to deter the former power from taking any share in the continental war that was opening. All the stratagems used were understood and warded off by Mr. Pitt; and when the wily politician accompanied a formal embassy, of which he was to be the soul, sent by the Girondins, who at this period had reached the climax of their influence, little more respect was shown to him, or to the mission. But he was at length glad to seek an asylum in this country, from the fury of the National Assembly, who decreed his impeachment, not long before Louis was cited to the bar of the Convention. The variety of his intrigues, his intimacy with opposite parties, and readiness ever to serve the one that was in the ascendant, were with the unscrupulous rulers for the time being in France, more than sufficient to bring within some fatal charge the most wary and experienced. His residence in England on this occasion, was not of long duration; he was mistrusted by the other emigrants, and the Alien Bill refused him a right to British protection. But the United States of America received him; and little, with all his foresight, could he then divine, that under a successor of King George, he was one day again to have granted to him, on the road from Dover to London, the honours that are bestowed on crowned heads.

It is written in these volumes, at considerable length, that Talleyrand was busy while in England in propagating revolutionary doctrines; that Mr. Pitt fathomed his doings, and consequently had him dismissed from the kingdom. We cannot enter into this inquiry, neither can we tarry to narrate the ex-bishop's love intrigues in London. There is no period in his life, of which there are fewer authentic accounts than of that spent in America. Ere long he petitioned the National Convention to allow him to return to France, and the prayer was so powerfully backed by former friends and associates, that it could not fail being granted. He returned, and gained Altona in July, 1795, where a deal more gallantries are described to have taken place, which we have no occasion to consider. Prussia was no longer at war with the French republic, and Talleyrand found means, after he had reached Berlin, in his cautious steps towards his native country, to make himself appear to the Directory capable of serving them with information on the state of opinion prevalent in the city where he sojourned. He

passed three months in that city, where he was known only as Citizen Maurice, the name he bore on his passport.

On his arrival in Paris, a powerful sensation was created, and he was looked upon by the republican chiefs with suspicion. He had, however, ingratiated himself with Barras by his correspondence :—

“ The other Directors, it was asserted, were disposed towards him in different ways. La Réveillère Lépaux respected and even liked him for being a priest who had cast off his gown. He indulged perhaps in the hope of making the ex-bishop one of the ministers of his new sect of Theophilanthropists, whom M. de Talleyrand was the first to call an association of pick-pockets. Rewbell considered him a consummate diplomatist, who in difficult negotiations might prove of great service to the Directory. Letourneur knew little of him and bestowed little thought on him ; but in Carnot he had a decided antagonist, and almost an enemy. The severity of Carnot's principles made him look upon the worldly qualities of M. de Talleyrand, as vices, and he one day said to Chénier :—

“ ‘ That man brings with him all the vices of the old régime, without having been able to acquire a single virtue of the new one. He possesses no fixed principles, but changes them as he does his linen—adopting them according to the fashion of the day. He was a philosopher, when philosophy was in vogue ; a republican now, because it is necessary at present to be so, in order to become anything ; to-morrow he would proclaim and uphold tyranny, if he could thereby serve his interests. I will not have him at any price ; and as long as I am at the helm of state he shall be nothing.’

“ ‘ Carnot did not merely express his opinion, but acted upon it. He was, as is well known, a man of too great rigidity of principles not to act in accordance with his professions ; and from the very first overtures which Barras made in favour of M. de Talleyrand, Carnot showed the most determined opposition to the ex-bishop being allowed any share in public affairs. Carnot's speech on the occasion made so powerful an impression upon his colleagues, that they were entirely disconcerted by the hostility of his opposition, and did not dare to continue the debate for fear of committing themselves.’—vol. ii. pp. 171, 172.

Talleyrand, nevertheless, was not to be discouraged by this ; and finding it impossible to enter the cabinet of the Directory by the principal door, he bethought himself of a private one. He moved in the most fashionable circles in Paris, and was often seen at Madame de “ Beauharnais.” Here he discovered how he might forward her union with Bonaparte, which he successfully laboured to do, with a view partly, no doubt, of seconding the ambition of one whose genius he perceived to be of the first order. He was also successful in helping to secure the command of the army of Italy to the same rising great man, and thence there opened new objects to his and to the world's gaze.

It is alleged in the work before us, that the ex-bishop confined not his interest and intercourse between General Bonaparte and himself, but that he kept up a correspondence with the exiled prince, the Count de Provence ; at least, that overtures were made

to the ex-bishop from that quarter. But whether listened to or volunteered we cannot be sure, from any evidence here produced. The charge indeed was preferred against him at the time, and he became the subject of universal conversation, a consequence which generally proves of service to the person talked about, and certainly consolidated the reputation of Talleyrand. He was appointed a member of the National Institute, of the class of moral and political sciences, where he soon distinguished himself by several papers of great merit. These philosophic exertions served to advance him in April 1797, to the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs, in opposition to the most violent resistance of Carnot. But the new minister soon became the most influential man at Paris, at the same time that Bonaparte became the chief hero abroad. Nor is there any doubt but the two understood each other at the time. Just let us see what was part of the ex-bishop's speech on presenting the General to the Executive Directory, after the termination of the campaign in Italy. These are the concluding paragraphs:—

“ It must have been remarked, and perhaps not without surprise, that all my efforts tend on this occasion to explain, and almost to lessen the glory of Bonaparte. But he will not feel hurt. Shall I own it? For a moment I feared for him that jealous uneasiness which, in a young republic becomes alarmed at every thing that may be considered an attack upon equality. But I was wrong: personal greatness, far from encroaching upon equality, constitutes its noblest triumph; and at the present moment the French republicans may look upon themselves as greater than ever.

“ And when I reflect upon every thing he does to make his glory forgiven—upon his simplicity of taste, worthy of the ancients; upon his love of abstract science; upon the author of his selection, that sublime Ossian, which seems to detach him from earth;—when nobody is ignorant of his profound contempt for pomp and show, that miserable ambition of vulgar minds;—ah! far from fearing what has been termed his ambition, I feel that it will perhaps become necessary some day to solicit him, in order to tear him from the sweets of studious retirement. France will be free: he perhaps will never be so—such is his destiny. At this moment a fresh enemy appears, known for his profound hatred of the French people, and his insolent tyranny towards all the nations of the earth. Let that enemy, by the genius of Bonaparte, be quickly punished for both; and may a peace worthy of all the glory of the republic be dictated to this tyrant of the sea; may it avenge France and tranquillise the world.

“ But, carried away by the pleasure of speaking of you, General. I perceive too late that the immense crowd which surrounds is impatient to hear you, and you must yourself reproach me with delaying the pleasure you will experience in listening to him who has a right to address you in the name of the whole French nation, and at the same time the happiness of speaking to you in the name of an old friendship.”—vol. ii. pp. 213—215.

After such language, whatever may be the merits of the citizen, can we suppose the republic sound? The man to whom it is uttered, must say to himself, “those men occupy my place; they must retire.” Two years afterwards this was put in force.

It is curious, now that Talleyrand represents in London the government of the day, to read one of his elaborate circular letters addressed to all the diplomatic and consular agents of the French republic, so full of hatred and contempt of the British nation, as that of which we give the following passages:—

“ France has fought on land for her independance and natural limits ; she is now going to fight on the sea, not for herself alone, but to make the Ocean free and emancipate every nation exposed to British avidity.

“ London has been compared to Carthage ; the French might better be compared to the Romans ; but Rome neglected commerce and the arts too much,—she was intent only upon the glory of conquering the world. She made war upon Carthage as a rival empire, not as a commercial nation. How much more respectable are the motives of the French republic ! It is not only the injuries of several ages which she means to avenge upon the English government ; it is for the joint interest of Europe and of humanity that she aspires to re-establish the freedom of the seas. History can produce nothing parallel ; and in this point of view men of all countries must offer their prayers for the happy success of our arms.

“ It is upon you that will devolve the duty of speaking sometimes to the ministers of courts the republican language in its manly pride, but without being prodigal of such a resource, which must always be striking and decisive. Keep me always well-informed of whatever machinations are invented by the infernal genius of the cabinet of London. The government must be apprized of every thing on all sides and in due time. Your respective intelligence, which must be sought for day after day, and carefully compared, shall be laid before the Executive Directory. You would not wish that it should learn through any other channel that which it ought to know first from yourselves.”—vol. ii. pp. 227—229.

Talleyrand does not seem to have been at this period of his life possessed of wealth, yet in such an anomalous state of society as existed in Paris, when so many cooks, ladies'-maids and other vulgar personages started into notice ; he gave the most tasteful balls of any in the city, at which he was uniformly admired for the graceful reception extended to every one. For he has ever excelled in making business and pleasure go hand in hand. It does not clearly appear what share was his in planning the expedition to Egypt ; but no sooner had Buonaparte quitted France, than the country was threatened with new storms : changes took place in the Directory ; Talleyrand was dismissed, or rather he was forced to resign, and assailed with an almost unanimous concert of reproaches and grave charges, both by republicans and royalists. He laboured to rebut those accusations, but they became more serious and more official.

However, it has been Talleyrand's uncommon good luck always to be in disgrace under a government on the brink of ruin ; indeed, it is reported of him, that he said to Louis XVIII. on his first return to France, “ Sir, there is something in me which bodes no good to those governments that neglect me.” This at least may be said, that if he was guilty of all attributed to him at the period of

his being obliged to withdraw from the Ministry for Foreign Affairs to the Directory, he must have had the greatest power of any man in the nation.

But a great era was at hand. Bonaparte returns from Egypt, and on his ominous arrival in Paris, slept, for the first night, in the Rue Chanteraine, but next morning awoke in the Rue de la Victoire. The name of the street had been changed during the night, and it was asserted that the ex-bishop was not a stranger to this happy substitution of names. The progress of Bonaparte after this to consular power is well known, and although our hero Talleyrand kept much out of sight in these movements and rapid changes, there is proof that his master spirit was seconding powerfully, nay, leading by his influence, in many of the most intricate and difficult passages of the great drama.

Bonaparte, all the world knows, notwithstanding the adjunction of two provincial colleagues, became at once the head of the state. Among those that had assisted him most effectively was Talleyrand, who rallied to his cause the revolutionists of 1789, whilst his name served as a sort of passport to the ancient nobility, who more than once, in passing out at the gate of the imperial palace, were heard to exclaim—"We need not consider it derogatory to tread in the footsteps of a Talleyrand de Périgord."

We have proceeded with the life of this singularly talented man; view him in whatever capacity you choose, as far as it has been taken up in the volumes before us. The remainder of the work, which is not yet published, will of course afford abundance of materials for another article of our Journal; and till then, we reserve ourselves as to the merits of the publication as a literary production, and the authenticity of its information.

ART. IV.—*The Book named The Governour.* By Sir THOMAS ELYOT, Knt.
London: Ridgway and Sons. 1834.

ALTHOUGH this be a work that went through several editions soon after it was written, yet it may be treated by us as one entirely new, because not a reader out of thousands ever heard of it. We take it up partly as a curiosity, to show how accomplished authors of former times in our country wrote and thought, and partly for the sake of the many sound maxims and beautiful sentiments it contains, notwithstanding the quaintness of style in which they are dressed, as regards our modern ears and fancies. To our black-letter readers the work will be acceptable, and for those that are so affected, we shall collect a few notices of the author, furnished by the editor in the preface. After all the hopes expressed in this preface, however, about the good which the "Governor" is to do in these degenerated days, when "democratic despotism, under the specious mask of civil and religious liberty," threatens and deluges the land, an idea repeatedly and rather obtrusively put forth by the

zealous editor, we anticipate that its repute and influence will be but small with the generality.

The author of the "*Governor*," and of many other works, several of them known to antiquaries, wrote in the time of Henry VIII. His private history, however, is involved in much obscurity, though it appears that he was employed in several important embassies by his sovereign. His father was a judge, and he himself a barrister of successful practice. He was, according to "*Biographia Britannica*," highly esteemed as a grammarian, poet, philosopher, physician, and historian. He was distinguished for his candour and the innocence of his life, which may be inferred from his intimacy with Sir Thomas More. Leland addressed a copy of Latin verses to him, and he was courted by the learned men of his time. Strype, in his "*Ecclesiastical Memoirs*," says, there was issued, in the year, 1585, a proclamation for calling in seditious books; under which description were reckoned, and chiefly intended, such writings as favoured the Bishop of Rome. Upon this occasion Sir Thomas Cromwell directed letters to several persons, ordering them to send in all publications of the nature designed to be condemned: among others, he wrote to Sir Thomas Elyot, whom, though an old friend of his own, he suspected, from his having been intimate with Sir Thomas More, to be attached to the Romish religion. In answer, Elyot declared his judgment of the need of a reformation of the clergy, and disclaimed all undue connection with Papists. As to any of the prohibited books he might chance to have by him, and which were very few, he was ready to deliver them up. Part of the language which he uses, is as follows:—"Sir, as you know I have ever been desirous to read many books, especially concerning humanity and moral philosophy; and therefore of such studies I have a competent number. But concerning the Scripture I have very few: for in Questionists I never delighted. Unsavoury glosses and comments I ever abhorred. The boasters and advances of pompous authority of the Bishop of Rome I never esteemed. But, after that, by a judgment or estimation of things, I did anon smell out their corrupt affection, and beheld with scornful eyes the sundry abusions of their authorities, adorned with a licentious and dissolute form of living. Of the which, as well in them as in the universal state of the clergy, I have oftentimes wished a necessary reformation."

That Sir Thomas Eliot was not a very staunch adherent of the Church of Rome, is evident from this, that King Henry himself read and much liked the "*Governor*;" and his Majesty, according to Strype, observed, that throughout the book there was no new term made by him of a Latin or a French word, and that no sentence was thereby rendered dark or hard to be understood, but that he intended to augment our English tongue, whereby men should express more abundantly things conceived in their breasts (wherefore language was ordained), having words apt for the purpose.

For his work called the *Castle of Health*, the gallants of that age mocked him, because they thought it did not beseem a knight to write upon such a subject. The physicians were also offended that he should meddle in their department, and particularly that he should treat of medicine in English, to make the knowledge thereof common. To such of the college as reflected upon his skill, he represented, that before he was twenty years old, one of the most learned physicians in England read to him the works of Hippocrates, Galen, &c.; therefore, though he had never been at Montpelier, Padua, or Salerno, yet he had found in physic something by which he had experienced no little profit.

The "*Governor*" was designed to instruct more especially great men, in good morals, and to reprove their vices. It consisted of several chapters, where some sharp and quick sentences were found, that offended many of the young men of fashion at that time. They said it was no little presumption in him to meddle with persons of the nobler ranks. The complaints of these gentlemen, who were always kicking at such examples as did bite them, our author compared to a galled horse, abiding no plasters. It likewise purports to communicate instruction respecting the art, origin, and nature of civil governments, for which the editor thinks it well suited at times like the present, which he has characterized as "*ripe with anarchy and a seditious spirit of turbulent democracy*;" evils particularly frightful in his eye, as no doubt they ought to be. We have only, before presenting specimens of the good and learned knight's views again, to express our doubt as to such a desired and desirable result flowing from the "*Governor*."

The worthy knight, after dedicating the work in a "*proheme*, unto the most noble and victorious Prince, King Henry VIII." proceeds, in the first chapter, to the "*signification of a 'publicweal,' and why it is called in Latin *respublica**." And here, entering with great simplicity into the meaning of the Latin words, he will not allow that *common weal* is a proper translation, but that *public weal* is the idea contained in them, which inferreth degrees and ranks of different orders. Indeed, Sir Thomas, you were no radical, we warrant.

"*Plebs in English, is called the commonalty, which signifieth only the multitude, wherein be contained the base and vulgar inhabitants, not advanced to any honour or dignity: which is also used in our daily communication, for in the city of London and other cities, they that be none aldermen, or sheriffs, be called commoners. And in the country, at a sessions or any other assembly, if no genteel men be thereat, the saying is, that there was none but the commonalty, which proveth, in mine opinion, that Plebs in Latin, is in English Commonalty, and Plebeii be commoners. And consequently there may appear like diversity to be in English, between a Public Weal and a Common Weal, as should be in Latin between Respublica, Res-plebia. And after that signification, if there should be a Common Weal, either the commoners must only be wealthy, and the gentle and noblemen needy and miserable, or else excluding gentility, all men must be*

of one degree and sort, a new name provided. Forasmuch as Plebs in Latin, and Commoners in English, be words only made for the discrepance of degrees, whereof proceedeth order : which in things as well natural as as supernatural, hath ever had such such pre-eminence, that thereby the incomprehensible majesty of God, as it were by a bright beam of a torch or candle, is declared to the blind inhabitants of this world. Moreover, take away order from all things, what should then remain ? Certes, nothing finally, except some men would imagine eftsoons Chaos, which of some is expounded, a confuse mixture."—pp. 2, 3.

"Now to conclude my first assertion or argument. Where all things are common, there lacketh order : and where order lacketh, there all things are odious and uncomely. And that have we in daily experience, for the pans and pots garnish well the kitchen, and yet should they be to the chamber no ornament. Also the beds, testers, and pillows, beseem not the hall, no more than the carpets and the cushions become the stable. In like manner the potter and the tinker only perfect in their craft, shall little do, in the administration of justice. A ploughman or carter shall make but a feeble answer to an ambassador. Also a waggoner or fuller, should be an unfit captain of an army, or in any other office of Governor. Wherefore to conclude, it is *only* a Public Weal, where, like as God, hath disposed the said influence of understanding, are also appointed degrees and places, according to the excellence thereof, and thereto also would be substance convenient, and necessary, for the ornament of the same : which also impresseth a reverence and due obedience to the vulgar people or commonalty, and without that it can be no more said that there is a Public Weal, than it may be affirmed, that a house without its proper and necessary ornaments, is well and sufficiently furnished."—p. 7.

We must agree with the knight, that it is "congruent, and according as one excelleth another in understanding, that the estate of his person be advanced in degree or place ;" but still there is a great leaning in him to them who possessed the *optimorum potentia*, in preference to those who had only *popularis potentia*. And in this partiality the editor heartily joins, no doubt. A head, or sovereign governor, however, is required, saith the sapient Sir Thomas, for every Public Weal, for if supreme power be confided to a few (*optimorum*) of the best men, virtue is not so constant amongst such a number, "but that some being once in authority, will be incensed with glory, some with ambition, others with covetousness, desire of treasure or professions, whereby they fall into contention finally, when any atchieveth the superiority : the whole government is reduced into a few in number, who fearing the multitude, their mutability to the intent to keep them in dread to rebel, ruleth by terror und cruelty, thinking thereby to keep themselves in surety." And of the Commons he goes on to declare, "if they feel some severity, they do humbly serve and obey, yet where embracing a licence, they refuse to be bridled, do fling and plunge ; and, if they once throw down their Governor, they order every thing without justice, only with vengeance and cruelty, and cannot by any wisdom be pacified and brought again into order. Wherefore, undoubtedly, the best and the most sure government, is by one king or prince, who

ruleth only for the weal of his people." We must confess, that for the time in which he wrote, our author is no despicable hand at political economicks.

But under one capital governor "who cannot have knowledge of all things done in the realm, it is expedient that there be sundry mean authorities, whom he calleth magistrates, from the Latin word *magistratus*, lacking any other more convenient term in the English." The great body of the volume is therefore devoted to the consideration of what is the best form of educating or bringing up such noble children from their nativity, as that they may be found worthy and able to be such sub-governors. "Now all ye that desire to have your children to be governors, if ye instruct them in such form as in this book is declared, they shall there seem to all men worthy to be in authority, honour, and nobleness. And all that is under their governance shall prosper and come to perfection, and as a precious stone in a rich ouche, they shall be beholden and wondered at, and after the death of their body, their souls, for their endeavour shall be incomparably rewarded of the Giver of wisdom, to whom only be given eternal glory. Amen."

Now for some of these particular lessons, that are to result in this beatific manner. He begins with an early age, and thus regulateth the nobleman's nursery.

"First they, unto whom the bringing up of such children appertaineth, ought against the time of their mother shall be of them delivered to be sure of a nurse, which should be of no servile condition, or vice notable. For as some ancient writers do suppose, oftentimes the child sucketh the vice of his nurse, with the milk of her pap. And also observe, that she be of mature or ripe age, not under twenty years or above thirty years; her body also being clean from all sickness or deformity, and having her complexion most of the right and pure sanguine forasmuch as the milk thereof coming excelleth all other both in sweetness and substance. Moreover, to the nurse should be appointed another woman, of approved virtue, discretion, and gravity, who shall not suffer in the child's presence to be showed any act or dishonest stain, or any wanton or unclean word to be spoken. And for that cause all men, except physicians only, should be excluded and kept out of the nursery."—vol. i. p. 21.

Of accomplishments, music comes early in Sir Thomas's list, but the young nobleman is not to study it farther than that it may be a solace to himself in private, or "when hearing the contention of noble musicians, that he may be able to give judgment in the excellency of their cunnings." For in this commendation:—

"I would not be thought to allure noblemen, to have much delight therein, that in playing and singing only, they should put their whole study and felicity: As died the Emperor Nero, who all a long summer's day would sit in the theatre (an open place where all the people of Rome beheld solemn acts and plays) and in the presence of all the noblemen and senators, would play on his harp, and sing without ceasing. And if any man happened by long sitting to sleep, or by any other countenance, to show himself to be weary, he was suddenly bobbed on the face by the sen-

vants of Nero, for that purpose attending. Or if any person was perceived to be absent, or were seen to laugh at the folly of the Emperor, he was forthwith accused, as it were of misprision, whereby the Emperor found occasion to commit him to prison, or to put him to tortures. O what misery was it, to be subject to such a minstrel, in whose music was no melody but anguish and dolour.

“It were therefore better that no music were taught to a nobleman, than by the exact knowledge thereof, he should have therein inordinate delight; and by that be allured to wantonness, abandoning gravity and the necessary cure and office in the Public Weal to him committed.”—p. 23.

A nobleman may, in certain instances, employ his leisure hours in others of the fine arts, such as architecture and sculpture. Nor is he to heed the scorn of those who may thence call him a mason or painter; for greater than any of our peerage have turned such pursuits to good account.

“If the child be of nature inclined (as many have been) to paint with a pen, or to form images in stone or tree, he should not be therefrom withdrawn, or nature be rebuked, which is to him benevolent; but putting one to him, which is in that craft, wherein he delighteth, most excellent, in vacant times from other more serious learning, he should be in the most purewise instructed in painting or carving. And now, perchance, some envious reader will hercof take occasion to scorn me, saying that I had well hied me, to make of a nobleman a mason or painter. And yet if either ambition or voluptuous idleness would have suffered that reader to have seen histories, he should have found excellent princes, as well in painting as in carving, equal to noble artificers. Such were Cladius Titus the son of Vespasian, Adrian, both Antonines, and divers other emperors and noble princes, whose works of long time remained in Rome and other cities, in such places where all men might behold them, as monuments of their excellent wits and virtuous occupation in eschewing of idleness. And not without a necessary cause princes were in their childhood so instructed; for it served them afterward for devising of engines for the war, or for the making them better, that be all ready devised. For as Vitruvius (which writeth of building to the Emperor Augustus) saith, all torments of war, which we call engines, were first invented by kings or governors of hosts, or if they were devised by other, they were by them made much better.”—p. 25.

Our dandy briefless barristers will appreciate the following truths:—

“It may not be denied but that all laws be founded on the deepest part of reason, and as I suppose, no one law so much as our own; and the deeper men do investigate reason, the more difficult or hard must needs be the study. Also that reverend study is involved in so barbarous a language, that it is not only void of all eloquence, but also being separate from the exercise of our law only, it serveth to no commodity or necessary purpose, no man understanding it, but they who have studied the laws. Then children at fourteen or fifteen years old, in which time springeth courage set all in pleasure, and pleasure is in nothing that is not easy or elegant, being brought to the most difficult and grave learning, which hath nothing alluring or delicate to tickle their tender wits, and allure them to

study, unless it be lucre, (which a gentle wit little esteemeth) the more part vanquished with tediousness, either do abandon the laws, and un-awares to their friends do give themselves up to gaming, and other (as I might say) idle business, now called pastimes, or else if they be in any-wise thereto constrained, they apprehending a piece thereof, as if they being long in a dark dungeon, only did see by the light of a candle. Then if after twenty or thirty years' study, they happen to come among wise men, hearing matters commented of concerning a Public Weal, or outward affairs between princes, they no less be astonished than if they coming out of a dark house at noon-days, were suddenly stricken in the eyes with a bright sun-beam."—pp. 33, 34.

He is very severe in his chapter on schoolmasters; but though the whole is surpassingly quaint and instructive, yet, since we must not continue to extract at the rate we have been doing, let the following sentences suffice:—"Good Lord, how many good and clean wits of children be now a days perished by ignorant schoolmasters!" This bold exclamation opens the chapter. Farther on he declares—"But if to be a bachelor or master of arts, study of philosophy waxeth tedious, if he have a spoonful of Latin, he will shew forth a hog's-head without any learning, and offer to teach grammar and expound noble writers." How wroth he is at such presumption! that these hog-headed Dominie Sampsons should dare to expound *noble* authors, is monstrous.

Of the exercises "apt and necessary to the furniture of a gentleman's personage," wrestling is, in the beginning of youth, good, "so that it be with one that is equal in strength, or somewhat under (the weaker, we presume, must be only half a gentleman, and unworthy of our author's care), and that the place be soft, that in falling their bodies be not bruised." Amongst a great variety of manly exercises, in which, indeed, he uniformly inculcates moderation, we have by far the most said on the subject of dancing, and in such a tone, that we suspect the knight to have been a proficient on the light fantastic toe, although he declares "shooting in a long bow" to be the principal of all exercises.

We wish that our limits permitted us to present as much of the graver lessons of this volume as we have given of those on accomplishments and exercises. He, however, who can make so much of what is comparatively trifling, rises as his subject demands, so that every chapter seems to be an improvement on the foregoing. Without searching for examples, we quote from what he says of friendship and of detraction:—

"Between all men that be good cannot alway be amity, but it also requireth that they be of similar or much like manners or study, and especially of manners. For Gravity and Affability be every of them laudable qualities. So be Severity and Placability. Also Magnificence and Liberality be noble virtues: And yet Frugality, which is a soberness or moderation in living, is, and that for good cause of all wise men extolled, yet where these virtues and qualities be separately in sundry persons assembled, may well be perfect concord, but friendship is there seldom or

never. For that, which one for a virtue embraceth, the other contemneth, or at the least neglecteth. Wherefore it seemeth, that it, wherein the one delighteth, is repugnant to the other's nature : And where is any repugnance, may be none amity, since friendship is an entire consent of wills and desires. Therefore it is seldom seen that friendship is between these persons. A man sturdy, of opinion inflexible, and of sour countenance and speech, with him that is tractable, and with reason persuaded, and of sweet countenance and entertainment. Also between him who is elevated in authority and another of a very base estate or degree : yea, and if they be both in an equal dignity, if they be desirous to climb, as they do ascend, so friendship for the more part decayeth. Now let us try out what is that friendship that we suppose to be in good men. Verily it is a blessed and stable connexion of sundry wills, making of two persons one, in having and suffering. And therefore a friend is properly named of philosophers, the other I. For that in them is but one mind and one possession : and that which more is, a man more rejoiceth at his friend's good fortune, than at his own."—pp. 149—151.

The nobility of friendship is equalled by the baseness of detraction:—

“ There is much conversant among men in authority a vice very ugly and monstrous, which under the pleasant habit of friendship and good counsel, with a breath pestilential, infecteth the wits of them that nothing mistrusteth. This monster is called in English, Detraction, in Latin, Calumnia, whose property I will now declare. If a man be determined to equity, having the eyes and the ears of his mind set only on the truth, and the Public Weal of his country, will have no regard to any request or desire, but proceedeth directly to the administration of justice, either he who by justice is offended, or some his favourers, abettors or adherents, if he himself, or any of them be in service or familiarity with him that is in authority, as soon as by any occasion mention happeneth to be made of him, who hath executed justice exactly, forthwith they imagine some vice or default, be it never so little, whereby they may minish his credence, and craftily omitting to speak any thing of his rigour in justice, will note and touch something of his manners, wherein shall either seem to be lightness, or lack of gravity, or too much sourness, or lack of civility : or that he is not sufficient to receive any dignity, or to despatch matters of weighty importance, or that he is superfluous in words or else too scarce. And if he live temperately, and delighteth much in study, they embraced him with niggardship, or in derision, call him a clerk or a poet, unmeet for any other purpose. And this they do covertly and with a greater gravity than any other thing that they enterprise.”—pp. 271, 272.

He has an entire chapter on nobility, which concludes with these words:—“ It is not after the vulgar opinion of men, but is only the praise and surname of virtue.” This is noble in the knight, and serves to balance, what could not be expected of his era, an inordinate respect for the order he labours to instruct. We have only to further say, that every part of the “ Governor” is illustrated, enforced, and enriched with extensive knowledge and great learning.

ART. V.—*Third and Fourth Meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.*

THIS Association is progressing with wonderful celerity to unexampled eminence. If we merely take the increase in the number of members, since the first meeting of the Society, we must be convinced of the rapid growth of its power and influence. At York 350 met; 700 at Oxford; 1,400 at Cambridge; and 2200 at Edinburgh this year. But numerical increase, and relative magnitude, are not the only tests to go by, in judging of the gradually enlarging worth and importance of the British Association. Let us for a moment refer to the additional names that swell the lists of the latest meeting; and there we find not merely the most celebrated scientific men in England, Ireland, and Scotland, but many from foreign parts, who it is believed never before set foot upon British ground. A better evidence still is to be found in the materials which the association has already actually contributed to science in a great variety of departments. But before directing the attention of our readers to what has been done in the course of the two last meetings, we have the highest satisfaction in referring to some of the indirect bearings of this great and now established union.

We hail the British Association, not merely as an excellent instrument for promoting the advancement of science. This is, to be sure, one great advantage, and that which is immediately contemplated by such a philosophic union. For in that field, when alone, man is comparatively nerveless, whilst the power derived from concentration is immense; and though vast achievements have been accomplished in private, yet the sparks that touched the genius and kindled the light by which they were first attempted and carried through, originated from mingling with the world, and having intercourse with men of kindred spirits. But besides, this society has become, and doubtless will continue to be, the occasion of bringing together the most influential men from all parts of the world. There were in Edinburgh, at the fourth meeting, philosophers of the very highest rank, from France, Utrecht, Baden, Berlin, Weimar, Rome, Geneva, the Island of Chios, America, &c., &c. The great barrier which for long had severed man from man, and prevented them even from understanding one another's language has been broken down, and we believe for ever in the civilized world. The strife now is for knowledge. A distinct matter from any of these, which in the nature of things must result from this and all such wise institutions, is the services which they confer upon the most important truths connected with the destinies of man. For it is nothing less than a libel on the Creator and Ruler of all things, to say that the investigation of truth can lead to error and evil. Infidelity and irreligion are the result of ignorance, as much as of prejudice or presumption. The boldest researches in physical science, for example, are calculated the most to display the power,

the wisdom, the harmony, and the beauty of Him who guides the planets in their course, who rules a thousand suns and their systems, and whose name is The Eternal.

Of the contents of the volume, embracing a report of what was done at the third meeting, held at Cambridge last summer, we must chiefly refer our readers to a luminous outline afforded by Professor Forbes this year at Edinburgh, in his programme of the subjects to which the attention of the Association was about to be directed. But before quoting part of the able summary, we cannot but gratify every thinking person by a few of the Rev. W. Whewell's views, in his exposition of the preceding transactions of the society to those entered upon at Cambridge. Let none, said he, suppose that they ascribed to assembled numbers and conjoined labours extravagant powers and privileges in the promotion of science, or that they believed in the omnipotence of a parliament of the scientific world. There was no royal road to knowledge; neither was there any way of making it shorter, because those that press forward were many. All must start from their actual position, and the advance cannot be accelerated by any method of giving each man his mile of the march. Yet, care may be taken that those who come ready to start from the proper point, and in the proper direction, shall not scramble over broken ground, when there is a causeway parallel to their path. A man cannot create, not even direct the powers of discovery, but he may aid them to direct themselves. Of the connexion between art and science, he said that practice had always been the origin and stimulus of theory; that art had been the mother of science; the comely and busy mother of a daughter of a far loftier and serener beauty. But that when we considered how small an advance of speculative science was implied in each successful step of art, we shall be in no danger of forming any extravagant estimate of what man has done or can do.

Professor Forbes this year in his programme said, that the Association was not to be confounded with those numerous institutions which exist simply for the *diffusion* of knowledge; *extension*, or *accumulation* is its object; so that when to the eye of the world the members are apparently torpid during the intervals of their annual meetings, they are labouring to give an impulse to every part of the scientific system, maturing scientific enterprise, and directing the labours requisite for discovery :—

“If we now turn from the professions to the *acts* of the Association, we shall find gratifying proof that these sanguine anticipations were not chimerical; and that this primary machinery, not destined itself to do the work desired, but to construct the *tools* requisite for its performance, was wanting neither in efficiency nor in permanence. The first and most signal proof which we can cite, is the production of those reports on the progress of science, which appeared to the founder of the Association one of the most important objects of such an institution, and one which, beyond all dispute, no existing society could have attempted. The second volume of

reports has amply justified the expectations with which it was hailed ; and whilst the first was chiefly occupied with reports upon great and leading divisions of science, we have here several happy specimens of a still greater division of labour, by the discussion within moderate limits of some particular provinces. Thus Mr. Taylor has treated of one particular and most interesting question in geology—the formation of mineral veins—one of the most important, in a theoretical point of view, which could have been stated, and which, from its intimate connexion with commercial speculation, might have been expected in a country like ours to have been more specifically treated of than it has been. It strictly belongs to the dynamics of the science, to which, since the time of Hutton, but little attention has been paid until very recently. By the exertions, however, of Mr. Carne, of Dr. Boase, and Mr. Henwood of Cornwall, whose researches are to form one point of discussion in the Geological section at the present meeting, that electric agency was concerned in the disposition of metalliferous veins can scarcely be doubted, and the connection between electricity and magnetism, now so fully established—the connection between metalliferous veins and lines of elevation, and between the latter and the isodynamical lines of terrestrial magnetic intensity, as suggested by Professor Necker of Geneva—point out a bond of union between this subject and that of terrestrial magnetism, on which we have a report by Mr. Christie, where the very interesting direct observations of Mr. Fox of Falmouth, on the electromagnetic action of mineral veins, are particularly noticed. Mr. Christie's theory of the diurnal variation of the needle, which he is desirous should be submitted to the test of a laboratory experiment, is likewise intimately connected with the actual constitution of our globe. The whole subject of Terrestrial Magnetism is one of the most interesting and progressive of the experimental sciences. The determination of the *direction* of the magnetic energy by means of two spherical co-ordinates, termed the variation and the dip, and the measure of the *intensity* of that force, are the great objects of immediate research, as forming a basis of theory. The existence of four points on the earth's surface, to which the needle tends, has long been known ; and the position of two of these (in Northern Asia and America), has recently been elucidated by the persevering efforts of Professor Hanstein and Commander Ross. The precise numerical determination of the elements just alluded to, acquires a deep and peculiar interest from the multiplied variations which they undergo. Not only are these elements subject to abrupt and capricious changes, which Baron Humboldt has termed *magnetic storms*, but gradual and progressive variations are undergone at different hours of the day, at different seasons of the year, and throughout longer periods, which may even perhaps bear a comparison with the sublime cycles of Astronomy. Natural History forms a more prominent subject in this volume than in the last, though the reports of Professor Lindley “on the principal questions at present debated in the Philosophy of Botany,” and of Dr. Charles Henry, “on the Philosophy of the Nervous System,” refer only to particular departments of widely extended subjects, which are again to be resumed in more general reports, undertaken for the present meeting—that by Mr. Bentham, on Systematic Botany, and by Dr. Clarke, of Cambridge, on Physiology in general.

“We cannot but remark with pleasure, that one of the points for inquiry, particularly insisted on by Professor Lindley, that of the influence of the

chemical nature of soils, and of the excretions of plants, was taken up at an early period of the existence of the Association, by one of its most zealous supporters, Dr. Daubeny; and that, in reference to the review by Dr. Henry, of the labours of European physiologists, we may quote, as a national honour, the discoveries of our distinguished associate, Sir Charles Bell.

“On the general connection and occasional apparent opposition of *Theory and Practice*, I would refer to some very pertinent remarks in the address of Mr. Whewell, at the last meeting. The importance of carrying on both simultaneously and independently, and of looking to our increased knowledge of both as the only sure means of ultimately reconciling discrepancies, has been manifested by the desire of the council of the Association to procure two distinct reports on the Theory and Practice of Hydraulics, which have been drawn up with remarkable perspicuity, and within a small compass, by Mr. Challis and Mr. Rennie; both these gentlemen have shown their zeal in the objects of the Association, by promising to continue their valuable labours. Mr. Rennie, on that part of his subject which relates to the motion of fluids in open channels, and Mr. Challis, on some of those exceedingly interesting branches of theory altogether modern, which physically, as well as in their mathematical methods, have the closest analogy to that case of the motion of the fluids treated of in the present volume, namely, the Theory of Sound, and the intimate constitution of liquids. When, in addition to these reports, we shall have received that undertaken by Mr. Whewell upon the mathematical theory of Magnetism, Electricity, and Heat, we shall undoubtedly possess the most complete outline extant, of a department of knowledge entirely of recent date. In the science of Hydraulics, indeed, some progress in theory has accompanied the increase of practical information, at least since the time of Newton, but in the other strictly *practical* report of the present volume, that of Mr. Barlow, on the very interesting subject of the strength of materials, little or nothing has been done of much theoretical importance since the days of Galileo. Circumstances, which it would be easy to point out, prevent our setting out, except in rare cases, from unimpeachable data; but several very interesting conclusions of general application are derivable from well-conducted experiments, and the Association may claim some credit for having brought into general notice the ingenious investigations of Mr. Hodgkinson of Manchester. One report, and that the longest which has ever been printed by the Association, remains to be mentioned;—it is by Mr. Peacock, on the present state of Mathematics. When we consider the vast extent of the subject, and the extremely limited number of persons, even in the whole of Europe, capable of undertaking it, we must consider the production of a work of so much labour as the present, which, as yet, is incomplete, but which the author has promised to resume, as the best trophy to which we can refer in proof of the entire efficiency of the Association. Were these annual reports the only fruits of the labours of this Society, there would be no reason to complain. But yet more specific results of its impulsive action on science may be quoted.

“The questions suggested by the reporters and others, recommended for investigation, have met with ready attention from several individuals capable of satisfactorily treating them. Professor Airy has himself investigated, from direct observation, the mass of Jupiter, suggested as a desideratum in his report on Astronomy; and, since the last meeting of the

Association, has confirmed his first results by new observations, which give almost the same mass by the observed elongations of the satellites, as had been deduced from the perturbations of the small planets by Jupiter. Hourly observations of the thermometer in the south of England have, in two instances, been commenced; and we are assured that the same desirable object is about to be attained by the zeal of the committee in India, where the Association has established a flourishing colony. A series of the best observations, conducted for ascertaining the law which regulates the fall of rain at different heights, has been undertaken at the suggestion of the Physical section, by Messrs. Philip and Gray, of York, which have been ably discussed by the former gentleman, in last year's Report, and have since been continued.

"A regular system of auroral observation, extending from the Shetland Isles to the Land's-end, has been established under the superintendence of a special committee, and specimens of the results have been published. Observations on the supposed influence of the aurora on the magnetic needle, have likewise been pursued in consequence of this proceeding. The conditions of terrestrial magnetism in Ireland have been experimentally investigated by Professor Lloyd. An important inquiry into the law of Isomorphism has been undertaken by a special committee, which has likewise reported progress; and an elaborate synopsis of the whole Fossil Organic Remains found in Britain is in progress, under the hands of Professor Phillips. Many specific inquiries are besides going forward, under particular individuals, to whom they were confided; whilst it is not to be doubted that numberless persons, many of them perhaps new to the world of science, are at this moment pursuing investigations recommended in general terms in one or other of the publications of the Society. To others the Association has not scrupled to commit a portion of the funds at their disposal, for the purpose of pursuing objects which required an outlay which might be deemed unreasonable by individuals. Among the most important of these is the collection of the Numerical Constants of Nature and Art, which are of perpetual recurrence in physical inquiries, and which has been confided to the superintendence of Mr. Babbage. When objects of still more peculiar national importance presented themselves, the Association has fulfilled its pledge, of stimulating government to the aid of science. Five hundred pounds have been advanced by the Lords of the Treasury towards the reduction of the Greenwich Observations, at the instance of the Association; and more recently the observations recommended by the Committee on Tides have been undertaken by order of the Lords of the Admiralty, at above 500 stations on the coast of Britain. Individuals as we have said, have been stimulated by the influence of the Association, but so may nations and great bodies of men. Its published Proceedings have found their way into every quarter, and are tending to produce corresponding efforts in distant lands. Our reports on science have produced some very interesting counterparts in the literary town of Geneva. America has taken the lead in several departments of experiment recommended by the Association; and the instructions for conducting uniform systems of observation have been reprinted and circulated in the New World. We must likewise consider it as an especial proof of the influence and importance of the Association, that a report on the Progress of American Geology has been undertaken and executed by Professor Rogers of Philadelphia. Similar contributions from some other foreign countries

have been promised, which will extend the utility of the Association, by making us acquainted with the more characteristic state of science in the various parts of Europe. Nor can we fail, on the present occasion, to consider as a most auspicious promise of the future success of the Association, that the distinguished Secretary of the Institute of France has not only honoured this meeting by his presence, but has promised to interest that powerful body on behalf of the important objects contemplated by the Association, which its co-operation might effectually secure. The formation of a Statistical Section at Cambridge was the prelude to the establishment of a flourishing society, which acknowledges itself the offspring of this Institution, and which promises, by a procedure similar to that introduced by the Association, to advance materially the greatly neglected subject of British Statistics."

Professor Sedgwick was chairman of the Cambridge meeting, and Sir Thomas Brisbane of that at Edinburgh. After the long extract just given, which embraces a notice of the most important subjects discussed on the two occasions, we must now confine ourselves to some only of those which can, from their popular nature, be conveniently introduced here.

In the statistical section Mr. Heywood gave an account of 4,102 families of operatives in Manchester. The numbers in each family were on the average five, which is low, because the common one is six and a half. They resided in 3,100 houses, 752 cellars, and 250 rooms. About 600 of these residences were respectable, and about 1,200 ordinarily comfortable: but more than one half were dirty and destitute. There were 8,821 children under the age of twelve, of whom only 252 attended day schools; 4,680 received instruction at Sunday-schools, and nearly one half were entirely destitute of education. The number of parents who could read amounted to 3,114: of these families 2,021 belonged to the Established Church; 1,473 were Roman Catholics, 591 were Dissenters, and 17 declared that they had no religion. The small number that attended day schools was noticed as a lamentable instance of the little that has yet been effected for the moral improvement of England. It was also stated that the education received at these schools was miserable in amount, and bad in quality. Respecting Sunday schools it was said, that they had produced most beneficial effects both on the children and on the parents. This re-action upon the parents is a most interesting fact. The Rev. E. Stanley, of Cheshire, stated that he knew of no instance in which the children of poor or profligate parents, if regular attendants at our schools, had not transmitted to their homes a portion of the benefit derived. Indeed, we have no right to argue from occasional disappointment, that education is either useless or impolitic. How profligate and barbarous would have been the population of our manufacturing districts, had not the dark scene been enlightened by, here and there, a ray of intellectual light, and the whole more or less soothed, and in some degree controlled, by the civilizing powers of revealed religion.

Mr. Whewel delivered a lecture on several interesting phenomena connected with the tides. He observed, that the state of information with respect to tides, amongst philosophers, was in the same situation as that with respect to the general principles of astronomy among those who were the least learned. The general fact of tides being governed by the law of gravitation and the attraction of the moon and the sun was known to the learned, but of the particulars they were in a great measure ignorant. At the previous meeting he therefore called upon intelligent individuals to institute investigations upon the subject, and at Bristol, a society had been formed with the view of carrying on these inquiries. The rise and fall of the tide averaged at that place from fifty to sixty feet. To facilitate such investigations, a self-registering instrument was constructed to ascertain the rate of the rise and fall of the tides; by this, the relative altitudes at different times of high water were delineated on a sheet of paper, one of which was exhibited to the meeting. By this means the fact was proved, that at one period of the year the evening tides were greater than the morning, and at other periods the morning tides were greater than the evening ones. This was a thing which could not be observed at London, because the peculiar position of that city was singular, and he believed unique in the tides of the coast. He then shewed that the great tidal wave of the Atlantic, in approaching the shores of England, divided into three columns, and that two of them met exactly at the mouth of the Thames, one of these twelve hours after the other, so that each tide was compounded of an evening and a morning tide, and in consequence there was no alteration in the daily tides of that port. With the view of prosecuting the investigation of these phenomena, application had been made to the Admiralty, to direct the Coast Guard Service to make observations on the subject; and the officers of that service had shown great alacrity and zeal in the undertaking. He had received these observations from the 7th to the 23rd of June last, but had not yet had time to examine them fully; but from a cursory glance they appeared to be of great value, and they were at present undergoing examination by direction of the Admiralty.

Professor Stevelley, of Belfast, read a paper, attempting to connect some of the most commonly known phenomena in meteorology, with well established physical principles. First, as to the nature and origin of clouds, and the consequences which, by the laws of physics, are immediately consecutive upon their formation. Secondly, how rain is originated, and the immediate consequences of its production. Thirdly, the origin of wind, in the forms of the breeze, the gale, the storm, up to the sweeping tornado. He maintained that clouds were assemblages of spherules of water, in opposition to the common hypothesis that they are vesicles, or as it were, bladders of watery films, containing moist air, having a tendency to buoy them up. One of his arguments was, that no

physical law had ever been proved to exist, that would account for the production of vesicular constituents of clouds: but the well-established laws of capillary attraction would account for the production of minute spherules of water, at pretty regular distances, in any portion of space, which have become so overloaded with vapour of water (and this indeed is nothing but steam) as to be incapable of retaining it longer; it is to be remarked that the intermediate parts are then left hygrometrically drier than before. The minute size of the cloudy spherules would alone be sufficient practically to suspend them, as even gold or platina may be so subdivided as to descend with less than any assigned velocity through the resisting air; for the weight of a sphere diminishes as the cube of its radius is diminished; but the resistance it would meet with at any assigned velocity, would only diminish as the square of the same radius. Also, as clouds are known to be highly electrical, each spherule must have its own electrical atmosphere, which by repelling the dry air all around (as pith balls repel each other), in effect increases the size of the drop, without adding any thing to its weight. The effects of the formation of clouds was then traced; one out of many was stated to be an augmentation, often to a great extent, of the electrical tension of the cloudy parts, and this was simply explained on the common electrical principles, particularly the one, that an electrified body, if diminished in bulk, had its electrical tension increased. He then showed how, on the principle of *electrical induction*, oppositely electrified clouds resulted from the near approach of two clouds to one another, but principally from the approach of masses of clouds to hills or mountains, to which they seemed to attach themselves, while their outer parts frequently sent off oppositely electrified scud or cumulus.

This brought him to the *formation of rain*, which was shewn to result from clouds charged with opposite electricities coming together, each spherule of one running to a spherule or more of the other: they suddenly coalesce by capillary attraction, form a larger sphere, and as the case may be, either descend lower in the atmosphere as heavier cloud, or if the spherules formed become as large as drops, they descend as rain, with a velocity proportioned to their size, and the height at which they had been formed. On the production of *wind*, he did not stop to trace the effect of the sun, volcanic fires, or other sources of external heat, in disturbing the atmospheric equilibrium.

The efficacy of the formation of clouds in the production of wind, and also the manner in which a fall of rain gave rise to all its various forms, were points on which he dwelt. The last thing treated of was the formation of *hail*, which he showed must be formed when, after the fall of some rain, a sudden and extensive vacuum being caused, the quantity of caloric abstracted was so large as to cause the rest of the drops to freeze into ice-balls as they formed.

This principle he said had been strangely overlooked, although, since the days of Sir John Leslie, every person was familiar with experiments on a small scale illustrative of it. He also said that the interesting mine of Chemnitz, in Hungary, afforded an experimental exhibition of the formation of hail, on a magnificent scale. In that mine, the drainage of water is raised by an engine, in which common air is violently compressed in a large cast-iron vessel. While the air is in a state of high compression, a workman desires the visitor to hold his hat before a cock which he turns; the compressed air, as it rushes out over the surface of the water within, brings out some with it, which is frozen into ice-bolts by the cold generated by the air as it expands; and these shoot through the hat, to the no small annoyance of one party, but to the infinite amusement of the other.

Such were some of the more popular and least technical subjects discussed and elucidated at the fourth meeting of the British Association held at Edinburgh. But we could do no more than merely skim over, or touch upon these; and must leave the scientific reader, after saying that the strongest expressions of approbation and admiration we have in our vocabulary are not too much in describing its greatness and growing importance as well as past achievements. The report of the third meeting has been published by the Society: that of the fourth, and of all succeeding meetings, will of course follow; which, if we are to judge from that which has been done, will take their place by the side of the most curious and valuable transactions that have ever been published by any public body.

ART. VI.—*Letters from India; including a Journey in the British Dominions of India.* By VICTOR JACQUEMONT. London: Churton, 1834.

THIS Journey has for some time excited great interest wherever the French edition was known; and now that it is in an English dress, the feeling with which it has hitherto been received will be very much extended. These letters are such, that the moment they are looked into convinces one that they will become in future the delight of the young, and the favourite of the old. There is a charm about them, which nothing but moral excellence can communicate. They rarely allude to his scientific pursuits. This is left to a future work, which will contain the fruits of his labours as a naturalist. But they are the easy, simple, and off-hand expression of a first rate intellect, as well as ardent heart, which gained friends and admirers wherever he was known. His powers of description are of the happiest kind; like every original artist, he gives a valuable character to all he delineates, generally conferring upon every picture a humorous cast of countenance, and yet thereby

communicating the most delicate instruction. Perhaps the chief value of this collection, however, will be found in the accounts which he, with the utmost freedom, gives of our Indian possessions, the effects of our government on the native population, and the future prospects of Hindostan. These features belong to this collection, as indeed may more readily be presumed, when it is known that none of the letters were meant for publication, all of them being strictly confidential, and written with the liveliness and truth of an affectionate young man, whose heart clung to his home, his family, and friends.

This translation is enhanced in value by the particulars which it communicates of the life of the interesting young naturalist, which we will, by way of introduction, run over. Victor Jacquemont was born at Paris, in 1801. His father is a philosopher of the Tracy school, and a writer, as well as man, held in the highest estimation. But the son, though led by his connexions to favour this system of ideology, was inclined to investigate facts, rather than unravel the perplexities of metaphysics. His intimacy with Baron Cuvier, which was close, must also have strengthened his love for the pursuit of natural science. He had, when very young, undertaken a voyage to Hayti, where one of his brothers was settled, and thence to the United States. In these countries, his talent for unwearied research was remarkable, and therefore it seems to have been, that the Baron took him by the hand, and secured his appointment by the Council of the Museum of Natural History, in a scientific mission to the East, the French government supplying him with means, though not very liberally, of accomplishing his object. And we are told, that the result of his labours, though not inserted in these volumes, will greatly enrich science, and go much beyond what could have been anticipated, through the efforts of any one man.

In pursuance of his mission, Jacquemont arrived in London in 1828, and through a letter of introduction from the celebrated Cuvier to Sir Alexander Johnson, one of the Vice Presidents of the Royal Asiatic Society of Literature, and Chairman of their Committee of Correspondence, he was enabled to overcome many difficulties which beset him at the very commencement of his undertaking. He was invited to attend all the meetings of the Society; to make use, whenever he pleased, of their library and their museum; and was elected one of their foreign members. He was recommended in the strongest terms to Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General of British India, to Sir John Malcolm, the Governor of Bombay, to Mr. Lushington, the Governor of Madras, and to Sir Edward Owen, the Commander-in-chief of the British Navy in the Indian Seas; besides many other influential personages and public functionaries in the East. It will be seen from his letters that his reception by all these was of the most flattering and

advantageous kind, for which the young naturalist felt the most glowing gratitude.

This leads us merely to notice the fact, that, at the period when Jacquemont prepared for his travels, there were certain opinions implicitly yielded to by the liberal politicians of France, which taught that intense selfishness characterised the policy of England in public, and the conduct of the English in private; that in India our dominion depended on the will of Russia, and would speedily be brought to a close. To these prejudices he had fully yielded, till his arrival in this country. Nor did they ever wholly disappear, though this might partly be owing to the fastidious scruples as to the object of his mission, at first entertained by the Monarchs of Leadenhall Street, who at length granted him the necessary credentials. Still he yielded slowly and gradually to the strong evidence of facts in the course of his career, and therefore his testimony as a witness in behalf of England is above suspicion.

After encountering the greatest difficulties and privations in his arduous labours, Jacquemont was attacked with that bane of Indian climes, the liver complaint. He was then at Tanna, a town and fortress in the island of Salsette, where, pursuing his researches, he imbibed under a burning sun, and in the most unhealthy season of the year, the seeds of the disease which terminated his life. He expired at Bombay on the 7th of December 1832, after lingering more than a month in intense agony, a victim to an almost Quixotic ardour in the pursuit of scientific knowledge. In person he was very tall, and had rather an awkward gait. But genius beamed from his fine countenance, and in its expression might be read the workings of his mind. He was deeply and generally lamented in India, where he had acquired many friends. At first, he seemed cold and stately in his manners, not from reflection, but from an impulse identic with his nature, which may account for the character given of him by some who casually met him, of being frigid and the least communicative of men. On the contrary, however, he was of the most affectionate and ardent nature. Among his friends he was lively to excess, entertaining in the highest degree, and full of sparkling wit.

Such are some of the particulars by which this translation is prefaced; but Jacquemont's delightful letters abound so greatly with the outpourings of the noblest and finest feelings, that no other testimony is necessary in his behalf. Our readers will blame us the moment they taste the charm of his correspondence, for keeping them so long as we have done at the threshold of instructive entertainment. As is befitting, we begin with his letters from Calcutta, although many have preceded these, written from the various parts at which he touched in his voyage from France:—

“ People do not come here to live, and enjoy life; they come—and this is the case in all states of society here—in order to gain something so:

enjoy life elsewhere. There is no such a thing as a man of leisure at Calcutta. The governor-general has the most to do; next to him the chief justice; and, after these, the advocate-general, and so on. It is almost wholly among this class of men that some are to be found whose taste for study can enable them to steal a few moments of leisure amid the duties of their station. All who are not men of highly gifted intellect soon lose their energy, and yield to disgraceful indolence. Immediately below the higher ranks, you find the most vulgar and common rabble;—yet, for a truly small number of Europeans, there are journals without number, both political and literary; there are learned societies, or societies calling themselves such, of every denomination—craniological, phrenological, horticultural, literary, medical, Wernerian, and I know not how many besides—whose members scarcely yield either in science or appetite to similar institutions in the United States. I could not hesitate between such *savans* as these and very eminent men, devoted to studies quite different from my own. Thus, as I sent you word, my first host was Mr. Pearson, advocate-general of Bengal, and the only lawyer who ever came from England with a great reputation already established. He is a man of at least your age, full of sense and good humour, and a liberal, like ourselves—which, in English, means a radical. I know not what confidence I inspire these people with, but they open their hearts to me on points about which they are afraid to speak to each other after years of acquaintance. They have the most favourable prepossessions with regard to the reason, liberality, and independence existing in the opinions of a Frenchman.

“But the man who, perhaps, does most honour to Europe in Asia, is he who governs it. Lord W. Bentinck, on the throne of the Great Mogul, thinks and acts like a Pennsylvanian Quaker. You may easily imagine that there are people who talk loudly of the dissolution of the empire and of the world's end, when they behold the temporary ruler of Asia riding on horseback, plainly dressed, and without escort, or on his way into the country with his umbrella under his arm. Like you, he has mixed in scenes of tumult and bloodshed; and, like you, he has preserved pure and unsullied that flower of humanity which the habits of a military life so often wither, leaving in its stead nothing but good-nature. Having been tried also by the most corrupting of professions, that of diplomatist, he has issued from the ordeal with the upright mind, and the simple and sincere language of a Franklin, convinced that there is no cleverness in appearing worse than one is. I have been his host *en famille* for a week in the country, and shall always remember with pleasure and emotion the long conversations I had with him in the evenings. I seemed to be talking with a friend like yourself; and when I considered the immense power of this excellent man, I rejoiced for the sake of humanity.”—vol. i. pp. 84—88.

In his first letter, which was from Brest, after leaving his family, he says to his brother, “There is a conflict within me, and that it was high time indeed, five days ago, that six o'clock should strike when you saw me to the carriage, for my feelings were nigh overcoming me.” In another letter to his father, evidently to encourage himself as well as the other, he predicts thus: “The time passes so quickly, that I already see its termination, and I expect that you will say to me in five years, when I return, ‘What! already!’

My barometers and instruments go on excellently. You will see them again in five years." It is by such sentiments and expressions, that Jacquemont winds himself more firmly round the reader's heart by every letter he writes, and every step he takes. We find not a page, at the same time, that abounds not with sage matter and fine writing. His eye is ever ready to look at the English character, which must confer on these volumes a singular value in this country. At the Cape of Good Hope in particular, during his passage to the East, he had an opportunity of judging of our colonial policy, and he begins to rise above his early prejudices respecting the haughty and selfish islanders, which most Frenchmen are taught to consider us every where to be. He says, "The colossal magnitude of the English sway is a blessing." Again, "The war which the government carries on against the slave trade, is sincere. At the Cape of Good Hope, since the British have been masters there, not a slave has been imported." And when arrived in India, his reception was so warm, even by the very highest in station, that he could not but be exceedingly flattered, and every where he freely gives expression to his gratitude, and generous interpretation of the motives of those who thus opened their arms to receive him.

Of some of Jacquemont's occupations while in Calcutta, take the following account :—

"In the midst of this mass of business, a *pundit* of Benares came every day, in town, to pass an hour in teaching me Hindoostanee. I had, during my voyage, thoroughly understood Sir William Jones's excellent Persian Grammar; this has been an useful preparative to the Hindoostanee, which, as you know, is nothing but a sort of compromise between the language of the conquerors of India and that of the conquered—a contemptible shapeless medley of Persian and Sanskrit. I regret being obliged to devote so much time to such a study; but what should I do if I were compelled to speak to people only through the medium of an interpreter? So I do not spare myself. It is a difficult study. You, of course, when at Constantinople, learned some little Turkish. You know the detestable system of writing of the Mahometan nations of Asia—a sort of short-hand; and so difficult to read, that the natives themselves can never do it readily. Then again, the whole vocabulary is entirely new to us, with the exception of some Sanskrit words which we have obtained through the medium of the Latin, the Greek, and the Gothic idiom of the Franks; add to these difficulties, that of hearing nasal sounds which scarcely differ in anything from a balked sneeze, and of forming gutturals taken second-hand from the Arabs, which require throats of rusty iron, parched with thirst, and you will have Hindoostanee. When, by hard study, you have mastered these difficulties, you have acquired after all, only a contemptible *patois* without any literature—a language of the court and courtiers, and of the guard-house, as its name imports (*urdu zabān*, the language of camps), which will be neither useful nor agreeable out of the country in which it is spoken.

"The Calcutta botanical garden is an immense and magnificent establishment, in which are cultivated a great number of the vegetables of

British India, of some neighbouring territories, and particularly those of the Nepaul, a curious country, whose heights, sending into the gulfs of Bengal and Cambaya the waters which drop from their eternal snows, nourish a vegetation very similar, in some points, to that of the Alps and the Caucasus. A Danish botanist of mediocre talents, who passes here for the first in the world, is the director of this establishment; he has certainly the best income of any *savant* in existence. Being on a two year's leave of absence, he has left the garden under the care of a member of the council, who has amicably installed me in it, in the best possible manner for working well and quickly. I have, in six weeks, been able to scrape acquaintance with the whole vegetable host of India, collected together in a small space. A very expensive and very complete botanical library, annexed to the superb habitation of the absent director, serves me as head quarters."—vol. i. pp. 89—91.

We find from his first letters from India, that he endured the change of climate at first with uncommon success, his secret being abstemiousness; but that his enterprise threatened to be completely marred through the want of liberal support from France. We will afterwards see how munificently and unexpected his finances were supplied, during certain parts of his journey. Still the government and societies at home deserve to be exposed for their injudicious parsimony. Here is more about the English and himself in Calcutta:—

“ Truly, I do not think I have a mind better constituted than any one else, but my vanity has not once suffered on account of my poverty, and I am poor, very poor. What more could I desire than I obtained—attention, kindness, and flattering marks of distinction? Nothing. My manners, which I have left natural, and have not made stiff, as it is perhaps expedient to do with the English of the common class, has had the good fortune to please. I have spoken of all things to the best of my ability, and without affectation. Some, perhaps, have liked me on that account; all have shown me attention; none have offended me. Very seldom, I think, has a Frenchman had such extensive and universally agreeable intercourse with the English. I forget that I knew the language very little:—I spoke like a Frenchman. They were infinitely pleased with my want of pretension, my genuine simplicity, and my unaffected manners. My academic dignity from London has been of no use to me, any more than my official title from Paris: and no modesty can prevent me from saying, that it is on my own personal account that every one has been kind and hospitable.

“ The character of Lord William Bentinck inspires me with a profound respect, which he no doubt perceives. He is an old soldier, abhorring war; a patriot without reserve, though son of an English duke; and, although Grand Mogul for the time being, he is an honest man after my own heart, plain and open; in short, he won my regard! And as no people are so amiable as those who love us, Lord William showed me great kindness. I have passed more than one evening with him talking politics in a retired corner of his lady's drawing room, as I do with two or three friends at Paris. I was happy to see so much power in such pure hands.”—vol. i. pp. 112, 113.

Lady William Bentinck's attentions to him affected him much. They never conversed, he says, on insignificant subjects, religion being frequently the topic, where however they disagreed, she being a strict believer, he, by his own shewing, quite the reverse. Nothing seems to have astonished him more than the salaries and pensions of the functionaries, which he often names. The Chief Justice of India ("200,000 francs a year, and 52,000 francs for life, after ten years service") is thus spoken of by the young naturalist:—

"Sir Charles Grey, that pearl of judges, is consulted by the Governor-General on the politics of the country, although his functions are purely judicial. He views India from a higher point than any other man; I have gained a great deal by frequenting his house. He has dared to give me coffee on the chess-table, and I have dared to ask his lady to sing some Italian airs, which I have heard a hundred times given by her in the finest style. It was at the hour when the whole English population of Calcutta was either asleep in bed or on a sofa, that we thus pleasantly wiled away a couple of hours. Till seven in the evening I worked like a devil, and so did he. On returning from the garden dirty and wet, I frequently found a horse bridled and saddled waiting for me, and before I washed and shaved, &c., I had half an hour's, or three quarters of an hour's gallop, every day visiting some new place, and taking a close view of the life of those singular beings, the Indians. It was a life well filled with labour, physical enjoyment, noble pleasures, and corporeal activity. It suited my health extremely well. I there learned to walk in the sun without absolutely expiring; but I dined moderately and drank only Claret, whilst the most abstemious took an ample portion of Sherry, Burgundy, Claret, Port, and Champagne, and that daily. I found Lady Grey so beautiful, although she is really not so, that it was very well done on the part of Mr. Pearson, to recal me, that I might accompany him and his family to finish the rainy season and the vacation at another seat of his near Barrackpore."—vol. i. pp. 116, 117.

Now of the young traveller's especial business and procedure:—

"In another week I shall begin this journey of six hundred leagues to the north-west. A bamboo cart, drawn by oxen, will carry my luggage. A bullock will be laden with the smallest tent in India. Your humble servant, devoted to white horses, will ride an old steed of that colour, which will cost him only a thousand francs (a good horse costs from 3,000 to 3,500 francs), at the head of his six servants; one carrying a gun, another a skin of water, a third the kitchen and pantry, another with the horse's breakfast, &c., without counting the people with the oxen.

"An English captain of infantry would have had five and twenty instead of six; namely, in addition to those I have, one for his pipe, one for the *chaise-percée*, without which no Englishman in India travels, seven or eight to pitch his tent—which would be very large, very heavy, and very comfortable—three or four cooks, a washerman, and a sweeper, &c., then a constant relay of twelve men to carry his palanquin, in which he may stretch himself when he is tired of riding on horseback. Your poor Victor, with the miserable plainness of his ambulatory establish-

ment, is going to do something new; but you know, my dear Frederick, that he has a pride of his own, and, if his poverty allows him, notwithstanding, to employ himself upon plants, stones, and animals, he will bear it easily. Besides, he travels with letters from the Governor-General of India; and this is some little satisfaction, occasionally very useful in his situation, and not possessed by many colonels at 52,000 francs, and civilians at 60,000, who formed the crowd where he was, and still will be, distinguished. I say, *will be*, for precisely at the same time as I do, Lord and Lady William Bentinck, a large part of their establishment, and several of the high officers of the government, are to set out by nearly the same route, for the extreme north-western frontier, nearly eighty leagues north of Delhi, to pass the summer, in a climate similar to that of Switzerland, and producing the same fruits. They intend visiting the various parts of their empire, in their progress. Lord William has exactly a thousand times more people than I, having six thousand servants, of all kinds; he is escorted, besides, by a regiment of infantry, one of cavalry, and the company of the body-guard. I shall see him in the month of April, in a wooden house, which he has had built, six hundred feet above the level of the sea. I myself shall be a little higher still, ten thousand feet beyond any European establishment; but in very peaceful regions. You will ask, no doubt, how a man who is so favoured a friend of the Great Mogul's as I am, can be reduced to travel at the head of six beggars on an arrant jade, without palanquin, or *chaise-percée*? Well then, it is because the present Great Mogul has introduced very rigorous, and, in this country, very unpopular measures of economy; and a sinecure, which was possible under other governments, is no longer so. If, moreover, I had some temporary mission from the Indian government, while I raised my income to 30,000 francs, for a few months, I should descend prodigiously from my social position. I should enter the ranks and be stationed at the bottom; whereas, in my native poverty, I am something apart; not classed according to money, and apt to class myself according to my own personal good and amiable qualities. By the vulgar method, that of splendid carriages, grand dinners, and extravagant houses, I should require at least a hundred and fifty thousand francs per annum to maintain the position which I occupy with my 6,000 francs, and should probably remain beneath it."—vol. i. pp. 119—121.

By the way, it may be observed that Lord William Bentinck, according to this last statement, is not always the plain quakerlike personage Jacquemont has previously described him to be in the appearance of his equipage. Here is a delightful summary of the young Frenchman's anticipations and establishment:—

"Let us now talk of dangers. I have obtained statistical accounts of the army, which inform me that the average deaths, one year with another, are one officer in thirty-one and a half in the Madras army, and one in twenty-eight in that of Bengal. It is no great matter, as you perceive. It is true, they do not lead the life of hardship which I am about to do, and they do not go in the sun, &c.; but, as a set-off, they drink a bottle or two of beer and one of wine every day, not to mention grog; and I shall drink nothing but water mixed with a little drop of European or native brandy. I possess one of the best syringes in India; but I conceal it, as my moral reputation would suffer. It is for want of *lavemens*, that

the English for the most part die. I have, moreover, an ample provision of quinine against intermittent fevers, and all that is necessary against cholera, which is very rare where I am going. The tigers seldom say any thing to those who do not speak to them—bears the same. The most formidable animal is the elephant, but he is excessively scarce in the countries through which I shall pass. After all, I am resolved never to speak to these animals except to whisper in their ear, and never to fire but when sure of hitting. When on horseback, I shall always have a brace of pistols at hand; and my *syce*, or groom, who follows me, running on foot for six hundred leagues, at the rate of six, seven, or eight leagues a day, and my grass-cutter, are always at my heels like shadows—one with my carbine, the other with my gun. All this makes five bales, weighing together a quarter of a hundred. Some robbers or brigands have certainly appeared in that direction, but they have the stupidity to rob only their brethren, the natives, whom they kill without mercy, for a few rupees; but I have never been able to discover a single instance of a European being killed by them. The people here are dreadful cowards, and the English impatient. In this respect I have been obliged to adopt their disagreeable manner. The domestic service is so divided, and each servant does so little, except the special object of his engagement, that an almost military exactness is required of him, by means of severity equally military; which is indeed natural enough. I have one man who has nothing else to do but bring me water. I shall want him on my journey, because, although there are two men attached to my cavalry (the aforesaid jade), she would die of thirst if it were not for the water-carrier. The man who cuts the grass for her food, and he who dresses and saddles her, cannot draw water at a tank. True, I give my waterer, who also gives me drink, only ten francs a month, but when I find this man; who has almost nothing in the world to do, negligent in his office, you may imagine what a kick I am inclined to bestow upon him: and so of the rest. Would you believe that I have but two plates, yet I must have a man to wash them on my journey? So if they are not clean, woe to him! By an unusual artifice, I have accumulated on a single head the attributes of cook and waiter at table. At table! As if I were going to have a table! An English ensign, when on a march, has one in his tent, as well as chairs: for my part I shall eat kneeling or standing.”—vol. i. pp. 121—123.

The passport furnished by Lord William Bentinck worked like magic in facilitating Jacquemont's progress, and made him master of all the sweets of absolute power. We cannot do better than string together certain passages in his account of his journey, almost without remark of any kind:—

“The collections of all kinds, which I go on making on the road, require care, in which I must be seconded by several servants; but this species of service is not included in any of the preceding. So when I told my water-carrier to put his water-skin into one of the cars in the day-time, and walk near me with my portfolio under his arm, to dry plants, he said that it was not his business, and that too in a very impertinent tone. I did not hesitate to give him a hearty kick immediately, otherwise another would have told me that it was not his place to carry my gun; another refused to carry my hammer, and so on. I take good care

not to order any thing forbidden by their religious laws; with this exception, I exact imperiously, in addition to his own special occupation, every service that each can render. I hope that the majority will have time to grow accustomed to this little revolution before we arrive at Benares, and that I shall have but few vacancies to supply in that city. I was afraid, on leaving Calcutta, that I should soon be forsaken on the road by persons paid in advance; but not one has thought of doing so. Henceforth, with my escort, they will not dare. Moreover, at this moment I am in their debt.

"I harden myself against cold as well as heat. I have, it is true, covered my whole body with flannel, but over it I wear only linen or cotton, as in summer at Calcutta. Tired of constantly pulling off my stockings to cross torrents, I do not put them on, except at night to sleep in. Over my day-clothes I put on also at night, when I go to bed, a second flannel waistcoat, very thick and very ample, which I keep on in the morning on the march, till the sun renders it oppressive; but the wind is sometimes so piercing, that I do not throw it off. My Pondicherry hat, made of date leaves, and covered with black silk, is more brilliant than ever. In the morning I pull it like a cap over my ears, and find it very warm. It takes every shape that I wish; it is an admirable invention of mine, light, water-proof, firm, &c."—vol. i. pp. 160, 161.

It would be well that our countrymen were as temperate as our traveller was in India:—

"I journey more on foot than on horseback, and being turned out of my road by a thousand objects, I travel every day double the distance that my heavy baggage does. In these reconnoiterings I am neither unarmed nor alone. I have made of four of my men, who are more active than the rest, a vanguard, which follows me like my shadow. Meanwhile, I every day feel myself full of new strength. No Englishman ever thought of living as I do, and it is for this reason that those are dead who attempted to expose themselves to the same physical influences. They laugh at my milk, my *eau sucrée*, my two meals separated by a mean interval of thirteen hours, and my abstinence from spirituous liquors: they would cross themselves (were they not heretics, and call the holy sign of the cross superstitious) if they knew that, notwithstanding all my abstinence, I am often obliged, in order to avoid gastro-enteritis to—(Well! how shall I say it?) In short, you understand me, I am not, like them, afflicted with hydrophobia; and I, in my turn, laugh when they are buried, pickled in champagne, or preserved in brandy and mercury, which their doctors give them by the half pound."—vol. i. p. 173.

He very often recurs to the mode of his reception and treatment in the city of palaces, or as he calls it, of large houses:—

"How different, my dear cousin, from the life I led at Calcutta, where I spent the leisure which study left me, in noble and serious pleasures—the most exquisite of European civilization. I have talked politics, with my democratic opinions; I have talked of religion when I have been provoked to it, with my scepticism and incredulity; I have talked of all things, in short, according to the truth of my heart, and the errors of my judgment. I had the happiness to please all that I met of those people whose distinction made me desire their esteem and good will.

"Now in the desert, I cannot recal those days without emotion. Whatever may happen to me in this country, there are men in it in whose friendship I am sure not to die; it follows and protects me powerfully in my long pilgrimage. The major-general of the army, a man from whom I parted with a swelling heart and tearful eye, and who felt for me the same sympathy which drew me towards him, has given me numerous letters of introduction (twenty-four) for such of his friends or brother officers as may be stationed on my proposed route. Every one at Calcutta contributed to increase my packet: Lord W. Bentinck made the magnificent addition to it of nine private letters. He gave me beforehand a passport in an unusual form, but so protecting, so friendly, that it undoubtedly rendered his personal recommendations useless, and I experience considerable embarrassment in showing it: for it is a formal summons made by the Governor-General, to all officers in India, civil and military, to afford me the best quarters on my arrival at their residence. They would not have done as much for any Englishman. It was the same in London. There is certainly some national pride in this profusion of kindness to a foreigner, but it is of a noble kind; I enjoy it as an individual and a Frenchman."—vol. i. pp. 175, 176.

Who would not be a traveller in the remotest parts? This is part of a letter to the naturalist's father:—

"Delhi! Delhi is the most hospitable part of India. Do you know what had well nigh happened to me this morning? I was near being made *the light of the world*, or *the wisdom of the state*, or *the ornament of the country*, &c.; but fortunately I got off with the fear only. The explanation is as follows: you will laugh. The Great Mogul, Shah Mohammed Acbar Rhize Badshah, to whom the political resident had addressed a petition to present me to his majesty, very graciously held a *darbar* (a court) in order to receive me. Being conducted to the audience by the resident, with tolerable pomp, a regiment of infantry, a strong escort of cavalry, an army of domestics and ushers, the whole completed by a troop of richly caparisoned elephants, I presented my respects to the emperor, who was pleased to confer on me a *khelat* or dress of honour, which was put on with great ceremony, under the inspection of the prime minister; and, accoutred like Taddeo in Kaimakan, (if you recollect the *Italiana* in Algieri,) I re-appeared at court. The emperor then (mark, if you please, that he is descended in a direct line from Timour or Tamerlane) with his imperial hands fastened a couple of jewelled ornaments to my hat (a white one), previously disguised into a turban by his vizier; I kept my countenance excellently well during this imperial farce, seeing there was no looking-glasses in the throne room, and that I could only see in my masquerade my long legs in black pantaloons appearing from under my Turkish dressing-gown. The emperor inquired if there was a king in France, and if English was spoken there. He had never seen a Frenchman, except General Perron, formerly his guard, when he was made prisoner by the Mahrattas; and he appeared to pay infinite attention to the droll figure I cut, with my five feet eight inches of stature without much thickness, my long hair, spectacles, and my oriental costume over my black dress. In half an hour he dismissed his court, and I retired in procession with the resident. The drums beat in the fields, as I passed before the troops with my dressing-gown of worked

muslin. Why were you not present to enjoy the honours conferred upon your progeny?

"Of course I found Shah Mohammed Acbar Rhize Badshah, a venerable old man, and the most adorable of princes. But, jesting apart, he has a fine face, a fine white beard, and the expression of a man who has been long unhappy. The English have left him all the honours of the throne, and console him with an annual pension of four million francs for the loss of power. Do not tell this to my friends, the local character gentry, and you will see them discover at the carnival in 1833 or 34, that my oriental disguise is very badly imitated; then I will tell them what their so-called badly imitated dress really is. The resident translated Victor Jacquemont, travelling naturalist, &c., &c., *Mister Jakmont, saheb bahadur*; which signifies, M. Jacquemont, lord victorious in war: it was thus the grand master of the ceremonies proclaimed me."—vol. i. pp. 189—191.

Our *Lord victorious in War*, resumes his perambulatory life in the country of the Sekhs. We take him up when he comes to speak of that queer and cunning old fellow Runjeet-Sing:—

"This latter disciplines his little army in the European fashion, and almost all his officers are Frenchmen. Their chief is one M. Allard, of whom a great deal of good is said on this side the Sutledge. A month ago, three young French officers, one of whom is a younger brother of M. Allard, passed through this place on their way from Calcutta to enter Runjeet-Sing's service. Not only did the local government allow them free passage, but they also received many attentions on their long journey. Lord William Bentinck regrets that the Russians were blockheads enough not to take Constantinople; and, though they were to occupy the whole of the Turkish empire, he would not feel himself in less security at Calcutta, or even at Delhi or Semla, then he does at present.

"In order to maintain his little army (from thirty to forty thousand men) on an European footing, Runjeet-Sing is obliged to grind his country with imposts, which are ruining it. Several of his provinces are calling for the English; and I do not doubt that some day or other (but not for some years) the Company will extend the limits of its empire from the Sutledge to the Indus. It is not a hundred years since the Punjab was dismembered from it, after the invasion of Nadir Shah, and it naturally forms a part of it: the religion is nearly the same, the language also scarcely differs; and the course of the seasons is the same. But the English will make this conquest only at the last extremity. All that they have added to their territory for the last fifty years beyond Bengal and Bahar, beyond the empire which Colonel Clive had formed, has only diminished their revenues. Not one of the acquired provinces pays the expenses of its government and military occupation. The Madras presidency, taken in the lump, is annually deficient; Bombay is still further from covering its expenses. It is the revenue of Bengal and Bahar, principally of the former, which, after making up the deficiency of the north-west provinces, recently annexed to the presidency of Calcutta, Bundelcund, Agra, Delhi, &c., sets the finances of the two secondary states afloat. In France, we consider a hypocritical farce the excuse of *necessity* alleged by the English for the prodigious aggrandisement of their Asiatic dominions: nothing, however, is more true; and

certainly no European Government was ever more faithful to its engagements than that of the Company."—vol. i. pp. 232, 233.

This reference to the English sway, leads us to extract a little more of what he elsewhere says as to its continuance :

"Supposing, what will not take place, that the direct government of the king should succeed that of the Company in India, this change would not cause the slightest shock in Asia. Our father appears to be uneasy about the attitude of Mahrattas and Afghans, &c. &c. (and other canaille who are not worth a kick ——), in this crisis. Let him know, then, that the sixty millions of Indians about whom he was so much alarmed, are ignorant of the difference between the king of *Valaïte* (Europe altogether, England, America, &c. &c., for they are no geographers) and the Company. This subtle distinction is understood only, and but indifferently too, by the superior (mercantile) classes at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. But the peasant who ploughs, the mechanic who works, and the seapoy who mounts guard, have not the slightest idea of it. The ideas entertained in France about this country are absurd. The governing talents (St. Simon and his crew of the *Producteur* have no doubt manufactured a better word to express this idea) of the English are immense; ours, on the contrary, are very mediocre; and we believe the former to be embarrassed when we see them in circumstances in which our awkwardness would be completely at a stand still. Our father also regrets that I have not brought with me all the papers, which might assist in verifying my character as a Frenchman; as if it was by papers, truly, that it could be proved to people among whom, in his idea, it might be useful to me! as if they could read the Roman letters! as if they understood a single word of a single European language! Let him take courage; he may live till he is a hundred before he learns that a general massacre of the English has taken place in India. The cold redoubles, my dear Porphyre, and I should never get warm in bed if I delayed any longer getting into it. I embrace you."—vol. i, p. 269, 270.

After traversing some of the highest of the Himalaya Mountains, and carrying his researches twice into the Chinese territory, he returned to Delhi and from thence proceeded to Lahore, where, contrary to his first expectations, Runjeet-Sing greatly enlarges his finances. We must take leave of the first volume, with long extracts respecting the old fox :—

"I have several times spent a couple of hours in conversing with Runjeet '*de omni re scribili et quibusdam aliis.*' His conversation is like a nightmare. He is almost the first *inquisitive* Indian I have seen; and his curiosity balances the apathy of the whole of his nation. He has asked a hundred thousand questions to me, about India, the British, Europe, Bonaparte, this world in general and the next, hell, paradise, the soul, God, the devil, and a myriad of others of the same kind. He is like all people of rank in the East, an imaginary invalid; and as he has a numerous collection of the greatest beauties of Cashmere, and the means of paying for a better dinner than any one else in this country, he is generally annoyed that he cannot drink like a fish without being drunk, or eat like an elephant and escape a surfeit. Women now please him no more than the flowers of his parterre, and for a good reason—and this is the

cruelest of his afflictions. He had the decency to call the function which he complains of being weak, a digestive one. But I knew what *stomach* meant at Lahore, when in the king's mouth; and we conversed minutely about his complaint, but the words were well wrapped up on either side. To prove how much reason he had to complain, the old *roué*, the day before yesterday, in full court, that is in the open field, on a fine Persian carpet, on which we were seated, surrounded by some thousands of soldiers, sent for five young girls of his seraglio, whom he made to sit down before me, and concerning whom he smilingly asked my opinion. I had the candour to say that I thought them very pretty, which was not a tenth part of what I thought of them. He made them sing, *mezza voce*, a little Seikh air, which their pretty faces made me think agreeable; and told me that he had a whole regiment of them, whom sometimes he ordered to mount on horseback for his amusement; and he promised to afford me an opportunity of seeing them."—vol. i, pp. 395—397.

"To-day I had my audience of leave of Runjeet-Sing, to which I was conducted by M. Allard. I spent, for the last time, a couple of hours in conversing with that extraordinary man. He gave me the *khelat* or dress of honour, and that too of the most distinguished kind: it cost five thousand rupees, or twelve thousand francs. It consists of a pair of magnificent Cashmere shawls, *lie de vin*; two other less beautiful Cashmere shawls, and seven pieces of silk stuff or muslin, the latter of extraordinary beauty: eleven articles in all, which number is the most honourable. Add to this, an ornament, according to the fashion of the country, of badly-cut precious stones.

"And, in addition to the value of this present, a purse of eleven hundred rupees; which, together with the sums before received, make two thousand four hundred, which is more than a year's salary from the Jardin.

"Nor is this all. The king is going to give me some people to take care of me; horse and foot soldiers to watch over my safety; one of his secretaries, in order that I may send letters to him occasionally; camels to carry my tents and all my baggage to the foot of the mountains; and, lastly, carriers to do it, when the beasts of burthen can advance no further. Lastly—for there will be *lastlys* till to-morrow,—at the salt mines, where I shall arrive in ten days, I shall receive a purse of five hundred rupees, and at Cashmere, one of two thousand.

"Lastly, to conclude; if any thing takes my fancy at Cashmere, the king has recommended me to inform him of it, in order that he may satisfy my desire."—vol. i, pp. 403, 404.

Victor Jacquemont is at a loss to understand why it is that every person he has met with, be he English or Asiatic, is partial and kind to him. And yet it does not seem that he ever laid aside his natural manners or established opinions. Indeed this must account for the universal esteem in which he was held. He thus writes to a friend in Paris from the banks of the Hydaspes, on his approach to Cashmere:—

"How many things I have to tell you, my dear friend: first, about myself—*primo mihi*,—then about your own people, whose heroism, patriotism, and immortal glory the English papers and the *Constitutionnel* have related to me. The month of July, 1830, has completely relieved us from the

contemptible character which our nation—*le grande nation*—was rapidly assuming in the eyes of others. It is very fortunate for me that I am among the Sheiks and the Afghans, for if I had remained longer on the other side of the Sutledge, where they reign, the English would have surfeited me with dinners. I was, to tell you the truth, prodigiously in fashion amongst them, before the great *amende honorable* of the 28th of July, but since then I have been quite the rage; and I was the only animal of my species—that is to say, the only French gentleman whom they could get hold of; I was bound to pay for the whole nation, of which I was the sole representative. I was obliged to eat like an ogre, drink like a fish, talk like an advocate, and make speeches, in season, out of season, and in all seasons:—*Gentlemen, the deep emotion which I feel, &c. &c.*: then comes, the *inadequacy* of your very humble servant *to do justice to such an eloquent, &c. &c.*—But, thank God, as I have not an alderman's stomach, I am released, till my return to Semla, in six months, where I shall begin again, with renewed vigour. In the meantime, I am picking up plants and stones in the Pentrapotamis—which appears to me infinitely more classical than the Punjab—and am going to Cashmere, where I shall spend the whole summer in these innocent occupations. Runjeet-Sing, the king of Lahore, has had the good sense to fall in love with me, on honourable terms, however—a circumstance to be remarked; for when these Seikh gentlemen are in love, it is in general not in a very virtuous manner. He proclaims me the wisest of feringhee lords—a demi-god: he overwhelms me with the most flattering attentions—surrounds me during my journey with the most complete protection—provides for all my wants, camels, mules, carriers, breakfasts, dinners—and, not satisfied with this, he sometimes sends me monstrous bags of money, which is considered in this country as the greatest politeness.”—vol. ii. pp. 14, 15.

He had at this time a long beard—a red one; but in other respects he retained the European dress. The dogs, however, barked at him, and the children paid him back, with interest, the vexation which he inflicted some twenty years ago on the poor Turks who happened to come to Paris. Nevertheless, he moved about with an atmosphere of servants and horsemen, who preserved him from very troublesome annoyances. He must have laboured incessantly at one thing or another; for he goes on, for instance, to say of one day, that he had written fifty-four pages, after galloping three hours to get through a stage, and had still a long evening left. He begins, however, to encounter many obstacles and vexations. Not only is the weather, the climate, and the nature of the country against him, but the farther he goes from European influence, after leaving the parts immediately under the dominion of Runjeet-Sing, then want of attention to his necessities, of respect and protection, increases, and this too by a rapidly ascending ratio. He falls into the hands of a large body of banditti, but extricates himself with marvellous presence of mind and coolness. And then he boldly declares, that “one must have travelled in the Punjab to know what an immense benefit the English dominion in India is, and what miseries it spares eighty millions of souls.” As soon as he arrived at Cashmere, prosperity again shone upon him, through his mani-

acent friend Runjeet-Sing, though he declares that the country is a land of beggars, scoundrels, and bandits; nothing being so common as for them to kill a man in order to rob him of an old pair of breeches.

“The day I arrived here, the 8th, the govenor sent me as a nuzzer, ten sheep, forty fowls, two hundred eggs, several sacks of barley, rice, flour, sugar, some native brandy distilled from the wine which they make, and which resembles a mixture of bad *anissette* and bad *kirschen-wasser*, &c. All this I distributed to my suite; but the king has just sent a new order, that my table is to be constantly provided at his expense, a favour which I only act upon for form's sake, but which is essential for form's sake. I should almost fare well had I but bread and wine; but my old Semla port, so much admired by the English, is stronger than brandy, and I keep it for cold and rainy days, in the mountains. I am very well; the colour of my hands disagrees with that of my arms, but I look well. At Delhi, I allowed myself the luxury of a looking-glass, and I look at myself every month. Nevertheless I am frightfully thin.

“Know that I have never seen any where such hideous witches as in Cashmere. The female race is remarkably ugly. I speak of women of the common ranks—those one sees in the streets and fields—since those of a more elevated station pass all their lives shut up, and are never seen. It is true that all little girls who promise to turn out pretty, are sold at eight years of age, and carried off into the Punjab and India. Their parents sell them at from twenty to three hundred franks—most commonly fifty or sixty. All female servants in the Punjab are slaves; and, in spite of the exertions of the English to abolish the custom, it nevertheless prevails also in the north of India. They are treated tolerably well, and their condition is hardly worse than that of their mistresses in the harem. The wives of the old king of Cabul, whom I saw at Loodheana, Shah Shoudjah el Molauk, are driven with great kicks by their guardian eunuchs: their servants are certainly less ill-used.

“Every day, innumerable bands of girls present themselves at my garden gate. An Asiatic nobleman in my place would always have forty of them singing and dancing around him; but I preserve my European character entire in my manners as in my costume; it inspires respect.”—vol. ii. pp. 64, 65, 66.

After allowing our traveller another opportunity to speak in our Journal, from Cashmere, we must make very summary work with the remainder of these letters, even although they may increase in point of value. The following extract commences with a reference to the bandit into whose hands he fell on his approach to Cashmere.

“It was very lucky for me that I met a scoundrel bold enough to stop me and extort money from me. The prompt example which Runjeet has made of this bandit, who was no less than governor of a royal fortress, has produced a most useful moral effect for my safety in this country. Every one now perceives the danger of an unbridled passion for my rupees. There were three hundred in my box when I left Loodheana; and now I have five thousand. I boast of this as I should of playing a game at chess well, and winning it, on account of the difficulty overcome. There was a great, an immense one, I assure you, in my not being nailed, as it were,

to the shores of India, where the vessel in which I came landed me. I sometimes reflect with real pleasure on the wisdom and prudence of my commencement. I began modestly with having only one servant; then two; then a palanquin; then six other valets, and a horse. I set out from Calcutta with a single bad tent; no chair nor table; and by degrees I have increased my household up to forty servants, (without mentioning my thirty rowers,) three tents, two horses, and all the rest in proportion. And yet there is as much prudence in my actual establishment, and the same proportion between what I have and what I ought to have, as there was in my wretched outfit between Calcutta and Benares. When I return to India, whether I enter it by Loodheeana or descend the mountains from Semla, what a difference between the reception which awaits me there and the profound solitude of my situation at the commencement of my journey! There is now on the other side of the Sutledge an enormous mass of kindness, which even in my absence exhibits itself in a thousand ingenious ways. This flatters me much, I will confess; for, being neither a duke nor a *millionnaire*, and falling as it were from the clouds among the people who at present show this extreme consideration and truly friendly kindness towards me, I owe it all to myself—I am the real architect of my fortunes; I do not allude to the five thousand rupees in my strong box, but to the honourable reputation I enjoy with every one.”—vol. ii. pp. 73, 74.

Jacquemont carried his researches into the desert mountains which divide Cashmere from Tibet, and after many windings and divergences returned again to Delhi. His joy was great on finding himself once more among the British; and it was manifestly his desire as well as his opinion, which he strongly expresses, that British power might never perish in India. Of physical strength, he says, they will always have more than can be brought against them, on the Sutledge or on the Indos, but that their material force is at present moral. With regret we must hasten to a close of this article, without attempting any thing like a notice of the various topics or places which our traveller touches in the course of the latter part of his journey. But who does not lament the premature death of one who so playfully and confidingly penned what we now extract, addressed to a brother?

“Oh! how delightful will it be to find ourselves together again after so many years of absence, and to me of solitude. What a delight to dine all three, or rather all four of us, at our small round table, with lights; to eat soup and drink French red wine, and to rise from table only to go into your room or my father's, leaving the others to seek their pleasure out of the house, and we remaining in ours to relate our mutual adventures during our separation! I shall have dined alone and drunk water for such a length of time! What a pleasure to live in a house after so many years spent in the open air, or under a light canvass tent, admitting the rain, the wind, and the burning sun-beams! What a happiness to sleep upon a mattress! A tear starts into my eye as I think of all those joys. If I recollect right, my dear friend, the last time we embraced each other we shed no tears, and it was all the better that we did not; but the next time we have that happiness, we will allow nature to ~~renew~~ her way; she can procure us nothing but enjoyment. And my father, how happy he will be!

especially if we are all three with him. What a tour I shall have made ! London, Philadelphia, Hayti. I have seen more of America than Frederic, who scarcely quitted New York during the two years he spent in the United States. The Niagara, a forest at the Brazil, the boreal winter of the United States, the peak of Teneriffe, Mont Blanc, all the lakes of the Alps, the Mediterranean, the table mountain of the Cape of Africa, a hurricane at Bourbon, the Ganges at Benares, Delhi and the Great Mogul, the source of the Jumna, one of the sources of the Indus, the Lamas, the Chinese ; in short, Cashmere and the highest mountains in the world ! During so many years, a life so essentially different, both in feeling and existence, to that which I thought myself born to, and to which I shall return after immense travels by sea and land ; the constant habit and complete knowledge of foreign languages !—Heavens ! Porphyre, when we are re-united in your little apartment, how extraordinary will all that appear to me ! I shall almost doubt my own identity.

“ Listen to me, my dear friend ; you are getting old, and besides, you have remained too poor to think of matrimony, which without some fortune is but a sorry thing. I, too, shall be none of the youngest when I return, and shall most probably be one of the poorest ; the probabilities, therefore, are that we shall remain bachelors. Well ! we must do our best to live together. In our old age we will take our walks together, play our game of backgammon together, and together we will now and then indulge ourselves in going to hear some good music. It would be much better if one of us could find a rich and good wife, who would become the sister of the other. We shall see ! After all, why should it not be so ? Adieu, my good brother. It is a matter of course that this foolish effusion is only for yourself and my father.”—vol. ii. pp. 311—313.

Who does not sob and say, on reading our last extract, Poor fellow ! Several months afterwards he wrote as follows, from Bombay ; it was his last letter, and also to his brother.

“ The cruellest pang, my dear Porphyre, for those we love, is, that when dying in a far distant land, they imagine that in the last hours of our existence we are deserted and unnoticed. My dear friend, you will no doubt reap some consolation from the assurance I give you that I have never ceased being the object of the kindest and most affectionate solicitude of a number of good and amiable men. They continually come to see me, anticipating even my sick-bed caprices and whims. Mr. Nicol especially, Mr. John Bar, one of the members of the government, Mr. Goodfellow, an old colonel of engineers, and Major Mountain, a very amiable young officer, and many others whose names I do not mention.

“ Fortunately the illness is drawing to a close, which may not be fatal, although it will probably be so.

“ The abscess, or abscesses, formed from the beginning of the attack in my liver, and which recently appeared likely to dissolve by absorption, appear now to rise upwards, and will soon open outwardly. It is all I wish for, to get quickly out of the miserable state in which I have been languishing for the last month, between life and death. You see that my ideas are perfectly clear ; they have been but very rarely, and very transiently, confused, during some violent paroxysms of pain at the commencement of my illness. I have generally reckoned upon the worst, and that has never rendered my thoughts gloomy. My end, if it is now approaching, is

mild and tranquil. If you were here, seated at my bed-side, with my father and Frederic, my heart would burst with grief, and I should not be able to contemplate my approaching death with the same fortitude and serenity—console yourself—console my father—console yourselves mutually, my dear friends.

“I feel quite exhausted by this effort to write, and must bid you adieu! Farewell! oh how much you are all beloved by your poor Victor! Farewell for the last time!

“Stretched out upon my back, I can only write with a pencil. For fear that these lines may be effaced, the excellent Mr. Nicol will copy this letter in writing, in order that I may be sure you will read my last thoughts.

“VICTOR JACQUEMONT.”

“I have been able to sign what the admirable Mr. Nicol has had the kindness to copy. Once more, farewell, my friends!”—vol. ii. pp. 356—358.

And thus it is with mortal man: his life is but as a vapour: and the place which he once knew knows him no more for ever. There can be no occasion to say a word, after these abundant extracts, either of their author or of the interest they necessarily create. It has been with much delight and entertainment that we have perused them, yet never without emotion, for the thought of his brief career came ever over our spirit. Amongst our lamentations, which Victor Jacquemont's early death has raised within us, the least is not, that we have seen nothing like the consolations of religion affording him support, either in his arduous researches, or at the close of his interesting life.

ART. VII.—*The Literary Life and Miscellanies of John Galt.* 3 vols. small 8vo. Edinburgh: Blackwood; London: Cadell. 1834.

At this time of day we can have no purpose of entering into a critical review of all or any of Mr. Galt's literary works. Neither do we wish to take any thing like a detailed or full account of the vicissitudes of his life, which in his autobiography have been laid before the public. Our only purpose is to make use of this opportunity to express a few opinions, rather of a general character, not only as respects the subject of these volumes, but other men of active minds and popular acquirements.

Our first observation is, that John Galt is a man of wondrous activity. Nothing more is necessary to prove this, than to mention what his age is (fifty-five), and the number and the variety of his literary works, which, according to the long list given, and, indeed, according to our own recollections, may be in round numbers estimated at a hundred volumes. Just think of one man's pen filling an acre or so of paper, were it with nothing but copying lawyers' briefs! We used to marvel much in our young days at the sight of some dozen of huge folio volumes which the fathers of the church, or the scholastic divines of former centuries, frequently filled, and could

scarcely credit that one small head could hold so much. But after John Galt, Walter Scott, Robert Southey, and John Wilson, none need open his mouth in astonishment even at what the longest-lived and drudging monk has done, who had nothing else to do but to live and to write; for these, while but middle-aged men and active citizens of the world, have accomplished far more.

The truth is, there are minds the more they do the more they can do; or it may be put thus—there are men whose genius may be characterized as that of miraculous activity, and who must die if they are not allowed scope. Allowed scope?—ridiculous! They create scope, opportunity, and materials, and there they work. Such persons generally are celebrated rather for the variety of work which they do well, than for the magnitude, the splendour, and originality of any one thing. And indeed, to expect to the contrary would be to look for impossibilities and contradictions. Lord Brougham, for instance, is one of the greatest and most various workers that England ever possessed; and though not the first in any one department, he is close upon the heels of the masters. And in other fields John Galt occupies a similar position; for whether we measure the number or variety of his works, or count the number of his years, he deserves and has gained a great and lasting name.

This leads us to observe next, that a man's age is not to be estimated by the number of years he has spent on earth, but by the amount of life that there has been in those years. It is a safer and truer standard, to take the doings rather than the days. It is said of some that they live every hour of their years; of others, that they only vegetate. John Galt belongs to the former class, and even after infirmity has laid prostrate many of his bodily powers, his spirit is unquenched and restless. We remember when last we saw him, which is years ago, to have said he was old; we meant not in years. There was care, and long-intensely bent thought upon his visage; his gait, the manner in which his hand grasped itself, as he drove along the pavement, was every thing but the ways of a reposing man: and though we have only heard of him of late, the work before us is proof sufficient, that at least his is not even now a recumbent or listless mind.

The unprofitable, and frequently disastrous consequences of a literary life, is an old topic for trite remark. This worn-out sort of sagacity may be said to prove its truth by the very age and universality of its use. The irritability of literary genius is also an old subject for sage remark, as also is the comforting doctrine which teaches, that he who is sensitively alive to pain and disappointment, is equally so to pleasure and fame. We mean not to oppose or farther touch these established pieces of wisdom. But literature has not alone been John Galt's employment; nay, it has not even ever been the principal subject of his study, if we are to believe himself,

who must best know the truth of the matter. His exertions, his services in Canada, were not only great, but have left permanent benefits; whilst his disappointments, anxieties, and ill-usage occasioned by the treatment of certain parties connected with that quarter of the globe, have been, we believe, much more severe and heart-breaking than what followed any brace of his literary projects and works.

It is our opinion, indeed, that John Galt has obtained a fair and not inadequate reward for his literary talent and labours, especially if we form a standard out of the general recompense afforded authors of note and ability. According to our judgment, he has never written a better than second-rate books; though we have ever found, in what we considered his worst pieces, something of his best self, and something which carried us through the whole, at the same time leaving instruction fresh and precise upon our minds. And this is saying a great deal, when we consider the catalogue of his writings. Indeed, his mind is such, that it cannot give out any thing belonging to it; which partakes not of its original nature. Strong, and what is called *rough* good sense, is ever there; familiar but most expressive thoughts find similar illustrations most readily with him, which we presume could not have been improved by long study. Therefore, we cannot agree with those who say, he has covered too much canvass with his pictures: that had he studied more and written less, we should have had fewer vacancies, and caricatures, and forbidding distortions, whilst the living and original portraits would have been as numerous, and more densely arranged. No, had John Galt written less, he would just have presented the fewer good things, whilst his hand might have grown stiff from the want of practice. He is, besides, strictly a moral as well as remarkably entertaining writer: and, in both of these respects, benefit is not so much produced by exquisite and perfected morsels, as by the frequent application and reception of tolerably good new matter.

Take, for example, the number and variety of pieces in the volumes now before us, and we might probably say with safety, that of themselves they could not have secured any thing like a name for any man, in the literary world. Yet, every piece is good, and entertaining, although we dare to say, all of them cost him the least possible study and toil that such efforts can require. There must, indeed, be not a little to praise in them, when we consider that so soon after his Autobiography the world can bear, nay, relish, another work greatly employed in speaking of himself. It may be said, John Galt has been heretofore a favourite, and that this bears him through, in spite of his occasional feebleness. But what is this but telling us that he has established himself in the high estimation of the world, which station he could not have attained but through his writings having been, as a whole, remarkably good? Who then

would wish to have them curtailed? and who would not have him continue to write so long as he is John Galt?

These few common-place observations we have thrown hurriedly together, more because we wish to take this opportunity of recording our sentiments respecting the man than the author. For he who wrote the *Annals of the Parish* has long been the object of our kindest feelings and elevated respect; and every new work that lately has come from his hands is sure to have all our partialities enlisted in its behalf before we open it. On this occasion we shall only farther select a few passages at random from the second volume of the present publication, not because they are the best, (for after such we have not sought), but because they exhibit John Galt.

“A man is very apt to estimate the value of what he has done, by the attention which he himself may have bestowed on it. On the subject of Colonization I may have fallen into this error, for undoubtedly, though my system requires but a small space for explanation, it has, in upwards of five-and-twenty years, occasioned to me more reflection than any of my literary productions: indeed, than all my other works put together. I therefore entreat indulgence while I offer it to public consideration.

“During the late war, my attention was somehow drawn to the great armies then a-foot, and a kind of wonderment was awakened as to what would be the effect on society, when such vast masses were broken up. They consisted of men in the prime of life, bred up in predatory habits and reckless pursuits. Peace seemed as fraught with perils as the continuance of war; and yet war could not ever be continued, though mankind almost seemed to consider it as the natural and necessary state of society.

“This train of thought, with the objects around me, and the ruins among which, at that time, I was comparatively a solitary wanderer, being months together without using my mother tongue, caused me to see a utility in the magnificent follies of the ancients—something which made them venerable as monuments of a blind political wisdom. Pyramids, walls of China, and Babylonian towers, became hallowed as expedients of great statesmen, to employ the population of nations in periods of tranquillity, and they thenceforth, for ever in my mind, ceased to be regarded as the prodigalities of ostentatious kings.

“When I had satisfied myself that the mighty labours of ancient ages served a public purpose, and that those works to which we apply derogatory epithets were the result of benevolent instincts, I became persuaded, that in the commercial and manufacturing systems, subsequently developed, there was a field opened for the employment of men in addition to the profession of arms, by which the necessity of raising ‘wonders’ was superseded.

“In this stage of things, I found the world of Columbus had been discovered; and as the tide of mankind was evidently flowing westward, I inferred from that tendency, that a region, in which there would only prevail a mitigated spirit of war, was opened, by its comparative solitude, for the reception of the superabundant population of the old world, in which, by the growth of Christian principles, a race was growing up inclined to sedateness and peace. In a word, I considered the discovery of America as equivalent to the creation of another continent, purposely to relieve the oppressed of the old, and to afford an asylum to those who were inclined

to the moderation of that way of life which derives its comforts from other employments than the glories of our hemisphere.

“After the battle of Waterloo, the Armageddon of the old world, the result I apprehended took place. Peace brought calamities, in so much that even statesmen openly confessed that the ‘revulsion’ puzzled their science. It was then that my suspicion of the existence of a superabundant population in this country was confirmed to myself; but it was only a theoretical opinion. I had no facts from which to draw my conclusion, but I was not the less confident that the inference was sound, even while I saw around me men busy in devising contrivances to palliate the effects of the poor laws, as if by them the evil could be removed.

“In this crisis, being agent for the sufferers in the late American war in Upper Canada, my attention was drawn to the Crown reserves in that province, as capable of furnishing the means, by sale, of paying my constituents: and in the transactions consequent, I began to acquire more distinct notions of the end, as I called it, for which the new continent was formed: out of that business grew the Canada Company, the best and greatest colonial project ever formed, but which, I do conceive, was never fully understood by those who had the supreme management. It has, however, in the scope of the arrangements, been improved upon in my second company, the British American Land Company; and could I have proceeded with my third, the Nova Scotia Company, I think, from the character of mind I had observed in the straightforwardness of Mr. Stanley, I would have got the whole of my colonial system adopted with respect to it.”—vol. ii. pp. 36—40.

The development of his system of colonization is to be found in the succeeding pages, where perspicuity of language and soundness of views are not the only apparent excellencies. Galt’s poetry is much above mediocrity. We give his *Exodus of the Fairies* :—

“Within a lone green hazel glen
 The Fairy King his court was keeping;
 A river in its childhood, then
 A mountain burn, ran gaily leaping.
 The sword within the silvan bower
 Was sprinkled with leaf-filter’d light,
 And gemm’d with many a starry flower,
 The primrose pale and gowan bright.
 Pleased butterflies, the mute and fair,
 Twinkled their silv’ry wings so gay,
 And pittering grasshoppers were there,
 And bees their soft bassoons did play.
 The elfin lords and ladies all
 From harebells sipt the sparkling dew,
 When in the midst, startling the ball,
 The frighten’d Puck amazement threw.
 ‘Up, up,’ he cried, ‘up and begone,
 These verdant haunts you now must leave;
 Remorseless ploughshares hasten on,
 Old greens and clover lawns to cleave.
 ‘The saucy sower marches proud,
 And showers the future har’st around;

Behind the harrows hurtle rude,
 And grubs and sprawling worms abound.
 ' No more our revels we may keep
 On plushy field or moonlight hill ;
 The snail with eye-tipt horn may weep,
 But bumming beetles must be still.
 ' Oh ! never more the marsh-born gnat
 Must sing to warn fair maids to flee,
 And soon the eager twilight bat
 Must hush his fluttering shriek of glee.
 ' For pawky heart, with wizard sleight,
 O'er nature has her cantrips thrown ;
 The moorland wild and shaggy height,
 Captive to man, the *lasso* own.'
 On moth and fly, and ladybird,
 Away the flichtering fairies fly,
 And blithe cuckoos are shouting heard,
 As speed the pony insects by.
 O'er peat-moss brown and lonely waste,
 The fugitives erratic ride,
 And o'er the yellow sands they haste,
 As if they chased the ebbing tide.
 But lo ! the aimless waves return—
 The fairies see them coming drive—
 Behind is heard the plough and churn,
 And headlong in the sea they dive." pp. 61—63.

His Legacy to Glasgow is capital:—

" In the year '88 or '89, when a boy, holding my father by the finger, I was standing on the original west quay of Greenock, while he was speaking with Mr. S—t, the shipbuilder and banker, respecting some extension into the river of his building-yard. In doing so Mr. S— happened to make use of the expression, that in 'about a dozen years' he expected to complete his improvements. Should he happen to see this, he will possibly remember the circumstance. It took place before he laid down the keel of the ship which my father commanded till he left the sea.

" The expression of 'a dozen years' seemed so illimitable, that it caught my attention, and I became an interested listener. From that day my projecting genius began to germinate. Subsequently, as I approached the years of discretion, which, by the by, I have some reason to think I have not yet quite attained, though I am fifty-five years old, I was led by a humorous observation of the same gentleman to the formation of the plan which I am now about to bequeath.

" A device was hatched in the brain of some Port-Glasgow Solomon, to make a wet-dock there, and a canal from that unfortunate town to the maternal city. The apprehension of this scheme had a most disastrous influence on the intellects of certain old women of Greenock ; and something being at the same time in the wind about an illumination, Mr. S—, in my hearing, proposed to make a candle for it as big as a steeple, and to melt the grease for the candle in the Port-Glasgow wet-dock. This ludicrous notion somehow had the effect of causing me to think of the prac-

ticability of improving the navigation of the Clyde, and the process of my reflections led to the conclusion that all running streams might, by damming, be converted into canals; a specific plan for making the Clyde more navigable, however, did not then occur to me.

"When I afterwards came to London I was much in company with engineers, the first of the age; but, without the slightest disparagement to their abilities, I do not hesitate to say, that their talent consisted more in their knowledge of the science of construction, than of any superiority in the discernment of local capabilities; my interest in the subject was, however thus kept up and improved.

"Being afterwards in bad health, I was subsequently resident at Clifton, and having nothing else to do, I amused myself in supervising, whenever the weather permitted, the excavations of the Avon at Bristol. Afterwards I went into Asia Minor, and in visiting the ruins of Ephesus, I got additional light, by looking at the ancient embankments of the river near the site of that city.

"It seemed to me that the bed of the river, which in some places was said to be very deep, was higher than the plain, and it had the effect of making me attentive to the channels of rivers.

"When I came home, I went one day into the country to see the pictures of a gentleman, and among them was a view of the Po, hanging in the dining-room. As he invited me to stay dinner, the paintings around suggested the topics of conversation, and I was struck with an incidental observation of his, relative to the river in the picture being in some places higher in its course than the plain. I do not know if he had any particular theory on the subject, but his observation interested me.

"My idea is, that somewhere about Bowling Bay the river may be dammed up, so as to make all the stream, to the bridges, a wet-dock, accessible to the Great Canal, and navigable by the Inchenen river to Paisley. I would sink a sufficient number of sugar hogsheads, filled with stones, in the line of the dam, as a skeleton, to be clothed with stones and gravel, and make in the dam two locks, one for the outward and the other for the inward trade. But it is in the construction of this dam that my ingenuity would be chiefly exerted; for, although I consider the employment of dredgers, to keep the dam constantly of one depth, necessary, I would so build the weir, that it should have a number of sluices, to open and shut at pleasure, along the bottom, level with the bottom of the river, considering that by this contrivance I would produce a strong under current from the water of the river, to carry off the mud, and that a side-cut could be made to carry off the surplus water whenever the dam was full, and the sluices insufficient to prevent overflowing.

"For the labourers requisite, I would, in addition to the common sort of labourers, request the major part of the troops commonly quartered in Glasgow, to be removed in the summer to Kilpatrick, and give the men, in addition to their pay, some allowance, that would raise their wages, when they chose to work on the embankment, equal to the rate paid to other labourers. The soldiers for this would, I am sure, all work; and the work might be done in a summer.

"The money requisite, I would propose to raise, not by taxing vessels using the dammed waters, but by a tax on the dwelling-houses of Glasgow, upon the principle that the city would derive general benefit from the improvement, and should therefore contribute to defray the expense of mak-

ing it. But, independant of such a tax, I conceive a vast mill-power would be acquired at the dam, and that it might profitably be disposed of.

“It is needless to be more particular; enough is here stated to show the practicability of the scheme, and how the means and money could be obtained, to make those on the spot look at the subject seriously; all I have to add is, that having imagined and ascertained, by reflecting on the hints of others, that a current from the mighty St. Lawrence may be turned into a navigable channel, I am not sceptical of the result of working with such a comparative Molendinar as the Clyde.”—vol. ii. pp. 115—121.

ART. VIII.—*The Nervous System, Anatomical and Physiological, in which the Functions of the various parts of the Brain are for the first time assigned, &c. &c.* By ALEXANDER WALKER. 1814. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

THE subject of this work more properly belongs to a journal devoted to medical science, than to general literature. But we have taken up the volume, with the design of stating some views which we have long entertained, not immediately connected with the merits of the points here handled; and in the next place, that we may record our opinions respecting only a limited portion of the work. There are two classes into which men of the medical profession may be divided; we mean of those who are really well versed in that department, both by medical study and practice. The first is that where professional learning succeeds a liberal education in all those branches embraced in the terms classical, mathematical, philosophical (moral, natural, and metaphysical), and refined. Of this class there have been very many, and there still are numerous examples, in the British empire;—men who have been discoverers and shedders of light in every department of science and art. But there is a second class, we regret to say, and by no means a small one, where mere medical study and knowledge alone have distinguished its members, and who, taken out of *the shop*, are but of the common order of citizens. Their intercourse with enlightened minds, which the forms of society necessarily affords them, of course confers many improvements as respect manners and general information; but nothing short of a liberal education previously well fixed, can ever enable a man to be useful, consistent, or intelligible, when he attempts to treat of the subjects that have occupied men of accurate knowledge, and learned in the established groundworks of science, mental and physical, and also in the philosophic structure of language. We hope that the Legislature, in regulating matters connected with the healing art, will exact certain preliminary acquirements of every one who becomes a candidate for its practice. Let it no longer be the case, that any one, with merely the acquirements gained in a laboratory, hospitals, dissecting rooms, and from medical lectures and books, may start into a

liberal profession ; but let these, no doubt most essential requisites, be built upon a foundation where respectable attainments in philosophical and polite literature are conspicuous ; and then the stigma, which seldom can be affixed to the pulpit or the bar, that at present lays so frequently and glaringly upon the medical professor, will be done away.

There is another blot that disfigures the character of the medical profession, and this consists in the rancour and illiberality of its members towards one another. Neither are the clergy nor lawyers half so much divided into parties, as those of their sister order. With a difference of opinion, a total oblivion of the courtesies of life seems very frequently to characterise our surgeons and physicians, when speaking and writing of their brethren. How often does it happen in their controversies that two, each of high standing in the estimation of competent judges, deny that any thing like tolerable knowledge and skill belong to one another. We wonder less at a weak or worthless character, abusing excellence ; for such a practice is consistent enough. An attorney's disappointed clerk may often be found, who will dole out his censures pretty lavishly against the decisions of an Eldon, a Lyndhurst, &c. ; but, do we ever find two such authorities causing the press to labour with reciprocal vituperation, disparagement, and contempt?

Some of these general remarks have been suggested, though by no means for the first time, by the thick volume before us ; and although Mr. Walker is neither an Eldon nor a Lyndhurst, he yet betrays several of the reprehensible points we have alluded to. Nor are these softened by courteous manners, elegant language, or precise reasoning, which tend to relieve what is reprehensible of much apparent blemish, and give a captivating polish to shafts that are otherwise most offensively coarse. There are also several other grounds on which we have to speak with disapprobation of this work : but we must be more pointed in our references.

We begin with the title page, and give it as our opinion, that most readers will form an unfavourable opinion of the book, from what is there set down ; a prejudice hurtful to the merit of many things contained in the subsequent parts. The page presents these words : "An *original* system of physiology ;" a system "in which the functions of the various parts of the brain are for the first time assigned : " and an account "of the author's earliest discoveries, of which the more recent doctrine of Bell, Magendie, &c. is shown to be at once a plagiarism, an inversion, and a blunder, associated with useless experiments, which they have neither understood nor explained." Now, this is such an unmeasured mode of speaking of one's own doings, that it is impossible for the reader not to exclaim, "You are a bold man, Mr. Walker, and it is to be feared you think too favourably of yourself. It may be true what you say, but modesty and genius are very usually twins." It may be

added, since we are told in the title page, this is only the first volume of an original system; that that system is unlike many others, and not remarkable for its simplicity, its plain and intelligible character, or that the author has not the happiest talent at explanation. Sixteen shillings per volume, and above seven hundred octavo pages of letter-press, are no joke now a-days, when knowledge is so cheap and so much condensed. Still, if the matter be original and correct, the more we have of it the better.

We proceed to the dedication, and learn there that the author, thirty-five years ago, was devoted to the cultivation of science, from which a friend in vain attempted to dissuade him, by maintaining that it led to ruin. This opinion, he found however to be sound, and it has been verified in his own case. Certainly the view is a disheartening one, but we think it is too sweeping, and not even generally accurate. At the same time, we cannot very much marvel that he should encounter evil, who so unblushingly claims originality for his works, as does Mr. Walker, and so broadly denies to many of his brethren, whom the generality of competent judges, respect and honour, any thing like an equal share of talent, or even decent acquirements and common honesty; we cannot but at once be prejudiced against the author, when he lays claim to such eminent qualities, admitting none to approach him. It is doubtless true, that first rate genius and merit have been neglected, and that one man has often profited at the expence of another. But it is far more frequently true, that the meritorious meet with their reward, when that reward lays with the learned or scientific community; and that neglect is generally the fate of empty or false pretensions alone.

We observe that Mr. Walker deals largely in strong assertions, without assigning evidence or reasoning for their support, which only proves the unlimited confidence he has in himself. For instance, in the short dedication he declares, that "our destinies are inevitable; because they result from the character of our minds." There is ambiguity in this sentence—in some ways, there is untruth; but as he has not argued the point, but asseverated, we take the same privilege, merely remarking, that the doctrine flavours as belonging to a French school. We observe farther, that Mr. Walker very often makes use of such phrases as "I shall prove," and "I have already shewn," when all that we could find was that he had declared it to be so; and that though he might be thoroughly convinced, he failed in convincing us. This term *proof* should often be *evidence*.

There are not a few blemishes in the volume before us, as regards the construction of the language, the perspicuity of the ideas, or the order in which the materials are arranged. In these particulars had he been more accomplished, the size of the volume might have been much abridged. But what is worse, his philosophy is so unsystematic that it is often impossible to take him up

and make anything of him, without going back to some first principles common to him and his reader. An acknowledged truth of the tritest kind is often set down, when all of a sudden, the most doubtful inference is asserted as following therefrom, which provokes the reader much more than if he had an entire piece of error to combat.

But after all, this work, we think contains discoveries, doctrines, and discussions, of important bearing, and which stamp the author to be of no common order. We think his manner is forbidding, and his matter to be not unfrequently strange and doubtful, but he is weighty and capable of dealing hard blows. It is not merely the work of one whom we suppose to be full of himself, soured in his temper—it may be, envious and unjust in his strictures, and unequal to calm, well-sustained theories, but of one whose research and accumulation of facts are great, with which he easily and readily proceeds to business. It is particularly true of him that he is no quack or empiric.

In the preface, which extends to a great length, the author discusses, without much ceremony, the progress, the character, the originality and correct nature of Sir Charles Bell's doctrines concerning the nervous system. He charges Sir Charles with plagiarism, with mutilating, inverting, misunderstanding, the theory and discoveries explained in this work, and others which have many years ago been published by the writer. That theory was and is, that the organs of sense being those of sensation, and the cerebrum that of mental operation, the cerebellum is the organ of volition.

“1st. There are three distinct intellectual (mental) organs, or classes of intellectual (mental) organs; namely, the organs of sense, the cerebrum, and the cerebellum.

“2nd. There are three distinct intellectual (mental) functions, or classes of intellectual (mental) functions; namely, sensation, mental operation (intellect), and volition.

“3rd. Of the organs, those of the senses are the first, the cerebrum intermediate, and the cerebellum the last.

“4th. Of the functions, sensation is the first, mental operation (intellect) intermediate, and volition the last.

5th. As then the cerebellum is the last of the intellectual (mental) organs, and volition the last of the intellectual (mental) functions, and as, at the same time, there is no organ without function, nor function without organ, it follows, that the cerebellum must be the organ of volition.”

We never intended, on taking a glance at the volume before us, to enter into a review of its multifarious contents. Our readers are not generally of that order to whom such matters could be made interesting. But as to Sir Charles Bell's unacknowledged borrowing from Mr. Walker, we must say, that even on the showing of the work before us, we are extremely doubtful. Be that

as it may, this theory may amuse our readers by the ingenuity of its contrivance, and the neatness with which it is laid before them, like so many pieces of curiously cut paper ; but surely few will be so led away with it as to think it is worth stealing. And this leads us to one other general observation respecting the metaphysical opinions which medical studies and pursuits are apt to engender. The anatomist, for instance, is so well acquainted and so delighted with the mechanical structure of the human frame and its various functions, that he is apt to suppose all mental operations, bear a similitude to corporeal or material phenomena. Now, until this can be clearly proven to be the state of the workings of the mind, we must content ourselves with believing that the two objects are totally different and not to be compared. True, they are connected in some way, but this to us is hitherto unexplained, and probably in our present state of existence, it is inexplicable. We do not say that the author undertakes to exhibit mental phenomena as plainly and tangibly as the curves or the angles of a diagram drawn upon a piece of paper ; but we think he goes, like many of his profession, a great way too far in this direction ; for the unexplained link or transition between thought or mental action, and body, or the most subtle nervous process, is never made rationally clear.

In another portion of this volume the author treats phrenology very roughly, whilst he substitutes his own system. But we will no more go into detail with him there, than in his charge against Sir Charles Bell : for, without defending phrenology, it appears to us that he runs counter, or beyond what a sound and cautious philosophy permits either the one theory or the other to do.

Ere we conclude, it is possibly but a tithe of the credit which Mr. Walker deserves, when we say, that whilst his conclusions are in many cases, in our opinion, most unwarrantable, his facts are valuable, his knowledge various, his views striking, and sometimes original, not from their absurdity, but fearlessness and penetration.

ART. IX.—*Missionary Researches in Armenia, including a Journey through Asia Minor and into Georgia and Persia, with a Visit to the Nestorians and Chaldean Christians of Oormiah and Salmas.* By ELI SMITH and H. G. O. DWIGHT. London: Wightman. 1834.

ARMENIA belongs to sacred history. The territory in ancient times was shared between the Assyrian, the Median, and Aramean Empires. At present it is subject to Russian, Turkish, or Persian sway ; that of the *Roos* has extended rapidly since the beginning of the present century. But familiar as is the name of the country, the greater part of it is still *terra incognita* to the topographer. The high road to Tebriz, by Tokat, Erzroom, and Erivan, is indeed well known to mercantile and other European travellers ; but imperfect must be the information collected in a hurried journey,

under the escort of a Tartar courier. The present work is a much fuller account than has hitherto been made public relative to this interesting portion of the ancient world, not merely as regards the living monuments of early Christian churches, but geographical knowledge ; and therefore possesses a double claim upon our attention.

One of the largest of the oriental churches is the Armenian, and the American Board of Missions has been led to hope that some promising fields might be found in that ancient land, for missionary culture.

The total number of the inhabitants of Armenia, we are told, has been supposed not to exceed two millions ; of whom three-fourths are computed to be under the Ottoman dominion. In Constantinople and the adjacent villages there may be 200,000, of whom about 4,000 acknowledge the supremacy of the Roman See. The Russian and Persian provinces are supposed to contain about 200,000. About 40,000 are found in India ; in Hungary and the adjacent countries, about 10,000 ; and a few are scattered even over Africa. The present patriarch of Abyssinia is an Armenian.

To visit the land of Armenia, still the seat of the greatest number of the descendants of those who belonged to one of the earliest churches, two estimable missionaries, whose letters constitute the volume, proceeded from America. Their instructions were by the Prudential Committee of the American Board furnished in the beginning of 1830, and the journey was accomplished during the remainder of that and the first six months of the following year. They landed directly from Malta, at Smyrna, on the 26th of March, where they were heartily welcomed by a circle of their countrymen and other Christians. Here they remained sixteen days obtaining some information respecting the regions they purposed to traverse. In Smyrna there are about 8,000 Armenians, including those who have gone over to the Papal church, and are known chiefly as thrifty merchants, and active brokers ; these were estimated at 2,000 or 3,000, but our missionaries think they are not so numerous. They next proceeded by land to Constantinople ; and of the Armenians to be found there, a few notices of a highly interesting kind are given. They were introduced to the patriarch, who has the most intimate connection with the state of the Armenian church throughout the empire. He was a corpulent man of about forty-five, and evinced much information with regard to many parts under his jurisdiction ; a jurisdiction, however, of an anomalous kind.

The origin of this patriarchal See dates at the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, in 1453. The nomination of its incumbent is exercised by the Armenian primates of the capital. The person whom they elect receives from the Sultán a fermán of confirmation, and is their patriarch. His removal from office is like his appointment, though very rarely does the Sultán attempt

it. The extent of his jurisdiction, as has been mentioned, is the same with that of the empire, excepting only so much as is embraced in the patriarch of Jerusalem. But what is almost anomalous will be found in this, that the Catholicos of Sis is in one branch superior, and in another inferior to the patriarch of Constantinople. In spiritual rank he is superior, inasmuch as he can ordain bishops and consecrate the holy oil, but inferior again, in that he pays to the patriarch, instead of the Sultán direct, his annual tribute, and can only obtain through him, like other bishops, the *fermáns* for which he has occasion. Tribute and large presents are what the Sultán exacts of the patriarch, and he again has, as bishop of Constantinople, all the sources of episcopal income within that diocese. From every other diocese the incumbent bishop pays him an annual sum, reserving to himself its collection. But the choice of a patriarch and the appointment of bishops are fruitful sources of intrigues, strife, and corruption. It may be added, that toleration is opposed, beyond that of certain sects, by the Turkish law, because every sect must have a representative and responsible head at the capital; so that if any of the Armenians forsake the church of which the patriarch is the head, he has only to report them as insubordinate, to bring them into trouble.

“The case of the papal Armenians illustrates its operation, and is, therefore, full of instruction to protestant missionaries. Their numbers at the capital and in other places were considerable; they were, as a body, more intelligent than their countrymen; among them were men to whom uncommon wealth and official station gave great influence; and European sympathy was altogether on their side. Still they were every where obliged to rank as a part of the flock of the patriarch. They could have no churches of their own; their priests could not wear the clerical garb, nor be known as such, except under the shadow of European influence; and at baptisms, marriages, and burials, they were obliged to call upon the Armenian clergy, and pay them the accustomed fees. Such, very nearly, was their situation even at Angora, where they amounted to many thousands, while the Armenians were only a few hundreds. The Sultán, having been informed of the part the Persian Armenians had taken in the late war of Russia with Persia, deemed it necessary, when anticipating, in the beginning of 1828, a rupture with the same power himself, to remind the patriarch that he must be responsible for the good conduct of his nation. He replied, that for all who belonged to his flock he would readily be responsible; but that there were some who did not acknowledge his authority, and for them he could not pledge himself. The names of such were demanded; and he sent them in. The persecution which came upon them, when thus placed in the predicament of an unacknowledged dissenting sect, is well known. The banishment of the laity seems to have been almost peculiar to the capital and its suburbs, and was ordered under the pretence that every one must return to his own city, and of course they to Angora, from whence they had come. But the persecution was felt in the most distant parts, and even in the Kürdish pashalik of Bayezéed, their priests were searched out and banished.”—pp. 14, 15.

We must not tarry with the two missionaries any longer in Constantinople, but proceed forward to their proper field of research. It may be mentioned here, that in Armenia, where no accommodations for comfortable travelling exist, there can only be the alternative of furnishing one's self, or of dispensing with them altogether. The last mode was adopted, not merely from a regard to missionary economy, but to obtain a more complete introduction to the domestic condition of the people. Innumerable inconveniences were thus encountered, however—some expense of health, and even risk of life—which lend a deeper interest to the enterprise of the adventurers. They took the usual road by Tokat and Erzroom, Kara-Kooláh being an intermediate village, and the first according to that direction in Armenia. Here they slept in a stable in the neighbourhood of a tributary to the Euphrates. Of a village where they next took up their lodging we have the following description :—

“ Our village consisted of 10 or 12 Turkish houses. Its name I did not record, but I retain a most distinct impression of our lodgings. It was concluded that we should be more comfortable in the house of an old gentleman and lady, than in the stable where the rest of our company lodged. A description of it will give you an idea of the underground houses of Armenia in general, except that this was one of the smallest and poorest. . You have only to increase the number and size of the rooms, and you have a picture of the best, whether Turkish or Armenian. It was formed by digging into the side of a hill, so as completely to bury in it three of the walls, and leave only enough of the fourth exposed in front to admit of a doorway. Upon the terrace was thrown a mound of dirt that restored the hill almost to its original shape, and gave a front view resembling the burrow of some animal. Its walls were of rough round stones ; its terrace was of unhewn branches of trees, blackened by being intentionally burnt to preserve them, or incidentally smoked by the daily fire ; and its floor was the naked ground. It consisted of but one room, eighteen or twenty feet square, around which were scattered a variety of kitchen and dairy furniture. By the side of a post was a cheese pressing between two stones. A bag of yoghoort was suspended from a straggling stick that contributed to form the terrace. In another part hung a cylindrical churn some six feet long. In the centre a hole in the ground did, when heated, the service of an oven. In a corner stood two calves. Our aged host, having built a fire, and spread for us carpets and cushions, straightened himself and ejaculated, *La illah illa Allah, Mohammed resool Allah* (there is no god but God, Mohammed is the apostle of God), in a tone that indicated some feeling of the vanity of the world. He left his house and all its stores entirely to us for the night, and, thankful even for such lodgings, we slept soundly.”—pp. 57, 58.

The pronoun *I* is used in this graphic and faithful-looking picture, because Mr. Dwight, on account of other avocations, has not had a hand in superintending the publication of the work before us. The two travellers adopted, at the suggestion of the American Board, the honest and wise practice of each keeping a distinct and separate

diary, which were afterwards compared ; and the present publication is the result of their joint and perfectly harmonious notes in so far as harmony can be expected between two minds looking upon one thing. But, to return to our missionaries, who had more than bad lodgings to encounter.—

“*June 11.* In what way were we to proceed ? We had been able to procure only a few fresh horses at G rmery, and at Karakool k none ; most of those which brought us here had come from Sheher n. They gave out yesterday, and one died on the road, so that we were obliged to dismiss them. In this village there were none. We resorted to the only expedient that offered, and took carts. Not the large well finished ox-carts of the United States. They would have been chariots. The body of these was a slight railing upon timbers attached to each other in the form of an acute triangle, with the base behind, and the apex at the yoke. The wheels were small and of solid planks, attached firmly to an axletree which turned with them. The yoke was a straight stick, and instead of bows, it had for each ox two sticks passing through it, and tied together under the neck by a string. A twisted cord of raw hide answered for a chain. In five such vehicles we stowed our baggage and ourselves, and started. Our old host owned the one we occupied, and fortunately he took his wife along as an aid ; for the little beasts that drew us were so ill trained, that both of them, by going before and beating them, and holding back, could hardly prevent our being hurried headlong down the hills. There being no regular road, a cart would occasionally lose its equilibrium, and the body, only slightly attached to the axletree, be sent with its contents into the mud.

“ In order to change cattle often, we went from village to village at a distance from the public road, and thus saw more of the people. They seemed simple and well meaning, uniformly treated us with civility and respect, and exhibited none of the haughtiness of the Turk of Asia Minor. We could not resist the impression, however, that they were indolent ; and they were, according to their own confession, ignorant. Only the mollah and one or two others in each village could read. Their houses were like that already described, except that many were larger. Instead of being admitted into the family room, however, we were uniformly shewed into the stable. I will describe one of them, and you must always imagine, without being told, when we stop in a village hereafter, that our lodging place is like it. It is under ground like the houses, and perhaps connected by a door to the family room of its owner. In one corner is a chimney, and before it is a square enclosure separated from the rest of the stable by a low railing, and perhaps raised a step or two above it. Through the middle of this space, from the chimney to the entrance in front, an alley or passage of the width of the hearth, and defined by two parallel sticks laid upon the ground, separates it into two long divisions of the width of a bed. In these hay, or a mat, or a carpet, or perchance a mattress, is spread upon the ground for the accommodation of the occupants. The terrace is here raised above that of the rest of the stable, in the form of an arch, by means of hewn timbers, and a hole in it, in front of the fireplace, from four to eight inches square, admits the only light that finds its way into the stable. Such is the better sort of these lodgings ; in the poorer, one or another of the circumstances which distinguish the corner

of the traveller from the accommodations of his beast, is wanting; while in the very next the division between them is so complete, as to make distinct rooms. At this season the cattle being at grass, they were empty and cleared of dung, so that we had no right to complain of their odour or filth."—pp. 56—58.

Before we leave the neighbourhood to which the extracts we have given refer, one other quotation will be acceptable, as affording, first, a picture of domestic economy; secondly, rustic greediness; and lastly, national contrasts.

"We changed cattle, and dined at a moslem village near the Euphrates, and noticed the process of preparing the fuel of this woodless region. In the villages of yesterday the cow-dung was merely thrown from the stables, and by heaps and mire rendered the streets almost impassable. Here it was spread upon the dry ground, and stamped hard in a layer of three or four inches deep. Being left in this state until it becomes thoroughly dried in the sun, it is then cut into cakes of a convenient size, and is fit for the fire. This, with the exception of a few districts where there are trees, is the fuel of all these cold and wintry regions. With it ovens are heated and food is cooked; and a pipe lighted with ignited cow-dung relishes as well to a native as if it derived its fire from the purest coal.

"We found the villagers yesterday unwilling to fix any price to the food we ate; and here our host absolutely refused to take any thing, under the fair pretence that what he had given us was an act of hospitality, intimating, however, that we might give his son some little memento of us, if we chose. Our Armenian attendant, who generally settled our bills, took him at his word and paid him nothing. We all, however, soon understood this mode of dealing, for we found hardly any other till we were again beyond the pashalik of Erzroom on our return to Constantinople. By it your host would divest the entertainment of travellers of the servile appearance of a money-making business; and, while he uses the language, would appropriate to himself the credit of the most generous hospitality. In reality, however, he intends his language as an appeal to your own generosity, and expects by it to obtain more money than if he presented a plain bill. Ask him how much he charges, and he is offended at the question; the idea of remuneration had not entered his head. Give him less than he expects, and he is astonished that such a man as he had taken you to be, should think of presenting so small a sum, declares that he certainly is not the man to receive it, and lays it again at your feet.

"Three or four miles from the village we forded the Euphrates, where it was about 60 or 70 yards wide, and so shallow as not to enter the bodies of our carts; and just at sunset reached the village of Uluja. Here we first overtook the rear-guard of the Russian army; for their troops were now all assembled in the vicinity of Erzroom, in preparation for their departure, and hitherto we had not seen a Russian. As we came in sight of them, our Tartar, with scorn depicted in his face, and pointing at a throng assembled around a dram-shop, with music and dancing, exclaimed, 'There, look at the Roos, polluted race!' An open dram-shop, and public drunkenness, in the heart of Turkey! What an unhallowed invasion of the sober customs of the country! what a false and scandalous specimen of Christianity, to be exhibited among its enemies! were the thoughts that passed through my mind. Still, I could not not but recognise the scene as ge-

ruinely European, and I felt ashamed for the moment of my Frank blood. How long shall the indulgencies of the cup give us just occasion to blush before the followers of Mohammed?"—pp. 60, 61.

Our readers will observe that brother Jonathan is a shrewd observer and a clear-headed narrator. Let it also be borne in mind, that these letters were originally composed, not for popular nor for devotional purposes, but as an official report to the executive officers of a missionary society, with special reference to their business arrangements. In preparing them for publication, this popular and devotional character has been superadded, but not to the destruction of their original tendency. To many readers all this will be no blemish. But after these specimens of what our missionaries can do with secular matters, we must chiefly confine our extracts to more sacred topics.

Erzroom, to which they soon came, is reported to be the largest city and the bulwark of the Turkish possessions in Armenia. The population, before the severe ravages of the plague a few years ago, was estimated at 100,000. At the time of the Russian invasion it contained, according to the authority of the collector of taxes 80,000 souls. Of the Christian inhabitants, 50 houses were Greeks, and 645 papal Armenians, leaving 3,950 houses, or about 19,000 souls belonging to the proper Armenian church.

"Nearly all the Christian population had left before we arrived, and the city was so unsettled, that I can do little more than give you a brief account of it as it was, reserving a description of its present state till our return. The Armenians were under the spiritual government of a bishop, whose diocese embraced the whole pashalik. His previous departure prevented our seeing him, but we received from others an interesting account of his character. He had a seminary for the education of candidates for the ministry, and would ordain none who had not enjoyed its advantages. It was probably small, and the studies not of a high order; but the attempt, however humble, was of the highest importance. We had no opportunity of personal observation, as recent events had destroyed it. In all our inquiries, no other school of any kind, designed specially for the education of the Armenian clergy, has come to our knowledge. Though the Armenians were so numerous, and their city the largest in Armenia, it is a curious fact that they had but two churches. One of them was very small, and the other so irregular, dark, and mean, as to resemble a stable almost as much as an edifice for divine worship. The priests, however, were sufficiently numerous; they amounted to 32. Not far from the city are four Armenian convents, each of which was inhabited by three or four vartabéds, and had funds enough for its support; but all of them are now deserted.

"Owing to the patronage of the bishop, perhaps, the Armenian grammar school of Erzroom was unusually large and flourishing. Its principal was a layman, who had five or six assistants: and it contained 500 or 600 scholars, divided into different departments, and studying all the common branches up to grammar and logic. To obtain a correct estimate of the number of persons in so large a city population that can read, is extremely difficult. It was stated to us as high as one half of the males, but, although

the Armenians of Erzroom were doubtless more intelligent than those of any other part of Turkish Armenia, this proportion is evidently too large. We did not learn that the Armenian females of the city were ever blessed with a school; yet some of them, we were assured, could read."—pp. 64, 65.

In looking at the present state of the Papal Armenians, it is necessary to remember former Jesuit missions, to which they owe their existence in the regions our travellers have now entered. Erzroom was their head-quarters for Turkish Armenia, not only on account of its size, but because it was at that time the thoroughfare of most of the overland commerce between Europe and the East. Through the agency of the French ambassador the Jesuits were furnished with strong fermáns of protection, and took up their residence in this city in 1688. The Armenian bishop himself was among their first converts. They had been persecuted, however, by the Armenian ecclesiastics, and at the time that the Papal Armenians were banished from Constantinople, a similar fate awaited their priests in Erzroom.

Not long after leaving this city, our missionaries attended a church in a village where there were from fifty to sixty Armenian and seven or eight Greek houses. The former had four priests and one church.

"We attended evening prayers in the latter, and found it, like the houses, under ground, and bearing equal marks of poverty with them. I had new emotions in first attending divine service under ground. The simple fact turned my thoughts to the time when Christianity was driven, by persecution, into dens and caves of the earth; and both the miserable state of the building, and the aspect of the assembly, clothed in rags, made me feel that I was among the subjects of a persecution similar in its ultimate effects, although milder and slower in its operation. The services were indeed lamentably far from primitive simplicity; but the persevering attachment to the Christian name, which has preserved them, however corrupt, could not but excite feelings of veneration. How many, I asked myself, in our native land, would stand the test that has tried this people, and remain as long as they have done uncontaminated by the imposture of the prophet of Mecca, could the hordes of Arabia and of Tartary ever spread desolation over the fair face of the New World? There is still, at the very least, the name of Christ left, and that is much; it is a charm which we all feel in common—a watchword to which we all answer.

"The Greeks, or as they were called here, from their resemblance to that nation, in faith, the Georgians, had neither priest nor church of their own, but worshipped at a separate altar by the side of the one at which the Armenians payed their devotions, and at the same time. This evening an old man stood there, making Greek bows and crosses before a picture of St. George, while the rest of the congregation were performing Armenian prostrations at another shrine. It was a fine exhibition of the only difference that is much thought of by the common people, between the worship of the two sects. The language of the prayers is of minor importance; it may be Greek, or Armenian, or any other unknown tongue; only let each have his favourite shrine, and go through with his own dis-

inctive evolutions of the body, and all is right. Not often, however, are they willing to worship in the same building; and we should have given the good people of Benkly Ahmed credit for unusual harmony, had we not known that they were forced to it by poverty, and felt that the continuance of sectarian distinctions at all, under such circumstances, was a stronger evidence of mutual prejudices, than the juxtaposition of their altars was, of fraternal union.—These are the only Greeks that the pashalik contains.

“At the close of the service, we entered into conversation with the priests who had officiated. They were ignorant in the extreme. From our European dress they could conceive us to be none other than Russians, for they knew not that any other people wear it. They were indeed informed of the existence of several European nations, but of America they had never heard under any name. Their first question, on learning that we were from an unknown world, was to ascertain whether we were Christians, moslems, or heathen; or in their form of asking it, whether we were *khachabashd*, adorers of the cross, a term synonymous, in an Armenian's vocabulary, with Christian. Our answer led to other questions, designed to ascertain to what Christian sect we belonged. The first respected our times and mode of fasting, a test to their minds most decisive, for it would in fact distinguish between any sects they knew. We replied, that we believed it to be the duty of Christians to fast, but as the Bible had fixed no definite time, we left it with particular churches, or individuals, to fast whenever they might deem it for their edification; but that we knew nothing of a distinction of meats, and our fasting was a total abstinence from food. This was so strange a kind of Christianity to them, that they pronounced us at once to be like the Turks. We informed them that we acknowledged only the Bible as our guide, and that said nothing of a distinction of days or meats; while they had learned these distinctions from subsequent canons and councils of men, which we did not receive. They were not disposed for controversy, and slurred over the difference between us, by the charitable proposition, that if we believed in the same God it was enough. To which we assented, after amending it by adding the necessity of believing in the same Saviour. Having succeeded so badly in this test, they resorted to another, to ascertain where to class us. It was respecting our mode of making the cross; for while non-protestant Christians make the cross as a sign of Christianity, they do it in different ways, as a sign of their sect. This was less successful than the other, for we plainly told them that we did not make it at all. At such a heresy they were amazed, our claim to the name of Christian was of course immediately doubted, and they asked if we did not believe in Christ. We explained how essential a part of our religion such a belief is, and closed the conversation by remarking upon the fraternal affection which ought to exist between all Christians, to whatever sect they may belong.”—pp. 84—86.

After telling us that the above is but a specimen of frequent conversations which took place in their journey, the missionaries state the rules and doctrines of the Armenians on the subjects of *fasting* and the *cross*. Their fasts are on Wednesday and Friday; they have others of a week and still longer. Though instead of being properly fasts they are only vigils.

“In their fasts, the Armenians, unlike the Papists, forbid fish and white meats; they are even stricter than the Greeks in their strictest days, for they make no exception of snails, shell-fish, or the spawn of fish. In a word, no animal food of any kind is allowed. Even farther than this, olive oil, oil of sesame, wine, and distilled spirits are forbidden. Every fast-day is equally subject to these rigid rules. Does any one ask why so heavy a burden is imposed upon him? he is warned that even the question is sinful. For the Fathers ordered all by the command of God, and his duty is to obey, or if he be unable, he must still think the laws to be good and blameless, and the fault to be all his own. The more intelligent and thoughtful of the people are aware that sinful conduct, as well as particular kinds of food, must be avoided, and that the soul must be humble and devout, in order that the fasts may be acceptable; still labour is nowhere forbidden nor discouraged, nor are any more religious services appointed on those days than on any other. I am sorry to add, that while, with the exception of oil, the prohibited articles of food are still abstained from with much strictness, intoxicating liquors have now overflowed all the barriers that distinguish different days. But I will leave the present mode of observing the fasts, and their effects upon the character, to be developed in the course of our journey.

“The Armenians have an extreme veneration for the original cross, on which our Saviour was crucified; attributing to it powers of intercession with God, and of defending from evil, and believing it to be the sign of the Son of Man that, at the judgment, will appear in the heavens coming out of the east, and shining even unto the west. In imitation of it many crosses are made of metal, and other materials to be used in churches and elsewhere. To consecrate them they are washed in water and wine, in imitation of the water and the blood that flowed from our Saviour's side, and anointed with meirón, in token of the Spirit that descended and rested upon him; suitable passages are read from the Psalms, the Prophets, the Epistles, and the Gospels; and then the priest prays, ‘That God may give to this cross the power of that to which he was himself nailed, so that it may cast out devils, may heal the diseases of men, and appease the wrath that descends from heaven on account of our sins, to remain upon it himself always as upon his original cross, and make it his temple and throne, and the weapon of his power, so that our worship before it may be offered not to created matter, but to Him, the only invisible God.’ After a cross has undergone this ceremony, it may be set up toward the east, as an object of worship and prayer, while to treat an unconsecrated one thus would be idolatry, and a downright breach of the second commandment. For, by the act of consecration, Christ is inseparably united to it, and it becomes his ‘throne,’ his ‘chariot,’ and his ‘weapon,’ for the conquest of Satan, so that, though it is honoured on these accounts, the worship is not given to it, but to Him who is on it. The bodily eye sees the material cross, but the spiritual eye sees the divine power that is united with it. ‘Therefore,’ says a distinguished Armenian writer, ‘thou believer in God, when thou seest the cross, know and believe that thou seest Christ reclining upon it; and when thou prayest before the cross, believe that thou art talking with Christ, and not with dumb matter. For it is Christ that accepts the worship which thou offerest to the cross, and it is he that hears the prayer of thy mouth, and fulfils the petitions of thy heart, which thou askest in faith.’

“ Besides these images of the cross, they also, like all non-protestant Christians, frequently make the sign of the cross, and to this the priest referred in the conversation I have reported. Crossing one's self, they are taught to believe, is the mark of a Christian, in such a sense, that, as a shepherd knows his sheep by their mark, so Christ knows the sheep of his flock by their crossing themselves. The apostles first introduced this ceremony, they say, and parents are urged to teach it to their children the first thing, lest the greater part of the sin of their making it incorrectly through life fall upon them. By it they profess to signify, first, a belief in the Trinity, as the three persons of it are named; and, second, the mediatorial work of Christ, as bringing the hand from the forehead to the stomach, represents his descent from heaven to earth, and bringing it from the left to the right breast, that he delivered the souls that were in hades, and made them worthy of heaven. They make it at every falling and rising in time of prayer, and on many other occasions; such as beginning an important business, going to bed at night, rising in the morning, dressing, washing, eating, drinking, going out at night, or entering any dangerous place. The benefits they expect from it are, that it will make their prayers acceptable, and their work easy; that it will defend them from the wiles of evil spirits, and give them strength to war against sin.” —pp. 87—89.

On entering the Russian limits of Armenia, the missionaries found most Christian villages to have a church; which was not generally found in the Turkish parts, where places of worship were undistinguished frequently from the common hovels. A bell too was now heard, calling the people to religious service, a thing insufferable with the Turks. But the frivolous ceremonies of their forms of worship are lamentable, and other mediators are adopted, so entirely to the exclusion of the only true one, that our missionaries could not find a trace of the intercession of Christ.

“ Many prayers are indeed addressed directly to the Son, but by what arguments are they supported? Take the following: ‘ O gracious Lord, for the sake of thy holy, immaculate, and virgin mother, and of thy precious cross, accept our prayers and make us live.’ Other strange language respecting the cross has been already quoted. I have turned for something more grateful to the prayer of Nerses Shnorháli, which forms a prominent part of the ninth service, and is probably more highly esteemed than any other prayer in the offices of the Armenian church; but how chilling is the following termination: ‘ O gracious Lord, accept the supplication of me, thy servant, and fulfil my petitions for my good, through the intercession of the holy mother of God, and John the Baptist, and St. Stephen the proto-martyr, and St. Gregory Loosavorích, and the holy apostles, and prophets, and preachers, and martyrs, and patriarchs, and hermits, and virgins, and all the saints in heaven and on earth!’ I shall be gratified should other inquiries, more successful than mine, prove that the office of the church do sometimes recognise the fact, that Christ is even at the right hand of God, making intercession for us.” —pp. 108, 109.

As to Tiflis the capital of Georgia, which the missionaries visited, we are informed that the great body of inhabitants are Armenian, and that their influence is such as to give it the character

of that country. Here, however, they found a German colony and a Protestant church, and a devout as well as intelligent pastor.

“ As we entered his church, the worshippers were dropping in one by one, and quietly taking their seats, while the devotion in their countenances showed that they felt the solemnity of the duties in which they were about to engage, and the books in their hands testified that they had been instructed to understand as well as to perform them. The prayers of the pastor seemed to breathe the united and heartfelt devotion of all; his sermon was a direct, affectionate, and earnest address to every hearer, and the singing, which affected me more than all, was in good German taste, simple, solemn, and touching. I shall not attempt to describe the feelings awakened by this scene, refreshing as an oasis in a boundless desert, though, in spite of me at the time, they expressed themselves in tears. Since first setting foot in Asia, I had deeply felt that a consistent Christian life, and a devout simple worship, exhibited by a few truly governed by the fear of God, and shining like a candle into all the surrounding darkness, was the great desideratum needed by a missionary to give intelligibleness to his instructions, and force to his arguments. How often, without it, had I seemed to myself like an inhabitant of some other planet, vainly endeavouring to model my hearers after characters whom I had seen there, and of whom they could form no conception, or whose existence they could hardly believe! Here, at last, I seemed to have found the desideratum supplied, and was encouraged to hope, that this example of pure religion would be like leaven to all the corrupt and backsliding churches around.

“ We took some pains to notice how the Sabbath was observed by the inhabitants of Tiflis. The bazaars and shops were all closed, except those of the venders of provisions, including (if such a classification may be allowed) the retailers of wine and ardent spirits. The number of attendants at public worship in the morning seemed but small, for the two or three churches which we entered contained but few worshippers. In the afternoon the whole male population of the city seemed to be poured out into the streets and esplanades to indulge in relaxation; every one conversing of his merchandize or his pleasures, and all exhibiting a scene of gaiety and amusement. While the ladies, with all the famed charms of Georgian beauty, which, I may be allowed to say, has not been over-rated (for I have never seen a city, so large a proportion of whose females were beautiful in form, features, and complexion, as Tiflis, were assembled in little groupes upon the low terraces of their houses, dancing to the sound of tambourin and clapping of hands, to contribute their aid to render this solemn day the least solemn of all the seven.—pp. 43, 44.

In those parts there are German missionaries, but we return with our travellers into Armenia; and at a village called Lor, we have some very instructive and important particulars given at considerable length, respecting the domestic habits of the people, the Armenian parish clergy, and religious discipline of the church; a few passages are here presented by us, from the chapter alluded to:—

“ Seated in the family circle with our host, his wife, and children, and a few neighbours, around the tandoor, we passed an interesting evening. He was the son of one of the priests of the village, was a sober-minded

thinking man, and possessed much more information than one would expect to find in such a place. His own inclination gave the conversation a serious turn, and to prove or illustrate the various topics discussed, he brought forth and frequently referred to the *family Bible*; a treasure which we found in no other instance in Armenia, and even here perhaps an unwillingness to think that it does not exist, rather than the real circumstances of the case, induce me to use the name. It was a quarto printed at Moscow, and given by the missionaries at Shoosha to the father of our host; and though in the ancient dialect, we found him able to understand it, and somewhat acquainted with its contents. His seriousness made him a promising subject for missionary instruction; and that his candour was encouraging, may be shewn by the effect which only one passage of Scripture had upon his mind. Having learned from Antonio that bishops in our country are married, he appealed to us with the greatest astonishment, for the reason of so uncanonical a practice. We simply referred him to 1 Tim. iii. 2. After examining it attentively, his astonishment was completely reversed, and he asked us with quite as great anxiety, why the Armenian church had forbidden the custom. We replied, that in the face of such plain passages of Scripture, we could not be responsible for its decisions, and he must ask his own bishops the reason of them.

“ Being himself the son of a priest, the kakhia gave us some important information respecting the *secular* or *parish priesthood*, which you will allow me to combine with what we obtained from other sources, and present to you here, while what I have said upon the monastic orders is fresh in your recollection. Their *appointment* rests with the inhabitants of the village where they officiate, and of which they are almost always themselves natives. The laity are entitled to a voice in the affairs of the church in some other respects, but their rights seem never to have been reduced to any regular form, either by law or custom. No committees are appointed, and when a question occurs which seems to require the opinion of his people, the priest merely calls perhaps a few of the acknowledged leaders of his parish to the church door after service, for the purpose of consultation. The right of electing their own priests the laity universally exercise, and rarely, if ever, does a bishop attempt to interfere with it, by imposing upon them one without their request, or contrary to it. The inhabitants of a town or village fix upon some one of their number, pay his ordination fee to the bishop, and he of course becomes their priest. Should the Armenian church ever engage in the struggles of a reformation, this invaluable right, being already in their possession, will not be one of the many for which the laity will have to contend. Its value seems now, however, to be extremely small. Not even do the people avail themselves of it to reduce their priests to the moderate number which they can respectably support. The proportion of priests in the villages will average at least one to every fifty families; in the towns it is somewhat less. I must add, too, that though their election rests with the people, their bishop has the power of deposing them at will; and the apprehension of such an event makes them perfectly submissive to the nod of the higher clergy.

“ Of the *habits* and *character* of the parish priesthood, we can give you, with some important exceptions (of which we were encouraged to hope the father of our host might be one), but a bad account. They make no effort to improve their own minds, nor those of their people, in literary or

religious knowledge; but are given to indolence and the pleasures of the table. A share of the sacrifices being part of their income, they are of course invited to them all, and their very profession thus leads them to be gormandizers and hard drinkers. It is affirmed that an Armenian priest will drink 20 bottles of wine at a feast! The report seems incredible even in the vicinity of the wine-bibbing Georgians and Mingrelians; still its very existence, though false, shews that the evil is not a slight one. The temptation is so strong, that young men of good habits, before entering the profession, have been observed to give way to it, and soon assimilate themselves to the common character of the priesthood, which is decidedly lower than that of the generality of the laity. While we were at Shoosha, a priest once went to evening prayers so intoxicated that he fell to quarrelling with the people who had assembled, until they were obliged to thrust him out of the church, and go home with their prayers unsaid. The occurrence made some talk for a day or two, but was soon forgotten, as no very strange thing; and the vartabéd, who, as we knew of the Catholicos just at that time, degraded another priest for sending his children to the missionary school, did not regard it as worthy of attention. With such a view of the qualifications and character of the priests before you, you need hardly be told that their *influence* is very small. They are not respected, and their reproofs are but little regarded, not being backed, like those of the higher clergy, by the dreaded power of excommunication."—pp. 242—245.

The Armenian parish priests seldom preach; that belongs to another class, called Vartabéds, who are monks in priests, orders. The routine of duty performed by the former, is confessing, baptizing, marrying, burying, and the like. Their income is derived entirely from perquisites; the only thing that looks like a regular salary in the system is, that some churches have a permanent box for contributions to the priest, and in some villages he receives a small quantity of grain from his parishioners. We may here take notice, that our missionaries frequently speak of the inferior condition of females in this country as compared with that of the other sex. Their education is much less attended to: their virtue is supposed to depend much more upon restraint than upon principle; so that they are seldom allowed to go abroad.

Of the moral character of the Armenians of Tebriz, which belongs to the Persian dominions, the missionaries received the worst impression. Their priests are unprincipled hirelings, and much given to wine: whilst the whole body of the people are accused of the basest spirit of ingratitude to their benefactors. Our travellers here met several times with a bishop whose name was Israel. His acquaintance with the doctrines and ceremonies of his church was as great as his ignorance of every evangelical idea:—

"He had, at a previous interview, invited us to attend mass at his church, and we accordingly went the next morning after the ceremony just described. Observing us soon after we entered, he invited us to a position next himself, by the platform in front of the altar, designed for the officiators at morning and evening prayers. He is distinguished among his

brethren for preaching, and, either in compliance with his own disposition, or to gratify us, who had had one or two conversations with him on this important duty of the clergy, he gave us a sermon this morning between prayers and the mass. In the absence of a pulpit, a chair was placed for him in front of the altar, and a rich carpet spread before it. Chairs were also offered to us, but we declined them, and took our seat among the audience on the floor. His subject was the proper observance of the fasts, and his thoughts were probably unpremeditated, and of little value. But his manner was striking. He commenced sitting, and that seemed the posture which he chose to maintain; but the animation of delivery frequently called him upon his feet, and urged him forward to the edge of his carpet, with a fine effect. No tone marred his enunciation, nor any stiffness his gestures. It was nature that spoke and acted; and nature indeed in too undisguised a form, except for these regions. Violent actions; varied, often high-keyed and passionate tones; and significant contortions of the countenance, expressed his sentiments more clearly than the words he uttered, and would have astounded a more polite audience, as the ravings of madness. But here, where every man is accustomed, from infancy, to be kicked and flogged into his duty, all was in place, and was needed. He took occasion, in his remarks, to reprove the boys who had sported with the bonfire yesterday, by accusing them of bringing upon their church the ridicule of the foreigners who were present; and, as if unable otherwise to express his feelings, he actually spat at them in contempt. All his violence of action, however, failed of fixing the attention of his audience. The women were repeatedly engaged in loud talk; once, conversation seemed to be general throughout the house; and the boys, stationed near the altar for the purpose of aiding in the performance of prayers, manifested such a constant disposition to play, that he was once constrained to order them, in a rage, to be silenced by flogging. This was the only Armenian sermon we had an opportunity to attend, and, in fact, the only one we heard of, except at Shoosha, during our whole journey.

“He seemed reluctant to believe that we were not papists, and assured some of the company, even after we had expressed, in strong language, our abhorrence of the pope, that we were connected with the Roman church. While we were protesting against such a misapprehension of our sentiments, a visitor, who seemed better acquainted with western theology than his bishop, inquired whether we were Lutherans or Calvinists. We consented to bear the latter name; and still the bishop, unable to conceive that we should not belong to some sect within the range of his polemic theology, went on to ask if we were not followers of Arius or Nestorius. We reminded him, that after what we had said in a previous part of the conversation, respecting the divinity of Christ, he might have omitted the name of Arius; and as to Nestorius, we had no connection with him, and no acquaintance with his sect. Not contented with our bare assertion, he plied us with questions about the virgin, and was at once convinced, by our lax notions respecting her perpetual virginity, that we had imbibed the heresy of Nestorius. We explained, that it was a point to which we attached no importance, and that, so far as we knew, it had never been agitated among us. ‘Why,’ said he, with great astonishment, ‘you are priests! what have you to preach about when points like this are deemed unimportant?’ ‘The fundamental doctrine of the gospel,’ we replied, ‘the death of Christ for the sins of the world, and the way of sal-

vation through him. Certainly that is of sufficient importance to be preached.' We then proposed to him the direct question, 'What must we do to be saved!' He answered, as if we had asked a very unnecessary question, 'Why, we are saved already, and need only confess, do penance, and commune, and we shall go to heaven!'—His conversation assumed this argumentative character, only at our first interview; for at the next we directly declined all dispute, and he thus expressed his own abhorrence of it. 'You see,' said he, pointing to the coloured glass in the window of his apartment, 'the rays of light, by passing through different panes, are cast in shades of red and green, and yellow, upon the floor, and yet they all come from the same sun, and are light still; so with the different sects—they all have one origin, and ought to feel that they are still Christian brethren.'—pp. 329—331.

Of the Nestorians, whom our travellers visited in the Vale of Oormiah, we have not room to give any lengthened account, though not the least interesting of the churches described in this volume. Their religious services and doctrines are certainly not so much overloaded with ceremonies as those of the Armenian Church, though they are ignorant of the most important points of orthodox faith, as laid down in Protestant creeds. We hasten now to the concluding observations of the work before us, and select these passages:—

"In view of the extensive ground we have surveyed, a few thoughts arise with which you will permit us to close the report of our tour. Though our object has been specifically missionary, we have not refused to record, in our progress, whatever of general interest has passed under our observation; but, in the end, our minds revert to one subject to the neglect of every other, and that, we doubt not, will be equally prominent in your own reflections. *It is the deeply affecting spiritual condition of the people we have visited, calling upon us to labour for their conversion to Christ.*

"Of those people, the *nominal Christians* have engrossed the most of our attention. To give them the same prominence in your own, we *might* mention the *name* they bear—the same holy name by which we are called. It indicates an affinity of origin of the deepest interest; for we have all sprung from the same vine; they soon after it was planted, and some of them perhaps while it was yet watered by apostolical hands; we after 'she had sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river.' Long since, indeed, have they been cut off for their unfruitfulness, and cast out as an 'abominable branch.' But by reason of this should not our hearts be still more deeply affected on their account? While 'the boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it,' ought we not to be moved to cry with the Psalmist, 'Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts, look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine?' Is it nothing to us, that through their degeneracy 'the name of God continually every day is blasphemed among the Gentiles?' that the religion we hold so dear is made the hereditary scorn of Mohammedans?

"But, of the considerations which above all others deserve to be named, the first is, *that they are in a perishing state.* Though called Christians,

they are all out of the way, and fatally so. Take the Armenians, as our report has exhibited them to you, for an example. In what do they exemplify any of the genuine characteristics of true religion, if we know at all what true religion is? Both in their views and in their conduct we search for them in vain. Look at the nature and manner of their religious worship, their unscriptural perversion of the ordinances of the gospel, their substituting a system of salvation by external ceremonies for faith in the atoning blood of Christ, and all the evangelical doctrines which hinge upon it, and their attempts at posthumous salvation. And add to this the hireling character and debasement of the clergy, the excessive ignorance and degradation of the great mass of the laity, and the want of moral principle universally manifested in conduct immoral or vicious. Surely, if in them we are to recognize one of the legitimate forms into which genuine Christianity may throw itself, too much credit has heretofore been given to the gospel as a refiner and purifier of our nature.

“But, though they are in a perishing state, their rescue is not to be despaired of. For, another consideration we would suggest respecting them is, *that their reformation is practicable*. It is so because the truth can be brought to bear upon their minds. Christians in Mohammedan countries are accessible to missionaries. In the *Turkish empire* may the missionary enter at every point and labour among them, with no Turkish ruler disposed of *himself*, to hinder or make him afraid in so doing. Wherever he finds them may he plant the standard of the cross, and moslems, if left to themselves, will look on with indifference. Only from the Christians may opposition be expected to originate. And thus far we have reason to bless God that the *Oriental* churches have, with hardly an exception, been indisposed to resort to it. From papists, wherever we meet them, opposition is to be expected. From them it is believed, has arisen all that has been experienced. But they are only a few hundred thousands, while their Oriental brethren amount to millions. And the latter, wherever the experiment has been tried, unless under papal influence, allow us to instruct and enlighten them by schools, by circulating Bibles and tracts, by religious conversation, and expounding the Scriptures. Already are missions established among them at several places; other places have long been known as presenting open doors for us; and our present journey has added to the number of prospective stations which can be immediately occupied to advantage. We have been led into *Persia* also, and there likewise have found a field ripe for the harvest. In view of what has been already said respecting the Nestorians, we may ask, what shall hinder us from preaching the gospel in Persia also? There lies, indeed, between it and Europe an inhospitable tract of country difficult to be passed. But shall that be an insurmountable barrier to Christian benevolence, which English travellers annually pass, for wealth, for honour, or for curiosity? Let every Christian blush for the weakness of his love to souls that will not answer, No!”—pp. 461—463.

Of the merits of this American work, and the sagacity, wisdom, and labours of the two estimable missionaries which we have been considering, the highest opinion may be formed from the extracts here presented by us. We have found nothing like cant in the volume, but sound, solid, serious thinking, such as became men engaged in their responsible office. Besides the full information that

their travels afford, regarding a great variety of matters not immediately bearing upon religious enterprize, which the most of ordinary travellers would consider curious and valuable enough to fill a goodly volume or two, we have remarked, that there appears no attempt at exaggeration of the facilities offered to missionary efforts, nor extravagant accounts of what they themselves have accomplished. There is a carefully constructed map prefixed to the volume, of the regions into which they penetrated; and though it professes not to be perfectly accurate, it will be found, together with the careful descriptions of places, to give a fuller and more distinct view of Armenia and the adjacent countries, than is often met with. Upon the whole, the work has greatly interested us.

ART. IX.—*Wanderings in New South Wales, Batavia, Pedir, Coast, Singapore, and China ; being the Journal of a Naturalist in those Countries, during 1832, 1833, and 1834.* By GEORGE BENNETT, Esq. F. L. S. 2 vols. London: Bentley, 1834.

WE are informed by the author, in the preface, that this work is the result of a series of recent excursions into the interior of the colony of New South Wales, at intervals of disengagement from professional duties, and at periods of the year best calculated for observations in natural history. To this are added a detail of such incidents as appeared to the author worthy of notice, while visiting Batavia, Singapore, China, &c. on his return to England. New South Wales, however, is the principal field of his observations: and therefore, these wanderings coming so soon in the wake of Dr. Laing's able work on Australia, appears to disadvantage, not so much on account of an inferior value, as because the field has in a great measure been pre-occupied, or at least ably treated by the Rev. Doctor. At the same time, Mr. Bennett has distinct and important claims upon our favour. His work is properly and precisely a journal, in which "he has limited himself principally, if not entirely, to the notes taken at the instant of observation, his object being to relate facts, in the order they occurred; and without regard to studied composition, to impart the information he has been enabled to collect in simple and unadorned language, avoiding as much as possible, the technicalities of science;" Now, all this, we think, he has fully accomplished; and what higher quality can belong to a man's work, than that it should come up to the point he wished it to do, and to that which it pretends to be? In short, this journal abounds with a vast deal of general information, though it is decidedly that of a naturalist, given in an unassuming manner, so that no previous work can have pre-occupied its place, inasmuch as we have the ready expression of a cultivated and scientific mind, without ostentation or mystery, on every object that fell under his notice. Accordingly, we have not only the facts to which he was a

witness, but the manner in which a rich mind looked upon them, detailed.

We do not see that these volumes either admit of a criticism of a more definitive nature, or that we can speak of their contents under any more precise assortment of topics discussed. We therefore propose to go through them, and for the sake of our readers to condense or extract as the matter may strike us, and at intervals to offer such remarks as individual passages may suggest. Accordingly, we take up the author pretty early in his journal.

In the month of May 1832, in his passage to New South Wales, Mr. Bennett had a sight of Madeira in all its luxuriance and beauty. The northern part of the island, however, is sombre when compared with the fertility of the southern, where the plantations, glowing in varied tints, interspersed with neat white villas and small villages, give much animation to the picturesque scene. Early in the morning is the best time to view Madeira, "as the sun, gradually emerging from the dense masses of clouds which have previously enveloped the towering mountains, gilds their summits, and gradually spreading its rays over the fertile declivities, enlivens and renders distinct the splendid prospect afforded to the voyager. As the sun, however, acquires a stronger power, its proximity to a wide expanse of waters soon causes a mist to arise, by which the clearness of the view from the sea is much obscured.

Speaking of the various objects that are well calculated to excite interest to a naturalist during a long voyage, the author gives an interesting description of the *Physalia*, or "Portuguese Man of War," which is often seen in tropical seas floating by the ship. "The inflated or bladder portion of this molluscous animal, glowing in delicate crimson tints, floats upon the waves, whilst the long tentaculæ, of a deep purple colour, extend beneath, as snares to capture its prey." Persons who are anxious to possess the gaudy prize suffer from an acrid fluid which it discharges, causing a pungent pain. The author, by way of experiment, allowed himself to be stung by this animal on two of his fingers. The sensation at first was like that which is produced by a nettle, but it became soon a violent aching pain, affecting the joints even to the shoulder, and an oppression of breathing was occasioned by the pectoral muscle becoming attacked. After about half an hour all this began to abate.

On entering the tropics many animated objects excited the author's attention. The flying fish in particular attracted his study, and although he cannot have been singular in this respect, yet few could look upon such a creature with equal sentiments of pleasure and wonder, because very rarely indeed has its nature and habits been so well understood or described. Here is only a small portion of his description and discussion regarding this sort of fish.

"The 'flight' of these fish has been compared to that of birds, so as to deceive the observer; however, I cannot perceive any comparison, one being an elegant, fearless, and independent motion, whilst that of the fish

is hurried, stiff, and awkward, more like a creature requiring support for a short period, and then its repeated flights are merely another term for leaps. The fish make a rustling noise, very audible when they are near the ship, dart forward, or sometimes take a curve to bring themselves before the wind, and when fatigued fall suddenly into the water. It is not uncommon to see them, when pursued, drop exhausted, rise again almost instantly, proceed a little further, again dipping into the ocean, so continuing for some distance, until they are out of sight, so that we remain in ignorance whether they have been captured or have eluded pursuit."—vol. i, pp. 33, 34.

The phosphoric light given out by the ocean, is, as the author believes, not only occasioned by marine molluscs and crustaceous fishes, but by *debris*, from dead animal matter, with which sea water is much loaded. The magnificence of a phosphoric scene, when a ship sails with a strong breeze through a luminous sea on a dark night is thus happily described.

"As the ship sails with a strong breeze through a luminous sea on a dark night, the effect produced is then seen to the greatest advantage. The wake of the vessel is one broad sheet of phosphoric matter, so brilliant as to cast a dull, pale light over the after-part of the ship; the foaming surges, as they gracefully curl on each side of the vessel's prow, are similar to rolling masses of liquid phosphorus; whilst in the distance, even to the horizon, it seems an ocean of fire, and the distant waves breaking, give out a light of an inconceivable beauty and brilliancy: in the combination, the effect produces sensations of wonder and awe, and causes a reflection to arise on the reason of its appearance, as to which as yet no correct judgment has been formed, the whole being overwhelmed with mere hypothesis.

"Sometimes the luminosity is very visible without any disturbance of the water, its surface remaining smooth, unruffled even by a passing zephyr; whilst on other occasions no light is emitted unless the water is agitated by the winds, or by the passage of some heavy body through it. Perhaps the beauty of this luminous effect is seen to the greatest advantage when the ship, lying in a bay or harbour in tropical climates, the water around has the resemblance of a sea of milk. An opportunity was afforded me, when at Cavité, near Manilla, in 1830, of witnessing, for the first time, this beautiful scene: as far as the eye could reach over the extensive bay of Manilla, the surface of the tranquil water was one sheet of this dull, pale, phosphorescence; and brilliant flashes were emitted instantly on any heavy body being cast into the water, or when fish sprang from it or swam about; the ship seemed, on looking over its side, to be anchored in a sea of liquid phosphorus, whilst in the distance the resemblance was that of an ocean of milk.

"The night to which I allude, when this magnificent appearance presented itself to my observation, was exceedingly dark, which, by the contrast, gave an increased sublimity to the scene; the canopy of the heavens was dark and gloomy; not even the glimmering of a star was to be seen; while the sea of liquid fire cast a deadly pale light over every part of the vessel, her masts, yards, and hull; the fish meanwhile sporting about in numbers, varying the scene by the brilliant flashes they occasioned. It would have formed, I thought at the time, a sublime and

beautiful subject for an artist like Martin, to execute with his judgment and pencil, that is, if any artist could give the true effect of such a scene, on which I must express some doubts.

“It must not be for a moment conceived that the light described as brilliant, and like to a sea of ‘liquid fire,’ is of the same character as the flashes produced by the volcano, or by lightning, or meteors. No: it is the light of phosphorus, as the matter truly is, pale, dull, approaching to a white or very pale yellow, casting a melancholy light on objects around, only emitting flashes by collision. To read by it is possible, but not agreeable; and, on an attempt being made, it is always found that the eyes will not endure the peculiar light for any length of time, as headaches and sickness are often occasioned by it. I have frequently observed at Singapore, that, although the tranquil water exhibits no particular luminosity, yet, when disturbed by the passage of a boat, it gives out phosphoric matter, leaving a brilliant line in the boat’s wake, and the blades of the oars, when raised from the water, seem to be dripping with liquid phosphorus.”
—vol. i, pp. 36—39.

The Albatross affords the author a fine opportunity for pleasant description. This superb bird sails in the air seemingly as if excited by some invisible power, for there is rarely any apparent movement of its wings. But this very want of muscular exertion is the reason why these birds sustain such long flights as they do without repose. The largest seen by the author, measured, when its wings were expanded, fourteen feet; but specimens, it is asserted, have been shot that have measured twenty feet across. The immense distance these birds are capable of flying has been ascertained by having some of them caught, marked, and again set at liberty. The cause of their long and easy repose in the air is thus given by Mr. Bennett:—

“To watch the flight of these birds used to afford me much amusement;—commencing with the difficulty experienced by them in elevating themselves from the water. To effect this object, they spread their long pinions to the utmost, giving them repeated impulses as they run along the surface of the water for some distance. Having, by these exertions, raised themselves above the wave, they ascend and descend, and cleave the atmosphere in various directions, without any apparent muscular exertion. How then, it may be asked, do these birds execute such movements? The whole surface of the body in this, as well as, I believe, most, if not all, the oceanic tribes, is covered by numerous air-cells, capable of a voluntary inflation or diminution, by means of a beautiful muscular apparatus. By this power, the birds can raise or depress themselves at will, and the tail, and great length of the wing, enable them to steer in any direction. Indeed, without some provision of this kind, to save muscular exertion, it would be impossible for these birds to undergo such long flights without repose, as they have been known to do; for the muscles appertaining to the organs of flight, although large in these birds, are evidently inadequate in power to the long distances they have been known to fly, and the immense length of time they remain on the wing, without scarcely a moment’s cessation.”—vol. i, pp. 46, 47.

Mr. Bennett describes the appearance of the Australian coast as sombre, and as calculated to excite in the bosom of an emigran

disappointment and despondency. But on viewing the interior much of these feelings wears off, although he will see and meet a great deal to confirm his first impressions. The independence and ease which he begins to find industry can command, reconciles him chiefly to the choice he has made. Sydney is a rising and flourishing town, but we need not enter into a view of this seat of government, after what has been so recently published regarding it. Ere proceeding with the author into the interior, we shall only state, and with approbation, that he suggests the expediency, from the wealth and importance of this part of the colony, that it should no longer be used as a penal settlement. He mentions it as a well known fact, that free emigration is detested by most of the convict party, which intimates at once the future policy necessary to be employed to correct such an order of feeling. As an illustration of the fact stated by him, he gives the remark which a wealthy individual of this jealous class once uttered. "What have free emigrants to do here? the colony was founded for us, they have no right here;" and that individual, from his wealth, adds our author, would probably be elected a member of a future House of Assembly.

It would appear that there is a peculiar character in the vegetation in the neighbourhood of Sydney, and other parts of Australia, the foliage of the trees, for instance, having a dry appearance, and being destitute of lustre. This is attributed by Dr. Brown, the celebrated botanist, to the equal existence of cutaneous glands on both surfaces of the leaf. Other singularities are the trees attaining a great elevation, with branches only at the summit, and shedding their bark, which convey to us different ideas from those formed from the vegetation of other countries.

A museum has been recently established at Sydney, respecting which the author has several sensible suggestions. Certainly few countries possess such facilities for the procuring of specimens. Still, such institutions can only be supported and conducted with proper spirit and intelligence, where society affords sufficient numbers to excite great reciprocal enterprise, and constantly to interchange additional discoveries: features not likely to be prevalent in a young colony.

Our author is of opinion that there is too much ground for the statement that prisoners of the crown are better off in New South Wales than free men; and he suggests that—

"Convicts ought (if by transportation any punishment is intended) to be sent, according to the nature of their crimes, to the whole of our colonies, whether in the East and West Indies, coast of Africa, &c. &c., solely for the purpose of being employed upon the public works, and free emigration to be encouraged to Australia, Cape, &c., on a very extended scale. The influence of the emancipist class of the New South Wales population is great, and they are also possessed of great wealth. As wealth is one degree of power, they must be regarded both as an influential and powerful body. There is also that system adopted, which is much to be

regretted. I allude to no distinction being made between those banished for trivial offences, and those who have committed deeper crimes. Many atrocious characters are assigned to persons of the highest respectability, well clothed and fed; and from them often have I witnessed most unbounded insolence: so that a stranger would imagine the master to be under obligations to the servant, and would be astonished when told that the servant was a convicted felon."—vol. i, pp. 91, 92.

The aboriginal tribes belonging to the districts of the British colony, it appears, are no strangers to infanticide. The females, when they experience much lingering suffering in labour, will threaten the life of the infant previous to birth, and afterwards keep their word. This crime occurs very frequently when the children are half-castes.

"During a visit to the Murrumbidgee and Tumat countries, as well as other parts of the colony, I availed myself of every opportunity to procure information regarding acts of infanticide, as existing among the aborigines of this country. I succeeded in ascertaining that infants were frequently destroyed: sometimes the reason assigned was some personal defect in the infant, (whence we may attribute to the fact of a deformed person being seldom seen among the native tribes,) or the mother not wishing to have the trouble of carrying it about: the female children were more frequently destroyed than the males. I heard of a weak and sickly child having been destroyed, and even eaten: the reason given by the unnatural parents was, that they were very hungry, and the child no use and much trouble; one redeeming quality, however, was, that they displayed a sense of shame when acknowledging the fact, and gave the reason for which they had committed so barbarous an act. It is seldom they will confess having destroyed their offspring: one, however, who had a child by an European, acknowledged it readily; and the reason given for the commission was its being *like a warragul, or native dog*. This was because the infant, like its papa, had a 'carroty poll,' and thus resembled, in colour, the hair of the native dog, which is certainly not so handsome as the dark black locks of the aboriginal tribes.

"Although addicted to infanticide, they display, in other instances, an extraordinary degree of affection for their dead offspring, evidenced by an act that almost exceeds credibility, had it not so often been witnessed among the tribes in the interior of the colony. I allude to the fact of deceased children, from the earliest age to even six or seven years, being placed in a bag, made of kangaroo skin, and slung upon the back of the mother, who, besides this additional burden, carries her usual *netbul, or ooly*, for provisions, &c. They carry them thus for ten or twelve months, sleeping upon the mass of mortal remains, which serves them for a pillow, apparently unmindful of the horrid foetor which emanates from such a putrifying substance. Habit must reconcile them to it, for a woman carrying such a burden, may be 'nosed' at a long distance before seen; and a stranger, unacquainted with this native custom, will see a woman with a large pack upon her back, from which such an odour proceeds; as to make him doubt from what it can be produced. When the body becomes dry, or only the bones left, the remains are burnt, buried, or placed into a hollow trunk or limb of a tree: in the latter instance covering the opening carefully with stones, &c. All the information that could be

procured from them respecting this disgusting custom, was, 'that they were afraid, if they buried them, the *Buckee*, or devil-devil would take them away.' When the adults among the aborigines die, the body is consigned to the hollow trunk of a tree, cave, or in the ground, according to circumstances, and wood, stones, &c., are piled on the entrance, or over the grave, so that, according to the ideas of these poor, superstitious savages, the *Buckee* may not be able to find them."—vol. i, pp. 124—126.

Polygamy is permitted among the Australian Aborigines; each takes and dismisses wives as he pleases, although many have only one at a time. They are a filthy race, in general habits and in cooking. The cloaks made of skins, which they wear in cold weather, are not for decency. Still they affect certain ornaments.

"Both sexes have the *septum naris* perforated, in which a piece of straw, stick, or emu-bone is worn, looking like what Jack would term a 'spritsail yard'; this practice is universal among the whole of the tribes seen in the colony, and is regarded as highly ornamental. I have before alluded to the loss of an incisor tooth of the upper jaw, observed among the adult male natives; this, on inquiry, I found proceeded from a custom existing among them, (which is attended at the time with much ceremony,) of a male, on attaining the age of manhood, having to undergo this operation, receiving at the same time the 'cumeel,' or opossum-skin belt, after which he is admitted into the society of men, permitted to attend the *corroberas*, or consultations when any marauding or war expedition is in contemplation, or when the tribe is about to remove from one part of the country to another: previous to this, they are considered only fit society for women, and associate principally with them. A son of a chief at Yas Plains, who had not yet undergone this ceremony, necessary for his admission, attended one of their meetings; on being discovered, he was obliged to leave the assembly.

"Among the native inhabitants of the Yas district was a pair of originals: the man was called Daraga, and his lady the 'beautiful Kitty of Yas.' Neither of them had pretensions to beauty. The lady had ornamented her delicate form (for all the ladies are fond of adornments) with two opossum tails; pendent in a graceful manner from her greasy locks; pieces of tobacco-pipe, mingled with coloured beads, adorned her neck; an old, dirty opossum-skin cloak was thrown over the shoulders; a bundle of indescribable rags around the waist; and a netbul or culy hanging behind, (filled with a collection of 'small deer,' and other eatables, that would baffle all attempts at description,) completed the toilette of this angelic creature. Of her features I shall only say, they were not such as painters represent those of Venus: her mouth, for instance, had a striking resemblance to the gaping entrance of a Wombat's burrow. The husband also had decorated the locks of his cranium with opossum tails, with the addition of grease and red ochre; a tuft of beard ornamented his chin; and the colour of his hide was barely discernible, from the layers of mud and charcoal covering it; he wore a 'spritsail yard' through his 'apology for a nose;' the opossum-skin cloak covered his shoulders; and the 'cumeel,' or belt of opossum-skin, girded the loins: the pipe was his constant companion, as the love of tobacco among those who have intercourse with Europeans is unbounded, and no more acceptable present can be made them."—vol. i, pp. 176—182.

It is well known that snakes are numerous in the colony. Those known as the "black and brown kinds," take to the water, and indeed procure their food from the banks of the streams. They are venomous, but said not to be deadly. But these are not the only venomous reptiles.

"There is another dangerous snake, called 'yellow snake' by the colonists, and 'Jaruk' by the Yas natives: it attains a large size, and has the reputation of being very venomous, the bite producing almost immediate death. The most deadly snake in appearance, and I believe also in effect, is one of hideous aspect, called by the colonists the 'death adder,' and by the Yas natives 'Tammin,' from having a small curved process at the extremity of the tail, or, more correctly, the tail terminating suddenly in a small curved extremity, bearing some resemblance to a sting; it is considered by popular rumour to inflict a deadly sting with it.

"This hideous reptile is thick in proportion to its length; the eye is vivid yellow, with a black longitudinal pupil; the colour of the body is difficult to be described, being a complication of dull colours, with narrow, blackish bands, shaded off into the colours which compose the back; abdomen slightly tinged with red; head broad, thick, and flattened. The specimen I examined measured two feet two inches in length, and five inches in circumference. It is, I believe, an undescribed species. A dog that was bitten by one, died in less than an hour. The specimen I examined was found coiled up near the banks of the Murrumbidgee river; and being of a torpid disposition, did not move when approached, but quietly reposed in the pathway, with its head turned beneath the belly."—vol. i, pp. 216, 217.

We meet with such an instance of the devoted attachment of a savage female, detailed by the author, that we cannot but extract the account. Female love and fidelity are not confined to civilized life.

"A female of one of the aboriginal tribes in the Murrumbidgee country formed an attachment and cohabited with a convict named Tallboy, who, becoming a bush-ranger, was for a long time sought after by the police for the many atrocities he had committed, but always eluded pursuit. This female concealed him with true native ingenuity, and baffled his pursuers—she would fish and hunt for him, whilst he remained secluded in the retreat she chose. She often visited the stock-keepers' huts at the different stations, and whatever provision she received from them was immediately conveyed to the unworthy object of her devoted attachment. Although many knew she was privy to his concealment, yet it was found impossible to elude her vigilance, by following her, and thus discover his retreat:—she evaded all attempts, and seemed ever watchful for his safety, probably knowing the fate that awaited him, if taken. Neither promises of rewards—enough to excite the cupidity of any individual, but one in whom a higher feeling was paramount—nor threats could induce her even to acknowledge she was acquainted with his place of concealment, much more betray it. Nay, it has occurred more than once, when there was a fear of discovery, that she has given voluntary information to the police of having seen him thirty or fifty miles distant, when, in fact, his place of concealment was in the immediate neighbourhood. The brute, however,

manifested no kindred affection with this female, but would frequently beat and ill-use her.

“ Whilst she administered to him the refreshing cup of kindness, he bestowed on her misery in return. He had in one instance given way to his natural brutish disposition, by ill-treating the being who had done so much for him,—when he was on the verge of discovery, indeed had himself given up all hopes of escape, when she again saved him, by engaging to point out to the police his place of retreat, and absolutely led them away, under that pretence, in a contrary direction, affording her paramour both time and opportunity to seek out a safer asylum. When she arrived with the police at the spot she had informed them he last was, he of course was not there, and a strict search in the vicinity was equally unsuccessful: she then left them to continue their pursuit after the criminal, pretending to know nothing further respecting him or his place of concealment. At last he was captured by venturing out too boldly during her absence, was tried, condemned, and expiated his offences on the scaffold at Sydney.

“ She wished to follow him, on hearing he was a prisoner: but that impossible: so, reclaimed by her tribe, she was obliged to become an unwilling wife of one of the blacks. It is but too well known in what degradation the female sex are held among savage nations, so different from the deference and respect so justly given to that amiable and gentle portion of the creation in civilized life. This unfortunate female was ordered by her husband, whose word is law, to follow him, at a time when she was rendered incapable by illness: on her hesitating, he struck her with savage barbarity with his tomahawk so severely over the head and legs, that she fainted from loss of blood. She was found lying on the ground, and taken to the house of a settler residing on the banks of the Murrumbidgee river, and every kindness and attention shown her; but after lingering, suffering severe mental and bodily anguish, she expired.” —vol. i. pp. 248—251.

Mr. Bennett gives an animated description of kangaroo hunting. He says, that when dying, one of these animals would afford a subject worthy of the pencil of Landseer, as it lies prostrate on that ground, where but a few minutes before, it gambolled, moaning piteously under the fangs of the hounds, and its eyes dim with tears. “ No one can behold the tragic scene without feeling pangs of regret, as the dogs worry the animal until the hunter dismounts, and passing his knife across the creature’s throat, the crimson stream flows, and the fixed glassy eye indicates the termination of life.” The part most esteemed of the kangaroos for eating is the loins; and the tail which abounds in gelatine, furnishes an excellent soup, but the hind legs are coarse, and usually fall to the dogs. The natives give a preference to the head. But their females are not allowed to eat the flesh of the animal, for their absolute and selfish lords say, if they did, “ our dogs would die.”

“ Although the kangaroos have so pretty and innocent a physiognomy, yet when attacked, and defending themselves in the ‘strife of death,’ they display a fierceness of disposition which would not be supposed from their gentle nature. The ‘old man,’ as a full grown male is called by

the colonists; is really a formidable opponent when at bay, either for man or dogs; and although the engagement usually terminates against the unfortunate animal, yet the struggle is often violent and protracted before its death is accomplished. The object of our chase stood erect, braving the unequal contest, which he had endeavoured to, but could not, avoid; the victory was strongly disputed, and three of the hounds being young, I doubt whether it would have terminated in their favour, as they began to be exhausted, when the overseer, dismounting, overturned the animal, and keeping its hind legs down with his utmost strength, the dogs attacked the throat, and its existence was soon terminated.

"The weight of this animal was one hundred and sixty pounds. On the inner side of each knee-joint I observed a collection of several hundreds of worms, long, thin, and of a white colour, inclosed in a cyst of cellular membrane, through which they could be seen. It was situated external to the knee-joint. I dissected a cyst as perfectly as possible, and placed them in spirits; at the same time regretting that I had no means of preserving the joint with the cyst attached, entire. Similar worms are said to exist in the stomach and intestines of the animal. These cysts, I understand, are not uncommon; some persons have asserted that they have never killed a kangaroo without them, whilst others declare they are more common in males than in females, and are found in two kangaroos out of three."—vol. i. pp. 292, 293.

The author in speaking of the castor oil shrubs (*ricinus communis*) which abounds in the colony, both in a wild and cultivated state, thriving even in the most arid soils, states that the oil is still imported and sold in the colony at a high price, when, by very little attention, any quantity could be expressed from the seeds. We take notice of this particular amongst the great number of other articles pointed out in this work, to show something of the boundless capabilities which Australia possesses, and to refer to the very apparent idea, that in the course of ages that country may become one of the most renowned in the world, when even the natives may be civilized and enlightened, though human nature be one of the most irreclaimable and intractable objects in existence. The Aborigines in the districts near Sydney, have really made marvellously little progress in knowledge or manners. The celebrated King Bungaree, it is well known, and his tribe, could never be induced to settle and cultivate the soil for subsistence. "It is related," says our author, "that there was an attempt made, during the government of General Macquarie, by distributing seeds among them, to entice them to industrious habits. Among the packets of seed sent for distribution were some which contained fish-hooks. These together with the seeds were given to the sable monarch. Some time after this, the governor inquired of him, whether the seeds had yet come up. "Oh, berry well, berry well," exclaimed Bungaree, "all make come up berry well, except dem fish-hooks, dem no com up yet.."

This anecdote, however, indicates ignorance, rather than dislike to civilized habits. But we ourselves have been in the habit of

associating with an officer who had the best opportunity of judging of the natives in New South Wales, and he has often declared to us that of several who for a length of time enjoyed his hospitality, care, and humane exertions, none were ever so weaned from their original modes of life, but that they would leave him, run off to the woods, denude themselves of the garments they had been wearing, and submit again to all the uncertainties and sufferings of an unsettled and savage existence. Nor is this other than what is to be expected of any sudden attempt to civilize human beings so degraded as they have long been in almost brutish habits. It is indeed as Hartley observes in his "Essays on Man," he is brought to any thing almost sooner than to change his habit of life, especially when the change is made against accustomed indulgences. "It is," he says, "the most difficult thing to convert men from vicious habits to virtuous ones, as every one may judge, from what he feels in himself as well as from what he sees in others." And as Dr. Paley adds, in reference to these sentiments, "it is almost like making men over again."

In the course of the first volume the author leaves New South Wales. But though we have followed him in his journey therein, much more closely than we can afford to do in the succeeding part of the work, we have not touched upon one tenth of the interesting matter therein contained. The popular form in which he treats every subject must render it generally acceptable and entertaining. We may add, that the gossiping style in which he introduces whatever he sees, or whatever he thinks, presents in almost every page, a distinct subject, so that it matters little where the reader opens the work. But we have many chapters still to look into, connected with other parts of the globe, from which we must gather a few extracts.

But, ere bidding a final adieu at present to Botany Bay, it may not be amiss to let the author repeat an anecdote, with which the name of that now celebrated place is connected.

"It has been said that formerly it was dangerous in England to inform a fellow-traveller of having just arrived from Botany Bay, as he will soon shun your acquaintance; but visitors from that country must, after the following anecdote, stand a worse chance in the celestial empire. A ship arriving at China from Australia, the commander, when asked by the Chinese where the ship came from, jocosely answered, 'From New South Wales, where all the English thieves are sent.' The inhabitants of the empire, taking the joke seriously, reported this and every other ship which arrived from that country to the mandarin as 'ship from thiefo country: one thiefo captain, three thiefo officers, twenty-five thiefo crew.' And when the Hooghly arrived with the late governor of New South Wales, it was—'One thiefo viceroy of thiefo country, with several thiefo attendants.'"—vol. i, p. 342.

Our author's passage was tedious even after making the Island of Java, ere arriving at Batavia, a city where the masses of filth of

dead and putrid bodies of dogs, hogs, and other animals that float down the river are found to be of service in a way not known in most countries, viz. as food for the alligators, which are there prodigiously numerous. But what struck Mr. Bennett particularly was, that the native convicts were working up to the waist in the water, not far from these voracious creatures, reposing close by, like logs on the surface of the river, without fear or damage. The reasons given for their security are either that the alligators are too well fed on the offal and carcasses that float from the city to think of other objects, or that they have a respect for black skins. But we must go forward to China, for there a few highly interesting matters claim our particular attention.

The ancient colony of the Portuguese, Macao, which in that language signifies a mallet, on account of its resemblance to such an instrument has a very romantic aspect on approaching it from the sea. Nature and art have combined to lend it a picturesque appearance. The streets, however, are narrow, badly paved, and steep. But the private residences of the Europeans are very convenient and spacious. In reference to the commercial facilities of Macao, though the harbour be spacious, yet such is the jealousy of the Chinese government towards Europeans, that only twenty-five of their ships are permitted to anchor in it, and those must be of the Spanish or Portuguese nations, excepting in case of distress. Nearly two centuries ago permission was granted by the authorities for the above number of such foreign vessels; and these are always regarded by this extraordinarily blinded people to be the very identical ones which had at that time received the original indulgence from the imperial government. Neither are any individuals, except Portuguese or naturalised descendants of that nation allowed to be owners of houses at Macao.

Mr. Bennett visited the Casa gardens, celebrated for containing "Camoen's Cave," the spot in which that poet wrote the *Lusiad*. It is not correct, however, to call it a *cave*, it being merely masses of granite rocks piled one over the other, forming a kind of archway. The situation is delightfully surrounded by umbrageous trees and overhanging shrubs, together with other objects that could not fail to excite and perfect poetical imaginations. But the great object of attraction at Macao, is the splendid aviary and gardens of T. Beale, Esq. who devotes his leisure moments to the care and delight connected with the brilliant and elegant productions of nature in the animal as well as in the vegetable kingdom. The first one described, is that "aerial creature" the Paradise Bird. It is a fine male, and was, when the author beheld it, arrayed in his full and gorgeous plumage. He is inclosed in a large and roomy cage, so as not to occasion injury to his delicate dress. It was then nine years since it had come into Mr. Beale's possession, yet it does not exhibit the appearance of age, but is lively and healthy. The sounds he utters resemble somewhat the cawing of

a raven, but changes to a varied scale, as *he, hi, ho, haw*, repeated frequently and rapidly. The length of the Paradise bird is usually two feet, measuring from the bill to the tip of the side feathers. But we must insert part of the author's description of the individual specimen at Macao, without abridgement.

"The neck of this bird is of a beautiful and delicate canary yellow colour, blending gradually into the fine chocolate colour of the other parts of the body; the wings are very short and of a chocolate colour. Underneath them, long delicate and gold-coloured feathers proceed from the sides in two beautiful and graceful tufts, extending far beyond the tail, which is also short, of a chocolate colour, with two very long shafts of the same hue proceeding from the urupigium. At the base of the mandibles the delicate plumage has during one time (according as the rays of light are thrown upon it) the appearance of fine black velvet, and at another a very dark green, which contrasts admirably with the bright emerald of the throat. There is nothing abrupt or gaudy in the plumage of this bird; the colours harmonize in the most elegant manner, and the chasteness does not fail of exciting our admiration. The mandibles are of a light blue; irides bright yellow; and the feet of a lilac tint.

"This elegant creature has a light, playful and graceful manner, with an arch and impudent look; dances about when a visitor approaches the cage, and seems delighted at being made an object of admiration. During four months of the year, from May to August, it moults. It washes itself regularly, twice a day, and after having performed its ablutions, throws its delicate feathers up nearly over the head, the quills of which feathers have a peculiar structure, so as to enable the bird to effect this object. Its food during confinement is boiled rice, mixed up with soft egg, together with plaintains, and living insects of the grasshopper tribe; these insects when thrown to him, the bird contrives to catch in his beak with great celerity; it will eat insects in a living state, but will not touch them when dead.

"I observed the bird previously to eating a grasshopper, given him in an entire or un mutilated state, place the insect upon the perch, keep it firmly fixed with the claws, and divesting it of the legs, wings, &c. devour it, with the head always placed first. The servant who attends upon him to clean the cage, give him food, &c. strips off the legs, wings, &c. of the insects when alive, giving them to the bird as fast as he can devour them. It rarely alights upon the ground, and so proud is the creature of its elegant dress that it never permits a soil to remain upon it, and it may frequently be seen spreading out its wings and feathers, and regarding its splendid self in every direction, to observe whether the whole of its plumage is in an unsullied condition. It does not suffer from the cold weather during the winter season at Macao, though exposing the elegant bird to the bleak northerly wind is always very particularly avoided. Mr. Beale is very desirous of procuring a living female specimen of this bird, to endeavour, if possible, to breed them in his aviary."—vol. ii. pp. 41—43.

The aviary is forty feet in length by twenty in breadth, and probably thirty or forty in height. Large trees and various shrubs are planted for the convenience of the inhabitants; in the branches of the former, small baskets, as nests, are placed for such birds as

build in trees, and in those places, many of the inhabitants have been born and reared. Near a tank filled with water, a quantity of artificial rock-work is constructed for birds of another class. In this society it is necessary to have certain strict laws, as well as means of subsistence.

“It may certainly be said, that all the pets look full of life, and happy and contented in their situations: they chirp, sing, wash, feed, are merry, and having abundance of room, their plumage looks healthy and beautiful, so unlike the dirty ragged appearance they soon exhibit when kept in a close, confined place, which in a short period, brings on disease, and eventually death. Here they can wash themselves every morning, and they appear always eager to perform their natural ablutions: their unsullied plumage, the song or twitter of delight with which they reward their benefactor, show how happy and contented they are in their confinement.

“In the aviary are separate cages, erected for the purpose of inclosing such of the males of any of the species, as may have their combative organs in too high a degree of excitement; the punishment for such troublesome characters is therefore in the first place, solitary confinement, and should they not be reformed under that treatment, they are finally dismissed the aviary as incorrigibles.

“It is delightful to visit the aviary at a very early hour in the morning, when the whole of the inhabitants are in the greatest confusion, the servants busily engaged in cleaning the habitation, and giving supplies of food to the colony; the plummy people appear in the plenitude of their happiness; hopping from branch to branch, or running along the ground, their little throats strain with harmony; the soft cooing of the numerous pigeon tribe is heard as well as the quacking sounds of the duck tribe, who are not gifted with any more harmonious notes. It is at this time that we can also observe the querulous disposition of these animals. The males of one and the same kind, or of different species, endeavour to grasp all the supplies for themselves, unmindful of the wants of others, and will not permit their companions to perform their ablutions without molestation, although they may have themselves completed what they required. I often observed the mandarine ducks excite the drakes to attack other males or females of the same species as well as any other kind of bird (not too powerful) in the aviary, against whom the lady may have taken a dislike from some cause or causes unknown to us; there always appears to be one pair who exercise a tyranny over the others, not permitting them to wash, eat, or drink, unless at the pleasure of these little autocrats.

“As the shades of evening close in, the aviary is again in a bustle, the birds setting themselves in their various roosting places for the night, and keeping up a continual chattering until the whole colony is buried in silence and hidden in darkness. The Paradise bird then sits tranquilly upon his perch, and no more greets the stranger, but stares in stupid amazement at the late visit. The cages of this and the other birds in this verandah are very carefully covered up at night to protect them from cats, or any other midnight prowlers.

“It once happened, during a total eclipse of the sun, as the luminary became overshadowed, the ‘feathered colony,’ if not in a consternation at the event, was exceedingly puzzled at the rapid and unusual termination of the day; and all retired supperless to bed; they received however, a second

surprise at the brightness of the night, for before they could be well asleep, the cocks crowed at the re-appearance of the luminary, and they again resumed their daily amusements and occupations."—vol. ii, pp. 51—54.

We never read any new account of the Chinese without feeling that their singularity among the human kind is greater than we had previously conceived. This impression is much more definitively conveyed by a statement of simple facts, than by any process of reasoning or theory. For instance, we learn from the author, that every thing is sold by weight in that empire. Dogs, cats, rats, living and dead; with fowls, ducks, and other kinds of poultry; as well as living eels and carp, &c. in buckets of water.

"Every thing living or dead, organic or inorganic, is sold by weight in this celestial country, whether it be fruit or ballastones, oil or vegetables, living dogs or pigs, cats or poultry, they are all purchased by the catty. The dogs and pussies are highly esteemed by the Chinese, who convert them into delicious (according to their organs of taste) bow-wow soup, and rich pussy broth. A Chinese does not appear to have any idea of measurement, for one was asked whether we should have much wind—'Yes, plenty catties of wind, by, by, come;'—and when some gentlemen were taking observations of the sun, the Chinese observed upon them, that—"they were weighing the sun."—vol. ii, pp. 87—88.

We here only make the obvious remark, that the absurdity of these notions can only be proved by giving us, what are the ideas which these people attach to the words catty and weight. But not to dwell on this, it would appear, that as gardeners, notwithstanding their boastful pretensions, their first-rate nursery gardens, in so far as the author's opportunities led him to judge, are inferior to the worst specimens of the sort to be met with in any of the provincial towns of Great Britain. Still, their trifling artificial attempts are even in such places apparent. For instance, the small trees of the finger citron sort, had the curious fruit of that tree tied upon them, to look as if they were really growing and in their original field. Some part of their ingenuity may be learned from what follows:—

"The Chinese procure the dwarf orange trees, laden with fruit, by selecting a branch of a larger tree upon which there may be a good supply of fruit: the cuticle being detached from one part of the branch, is plastered over with a mixture of clay and straw, until roots are given out when the branch is cut off, planted in a pot and thus forms a dwarf tree laden with fruit. Other means are adopted to give the trunk and bark an appearance of age, and these, with the dwarf bamboos and other trees, must certainly be regarded as the principal Chinese vegetable curiosities. As far as gardening or laying out a garden is concerned, these people possess any thing but the idea of beauty or true taste, neither being in the least degree attended to in the arrangement of their gardens, every thing bears the semblance of shift, being awkward and perfectly unnatural. To distort nature, a Chinese seems to think the attainment of perfection."—vol. ii, pp. 89—90.

Our readers from these numerous extracts can easily appreciate the value of Mr. Bennett's work. We do not say we have given

the best specimens of it, but we are sure they are fair; and these exhibit him as being an active, cheerful, and communicative man. It is perfectly evident from what our readers here find, that he is apt to put down every thing that strikes, and as it strikes himself, without much selection, or even care in the description of his ideas. No doubt he bespeaks our indulgence on account of his haste and other particulars. This is not a satisfactory mode of avoiding responsibility to the public, or excusing insufficient work. At the same time, nothing can be more clear than that the author is an honest narrator, nay that more care, condensation, and polish, would have shorn his statements of their freshness and truth. In going over these extracts our readers may, like us, wonder why he did not often cull, alter, or balance better, the mere arrangement of his ideas, much more his phraseology; and this opinion would be much strengthened were every chapter at length before them, as they have been before us. Still we repeat that the result and effect of the work is good gossiping reading for the generality, and the lightest possible for the enlightened naturalist.

ART. XI—*An Account of the Present State of the Island of Puerto Rico, &c.* By COLONEL FLINTER. 8vo. pp 392. London: Longman & Co. 1834.

THE author professes in the preface to be particularly exempt from prejudices and party spirit, and to undertake from humane motives to lay before the public his observations on the condition of the free-coloured and slave population in the West India colonies of Spain, which are the result, as he tells us, of twenty-one years' experience in that quarter of the world. He has visited the colonies and establishments of all the European nations on the American continent and in the West Indies, as well as the republic of the United States. Both on the continent and in the islands he has possessed landed property and slaves. His leisure hours from his first landing as a British Officer in the West Indies twenty-one years ago, down to a late period when he has been doing duty on the staff of the Spanish army which garrisons the colonies of Her Most Catholic Majesty, have been dedicated to the acquisition of every information that could throw light on the colonial policy of Spain. He therefore considers himself fitted to present facts worthy of the notice of those who require ascertained and practical truths to direct their judgment. His principal object, however, is to make known the great and growing importance of the colonies that remain to Spain in the western hemisphere, and especially of the valuable and fertile island of Puerto Rico, which with Cuba alone of the West India islands now belong to her, although she was the discoverer and at one time the mistress of the greater part of the new world. To

suggest improvements in the management of these colonies, and to recommend the speedy recognition of the independence of the South American republics, are also principal objects of the book. Besides, to exhibit the character of the colonial government of Spain, which he says is singularly paternal, and to point out the operation of the Spanish Slave Code, not only in protecting the bondman from oppression, but in preparing him for final emancipation, which he also declares to be beneficent, are prominent features which he has had in view. Nor does he fear to maintain that he can demonstrate the mighty advantages of free over slave labour, as respects security, economy, and productiveness.

In all these particulars we must give it as our opinion, that he has succeeded beyond what were our anticipations on glancing at the preface. There is doubtless about Colonel Flinter a strong admiration of what is Spanish, which we the more easily can allow, when we understand how close his domestic alliance has become with Spaniards. But he also deals in facts which we have no reason to suppose exaggerated, though perhaps there is a tendency in him to see only the fairest side of every thing which serves his arguments. Indeed we were hardly prepared to hear so much advanced in behalf of Spanish kindness to the slaves as is here set down, bearing in mind, as was natural, what is on record of that nation's cruelty to the natives on their first colonization of America and the West Indies;—and also, whilst we know that the slave trade is still a favourite traffic with their planters in Cuba and Puerto Rico. Indeed the author recommends to the government of Her Catholic Majesty, immediately to drive from the ports of Cuba back to the coast of Africa, every slave ship with its cargo that might be captured by the cruisers of France or England. Puerto Rico is an island with which we in this country are but imperfectly acquainted, and on that account we must be considerably struck with many things contained in this volume, which enters very fully into its past and present state, as also into its prospects and capabilities. At first, and for the space of three centuries after its discovery, notwithstanding all the advantages of soil and situation, which nature has so lavishly bestowed on this island, it was considered only as a place of banishment for the malefactors of the mother country. But in 1815, a royal decree was passed, fraught with beneficent and enlightened views respecting its population, commerce, industry, and agriculture. The consequences have been, as the author asserts, equal to the most sanguine hopes. Amongst others, flourishing towns and smiling villages have risen, as if by magic, where gigantic trees of the tropical forest a few years ago, stood in primeval grandeur; the population has rapidly increased, and in point of independence and comfort, all classes have advanced wondrously. In short, we are told that of continents or islands, no place offers such advantageous prospects to settlers as Puerto Rico. But we must follow the author more closely and minutely in some of the chapters into which his work is divided.

We learn that Puerto Rico is about ninety miles in length, by thirty-three in average breadth, containing a superficies of 2,970 square miles. It was discovered by Columbus in 1493. It is contiguous to all the English and French windward islands; it is only a few hours' sail from the Danish islands of St. Thomas and St. Cruz, and a few days' sail from the United States of America. It is a fertile and enchanting spot, presenting to the European voyager in winter, a land equal to the fabled regions of eternal spring. Its mountains, when compared with the general aspect of the other West India islands, are lofty and picturesque; the streams are numerous, and the plains cultured and thickly inhabited. Altogether, Puerto Rico exhibits both by its nature and improvements the highest inducements to settlers. It may be added, that the climate is more salubrious than that of the adjacent islands, which is no doubt partly owing to the absence of stagnant water, and the abundance of running streams.

But let us come to the state of society in this much lauded island; and here we shall permit the author to speak for himself, without abridgement.

“The person who carries into foreign countries national habits and prejudices, will always find abundant room for ridicule and criticism. There is no people on earth who have not some peculiarities in their manners and customs, which at first sight appear odd to a stranger. Whoever peruses the satirical pamphlets entitled ‘Six Weeks in Paris,’ by an Englishman, and the ‘Fifteen Days in London,’ written by a Frenchman in revenge, without being acquainted with the French and English customs, would suppose both these nations to be ridiculously barbarous and anti-social. A stranger who had never visited Spain or her colonies, on reading the prejudiced and false descriptions given of them by many modern writers, would dread to sleep a single night among the inhabitants. But the writer who honestly aims at furnishing the public with sound and accurate information, should divest himself of all illiberal and narrow prepossessions. He should look on the whole world as his country, and on all mankind as his countrymen.

“Rome, the greatest empire of the world, was first peopled by robbers and assassins. It need not, therefore, appear strange that this island should have received a part of her white inhabitants from the dregs of society, as well as some from the higher classes. This, perhaps, has happened at the first colonization of almost all countries. It is only by wise laws and institutions, vigorously enforced, that the criminal can be converted into a good subject.

“This island was formerly only a military post; and the troops that garrisoned it were stationary. The officers, despairing of returning to Europe, married with the Creole ladies, many of whom, proud of descending from the first conquerors, were considered noble. In this manner the officers, becoming at once soldiers and agriculturists, looked on Puerto Rico as their home; and they and their children form a considerable part of the white population that is this day found here. Many of the most opulent and respectable families descend from them. They look back with pride to their origin, and they form an indissoluble link of connexion

with the mother country. These and the descendants from the conquerors form what may be called the Puerto Rico aristocracy, and some of them support their pretensions with as much pride as if they were grandees of Spain: even in the midst of poverty they are inexorable in exacting from their inferiors the homage paid to superior rank. The achievements of their great grandfathers are often cited as a title to personal respect.

“Merchants, shopkeepers, and all the inferior branches of traders and mechanics, have more or less contributed to the white population. The merchants of this island import and retail their own goods. They are generally composed of the active and industrious Catalans, who, persevering, and economical, are much attached to their native customs and native land. They seldom marry, or establish themselves permanently in the colonies. When they have realized a competency, they retire to Europe to enjoy the fruits of their industry, while their place is generally supplied by their young relations, who follow the same occupation and the same line of conduct. They may therefore be considered rather as transient visitors than as a permanent part of the population.

“Tradesmen and artizans generally marry and establish themselves permanently. This class of people, such as smiths, carpenters, coopers, &c., are sure of doing well, if they conduct themselves with propriety. I knew two blacksmiths who have made fortunes: and I know an Irish carpenter who a few years ago came to this island with only twenty dollars, and who in the space of five years has become possessed of property to the value of 20,000 dollars, which he acquired by a sedulous attention to his business: such is the rapid accumulation of capital by industry in these countries. The acquisition of property raises the blacksmith and the carpenter to a higher rank in society: they become land-proprietors, and consequently associate with the aristocracy, before whom they formerly bent with humility.”—pp. 63—66

These, however, the Colonel declares, are not the only classes to be found in this blessed island.

“Beware, people of Puerto Rico, when you see a foreigner land on your shores, grandly dressed, with his whole equipage under his arm, without a servant—introducing himself as a marquis, a baron, the son of a great banker, or a famous general—be sure, although he says he is merely travelling to observe men and things, he is only a sharper, badly disguised, who comes with an intention of making your property his prey, and laughing at you for your folly. This happens every day. Other chevaliers de l’industrie, who do a great deal of harm, are the barbers of France and the colonies, who have the insolence to come to practise medicine, ignorant even of the first principles of the art. They generally announce themselves as physicians just arrived from Paris; and many valuable lives have been sacrificed to their empiricism and ignorance. These men are easily distinguished from those of real pretensions. The island is every where swarming with them.”—p. 66.

The author goes on to say, that the only useful portion of foreigners, are those engaged in agriculture and commerce, who have property of their own; a truth so self evident that he might have spared himself the trouble of repeating it. But we hence gather that there are some considerable exceptions to the Utopian charac-

ter of Puerto Rico. The *Plumatus* are another blot to its taking name; these are scribes, but not regular bred lawyers; "a very mischievous set of men." Nay, "they often defend both parties at the same time." And "how many unfortunate men have been condemned to drag a chain, who have deserved it a thousand times less than these men, who like a swarm of locusts desolate the land where they alight."

From these sentences within inverted commas, our readers will perceive that the Colonel is a well-meaning but somewhat simple-minded person, who is not always loaded with original matter. These are qualities of mind, however, not at all incompatible with candour and integrity of principle; quite the contrary, and therefore we rely with the more confidence on many of his other doctrines. Yet we opine that our author's philanthropy has thrown in some colouring to the following picture, although it proceeds on certain feasible and natural characteristics of humanity.

"The last class of whites which I have to describe require a separate and particular consideration, as they form no inconsiderable portion of those who have colonized this island. These are men who, for political or civil crimes, have been sent to the galleys of this fortress. They are condemned for different periods, according to the nature of their offences: at the expiration of their term of punishment they are set at liberty, and few of them have any inducement to return to their native country. If their conduct is good, their former faults are soon forgotten: if active and industrious, they soon find employment. They are looked on with pity, rather than with detestation. To be white is a species of title of nobility in a country where the slaves and people of colour form the lower ranks of society, and where every grade of colour, ascending from the jet-black negro to the pure white, carries with it a certain feeling of superiority. We might naturally expect to find society and manners in some degree tinctured with the vices and propensities of these convicts: it is difficult to imagine how they could be so quickly cleansed of the moral turpitude which must inhabit the minds of men degraded in the scale of human nature. It is something novel and extraordinary to see men who had been dragging a criminal's chain, and been associated with the basest of mankind, on a sudden becoming peaceable and orderly citizens. In a circle of society comparatively small, where a great number of such characters are incorporated, the continual commission of crime would naturally be anticipated: nevertheless, quite the contrary is here the case. Those men, removed far from the scene of their former offences—far from the vigilant and persecuting eye of the laws they had outraged; and the persons they had offended—removed far beyond the view of the relatives and friends they had dishonoured, feel desirous of returning to the bosom of society, in a country where their persons and their crimes are unknown. The Creoles of Puerto Rico, ever ready to extend their arms to the unfortunate, ever generous and hospitable, have their sympathy doubly awakened at seeing a white man reduced to a state of misery greater than that of the African slave. The moment that the banished criminal sets his foot on the land of Puerto Rico, a prospect of hope opens to his view. He beholds many of those who had preceded him

in crime restored to society, possessing property, and living in the bosom of their families: this example, this hope, is a strong inducement to good conduct. Man is the child of circumstances: the exclusion of hope would for ever extinguish the latent spark of honourable feeling and amendment. Now, when the term of his sentence expires, he dreads the idea of returning to Spain, where, perhaps, his faults would still be remembered—where he would be pointed out in the streets by the children, who would say, ‘There goes a man who has returned from transportation.’ It would be like a millstone round his neck; he could never rise to credit or respectability. In Puerto Rico, on the contrary, there were no witnesses of his offences to reproach him. Under these circumstances, the character and conduct of numbers of the convict class have undergone a happy change. They have applied themselves to industry; formed respectable connexions by marriage; and in a few years many of them have raised themselves to opulence. Such has been the fortune of many individuals whose offspring enjoy a respectable consideration in this island; whom it would be illiberal and unjust to reproach with the faults of their forefathers.”—pp. 67—69.

In confirmation of these views, we are informed that robberies and assassinations are rare in Puerto Rico, although the variety of classes and colours might suggest an opposite consequence. As to some of the habits and tastes of the people we have the following *jejeune*, but manifestly faithful account.

“The native of Puerto Rico is passionately fond of horses: the *Xivaro* must be very poor indeed who has not one or two horses, which serve to carry both his own person and the produce of his land to market; for the *Xivaro*, be his horse ever so lean, or the burthen ever so heavy, seats himself on the top of it, and thus guides the animal. He will sooner steal a horse for a day, and ride him, than walk a league. The rich have always several saddle-horses, which are solely reserved for riding. A large pillion, made of strong linen and stuffed with straw, is girded on the horse’s back: two square wicker baskets, very neatly made, about a foot long and eight inches wide, united together by a leathern strap, are thrown over the pillion on either side, close to the horse’s neck; they are firmly girded on, and serve in travelling to carry clothes or provisions. A cushion is placed on the pillion, which is covered with a cloak or carpet; and the poorer classes have a blanket, to protect them from the rain. It is placed loosely, that it may be drawn forth when required. Every man in the country, rich and poor, carries an immense basket-hilted sword, a yard and a quarter long, which is placed in the baskets, or under the cushion-pannel, with the point sticking out behind, and waving to and fro in the air. There are no stirrups. The horseman or horsewoman sits on the cushion with the face towards the horse’s head, the feet gently hanging on either side of his neck; and the baskets, which have handles to them, serve to hold by in case of emergency. A person mounted on horseback in this way has a very curious appearance; but it is a very commodious and easy way of travelling. Two persons can ride on the same horse, and the *Xivaro* travels in this way with his wife or daughters. If the horse happens to stumble on a bad road, the rider seldom sustains an injury from a fall. In crossing rivers or rivulets, which abound, the feet are kept dry, which is so important to health in warm climates.”—pp. 71, 72.

We are sure the Colonel is an admirer of the fair sex, and partial to their society. There is ardour in his delineation of the ladies of Puerto Rico.

“ The women of Puerto Rico are generally of the middle size. They are elegantly and delicately formed; their waists are tapering and slender. Their pale complexion creates interest, which is heightened by the brilliancy of their fine black eyes. Their hair is black as jet; their eyebrows arched. They have, in a high degree, that seductive and elegant air which distinguishes the Cadiz ladies. They walk with the grace which is peculiar to the fair of Andalusia. Their manners are not only pleasing, but fascinating: without having the advantage of the brilliant education of the ladies of London or Paris, they are possessed of great natural vivacity, and an ease of manners which in England is only to be found in the best society. They converse with fluency, and their natural talent and wit supply the artificial aids of education. They are, on the whole, more interesting than beautiful, more amiable than accomplished. They dress with an elegance and taste which I have seldom seen surpassed; the Parisian fashions being invariably followed and imitated. The public balls are splendid. A stranger who should walk through the city in the day-time, or in the evening, meeting not with a single female except persons of colour, would be surprised at night to attend a public ball. His eyes would be dazzled by an assemblage of Puerto Rico ladies; he would scarcely believe he was in that same capital where he could not find, during the whole day, the trace of a fair one. This admiration is expressed by all strangers; for most certainly the ladies of this island, in a ball room, would do honour to any country in the world. Although too little attention is paid to cultivating their natural abilities, yet there are many of them who, by the force merely of talent and application, have made great proficiency in French and painting. Without being taught by a dancing master, they dance with grace and elegance, and, like all the ladies of America, they are fond to excess of dancing. They are passionately fond of their own country, but they have the politeness and good-breeding in conversation not to make odious comparison of it with others. In the domestic circle they are affectionate wives, tender mothers, and attached and faithful friends.”—pp. 81, 82.

“ They criticise dresses, speak of marriages, discuss love affairs, and pry into their neighbours' concerns, precisely as happens in almost all small places in all countries. Why should this island be an exception to the general rule? We here speak of mortals, not of angels. I have heard it asserted before I visited this island, that the ladies were much addicted to smoking segars. I have never seen them smoke, I must confess; and if any of them do indulge in it they must do it very privately. However, I should prefer to see a lady smoking to drinking gin, as some are said to do in Germany and Holland.

“ The women soon come to maturity in this climate; they marry very young, are exceedingly prolific, and consequently their charms decay at an age when in Europe they would be in the full bloom of beauty. It is not an uncommon thing to see a grandmother and her grandchildren in the same dance. All the ladies, whether rich or poor, if white, are on visiting terms. Visits are made and received with the most punctilious exactness. The ladies seldom go out of doors unless to the shops at night, or to the

country on horseback. In the evenings they take the air on the flat roofs of their houses. They bathe frequently, and are very attentive to the cleanliness of their persons and houses."—p. 86.

We pass over the chapters in this statistical work on the government, commerce, climate, and agriculture of Puerto Rico, that we may have room for a few observations and extracts regarding the condition of its slave population, and as compared with the same class in the colonies of other European powers. And here the author maintains that the colonial laws of Spain, both as to protection and encouragement to the unfortunate bondsmen and also to the free people of colour is incontestibly superior to that of the British or French. It is to be remembered, however, that his observations in so far as the former power is concerned, regard a period prior to the great measure carried in Parliament at a very recent date, and of which he speaks in strong terms of approval—a testimony of considerable value, as the information of such a witness of course renders it.

If the facts be as stated by the author respecting Puerto Rico, it has the least to fear of any of the West India islands from the emancipation of the slaves. Not to take into account what he says about the interest of the master being there compatible with the humane treatment of the slave, he shows that the white population is numerically superior to the free mulattoes, free blacks, and slaves combined. But the extraordinary increase of the population of this island, compared with the decrease of all classes and grades of colour in the British and French West India colonies is matter of still graver consideration. For such he first roundly, and next by minute tables, makes the case to appear; which we who have been accustomed to look upon Spain as one of the most impolitic and tyrannical governments in the civilized world, and more signally such, when compared with liberal England and France, were not prepared to learn. In attempting to account for this dissimilarity, he offers several reasons. Take the following, which, as presented here, are honourable to the heart and the principles of the writer.

"As the number of births and deaths which take place annually in an island circumstanced in the same manner as Puerto Rico, may be considered a correct standard whereby to judge of the increase or diminution of its population, so the number of marriages may be considered a fair criterion by which to form an opinion with respect to the extent of moral feeling among the free people of colour and slaves. No island in the West Indies—I do not go too far, perhaps, when I assert, that no European colony on the face of the globe—presents a more striking example of this truth than the Spanish colonies, where marriages has not been at any period, nor is at present, confined exclusively to the white population, as was formerly the case in the British and French colonies. The wish to contract lawful unions by marriage, prevades all classes of society; this privilege is sanctioned and enjoined by the law; and even the poor degraded slaves, under the Spanish colonial administration, may enjoy the sweet endearments of conjugal affection, the solace of a home and of a family.

In their old age, surrounded by an affectionate offspring, (for no people on the face of the earth make better parents, kinder husbands, or more dutiful children than the Africans), they descend to the grave without casting a look of regret back to the country in which they were born; for a home, a country, and a family, they find in the Spanish colonies, where their minds, benighted by pagan superstition, are taught that the slaves too have a God!

“The present age is too enlightened to allow the prejudices of party opinion to conceal or to weaken the evidence of well-established facts; and I shall not find it very difficult to prove that while the African slaves were sunk in the most profound depths of pagan ignorance and superstition in the colonies both of France and England, while the water of baptism was there denied them, and they were excluded from the lights of that religion which alone could afford them comfort even in slavery, they were freely admitted to that sacred rite, and to all the privileges of Christianity, in the Spanish colonies. Taking a retrospect of the earliest period of the history of slavery, when not a feeling of domestic happiness illumined the slave's dark and cruel destiny—even many years before the British Parliament had yet resounded with cries of indignation at the recital of the monstrous cruelties perpetrated by the slave merchants and by planters in the colonies—many years before the sufferings which the wretched slaves endured on ship-board, or the wiles, the stratagems, and the violence employed to drag them from their native land into bondage, were brought to light—long before this nefarious and inhuman traffic had been denounced to the world, or its abolition decreed by the great rival nations—the spiritual and temporal happiness of the slaves was cared for, and the means of obtaining their freedom were pointed out and fully provided for, by the laws of Spain.”—pp. 221—231.

We are somewhat incredulous about this last paragraph. When was it that Spain got her light and liberty? and how is it that England has had to be at such pains to curb the Spanish traffic in slaves, as she for many years has been renowned for in Christendom? But we will allow the author to make his statements, not having it in our power to meet him with precise facts, hoping, indeed, that he is a true historian; and hoping, though with fear, that never again may there be heard more of Spanish merchandise in Africa's sons and daughters.

The bitterness of slavery is very much mitigated by the humanity of the Spanish laws. The slave when maltreated by one master, has a right, if he pleases, to seek another. It is not discretionary with the owner to demand any price he pleases for the slave so treated,—it is regulated by law, and is fixed at the minimum of his real value. His age and infirmities are taken into consideration, and the maximum of the value of a slave perfectly healthy, robust, and young, is fixed by law in such cases, at 300 dollars. No law or regulation of this kind exists in any of the English, French or Danish islands. According to the Spanish laws, a slave may marry according to his inclination. In the Dutch colonies, the curate who should officiate at the marriage of a slave, would be fined 500 dollars, and be deprived of his curacy; and in the English and French colonies, a few years ago, the marriage ceremony was altogether unknown amongst the

slaves. Freedom cannot be denied in the Spanish colonies to the slave who produces the sum stipulated by law, whether acquired by donation or by his own industry : and he may purchase his own freedom, or that of his wife and children. In no part of the world, where slavery exists, is the manumission of slaves so frequent as in the Spanish dominions : the proof of this assertion is, that there are more free people of colour in Puerto Rico alone, than in the whole of the French and English islands put together; although, in the latter, there are more than twenty times the number of slaves contained in the former island. The Spanish legislation from the remotest period favoured the liberty of the slave in a most extraordinary manner. There is also a religious feeling amongst the Spaniards which does them infinite honour, and which induces many masters in their wills to manumit their slaves, as the reward of faithful services. This is a circumstance of frequent occurrence, and it acts as a powerful stimulus to good conduct on the part of the slaves. The French colonial laws, again, throw every obstacle in the way to prevent the liberty of the slave. A French colonial law of the 10th June, 1705, says—' All slaves, free negroes, their children and descendants, are in future incapable of receiving from a white person any donation while living, *in articulo mortis*, or otherwise, under any denomination or pretext; and such donations or legacies are hereby declared null and void, and shall be applied to the use of the nearest hospital.' In the Spanish colonies a slave may receive a donation from a white person, or a free person of colour; and although the slave by law is considered as a minor, and consequently not capable of legally possessing property, except by toleration and custom, yet if the master receives the donation on the part of the slave, the amount is deducted out of his value, the day he is sold to another master, or has sufficient money to purchase his own freedom.

" No stronger proof can be adduced to shew the humane treatment of the Spaniards to their slaves, than a view of the revolution of South America. During the sanguinary struggle that took place in that unfortunate country, the revolutionary party often proclaimed liberty to the slaves, to induce them to take up arms against the royal government. Far from taking advantage of this offer, all of them, with very few exceptions, remained on the estates, hiding themselves in the woods on the approach of the enemy; or they followed the fortune of their masters in emigration, or shared their dangers in the field. It is a fact equally true and worthy of remark, that the slaves belonging to a master who was a royalist invariably adhered to his principles, whilst, on the other hand, the slaves of the insurgents clung firmly to them through all the vicissitudes of revolutionary fortune. Again, when the whole slave population of the French part of the island of St. Domingo rose *en masse*, and destroyed every thing and every white person they could lay hands on, it is a most remarkable fact, and speaks more in favour of the treatment of the Spaniards to their slaves than volumes of argument, that the Spanish negroes, who were close to the revolted French negroes in the same island, remained perfectly tranquil. They followed their usual occupations; and it was not until the constitution of the year 1820 had been established in the Peninsula, that Spanish St. Domingo fell a prey to the republic of Hayti. But even then, when many white families emigrated, the slaves that could escape from the vigilance of the law, which pro-

hibited their emigration, followed their masters, preferring slavery and misery in a strange land to liberty and equality at home.”—pp. 235—242.

There is a great deal more given to show the superior and humane character of the Spanish slave code, their slaves’ comparative domestic comforts, and opportunities of obtaining emancipation. Still, with all the author’s admiration of Spain and her laws, as well as of her conduct, he is no advocate for slavery; and firmly maintains, that free labour is the most profitable, at the same time that it is the best preparation for the total extinction of slavery.

“The Spanish colonies, as I have already shown, form a striking contrast with the colonies of other European powers in the West Indies, when we consider the great preponderance of the whites and free coloured population over the slaves in numerical force. But this contrast will be considerably heightened,—and it reflects further honour on the colonial regulations of Spain,—if we take a retrospect of the preparatory measures adopted to facilitate the final emancipation of the slaves, by the timely establishment and encouragement of free labour in her colonies. The progressive substitution of free for coercive labour forms, in my opinion, the best and safest preparation for the total and unqualified emancipation of the West India slaves. Unfortunately, in the colonies of England and France, the efficiency of free labour, or the possibility of its substitution for that of slaves, has never yet been fairly tried. The whole of the lands in the greater part of the West India islands, are in the hands of a few large proprietors; and from the circumstance of agricultural labour being exclusively performed by slaves, and slavery carrying on its face the indelible stigma of infamy and degradation, the whites and free people of colour, however miserably poor, could not be prevailed upon, from any consideration of interest or feeling of independence, to work as common labourers in the fields. Therefore the snug proprietor of a few well-cultivated acres of land, who toils with his family to procure a comfortable living, is a specimen of rural industry and of domestic happiness not to be found in any of the colonies of France or England, in which the lower orders of the whites and free people of colour generally live in a wretched state of misery, vice, and prostitution.”—pp. 257, 258.

He next proceeds to prove, that white men equally as well as people of colour, born within the tropics, can work in the fields, and be more profitable servants than the natives of Africa.

“For about a shilling sterling of daily wages, a free labourer will work in the field from sun-rise to sun-set in Puerto Rico, and on a moderate calculation will perform more work during that time than two slaves. One of the principal advantages which results to the planter from free labour is, that he sinks no capital, as he must do if he purchases slaves; nor does he incur the loss of it in case his labourers should die, or sustain the expense of curing them during sickness, or of maintaining them in decrepitude or old age; without taking into account the moral infamy and degradation inseparable from forced labour, where the wretched slave is sold like a piece of merchandize, and whipped like a beast of burthen.

“It must be evident to all who have observed and compared land cultivated by freemen and by slaves in the West Indies, that the labour of

the former is double in quantity and better done than that of the latter. It is also obvious, that under free labour, where men are free agents, a country must be more prosperous than one in which a certain class of the inhabitants are forced to work without having any interest whatever in the soil. Individually, the freeman will perform more work and waste less than the slave; he will endeavour to employ usefully every hour of the day, because it is his interest to be industrious. The slave, on the other hand, works unwillingly; he consumes and wastes as much as he can, and he loiters his hours away. In confirmation of this truth, it is only necessary to observe the progressive advance of agriculture in Puerto Rico since the period when the crown lands were divided—which may be considered as the commencement of free labour in that colony: In 1810, the value of produce exported, amounted only to 65,672 dollars; and in 1832, it exceeded three millions of dollars; and in 1810, the island only produced 3,796 quintals of sugar; and in 1832, it produced 414,663 quint ls, 76lbs., of which 340,163 quintals, and 6lbs., were legally exported.”—pp. 261—272.

We have only selected these short passages out of a multitude, where facts and calculations are abundantly presented, and all tending to the same desirable conclusion, which makes us like the Colonel with all his partialities, and put confidence in his statements even when in opposition to our preconceived opinions and belief. Nor can any one but repose faith in his declarations and reasonings, when it is perceived that he has the strongest objections, and expresses the deepest abhorrence of the prison discipline of Spain and her colonies. He has considered the improvements made in this branch of policy in England and the United States of America, and avows that the prisons and galleys of the Peninsula and her dependencies, excite in him nothing but disgust whenever he thinks of them, for they exhibit “one vast panorama of every species of vice, depravity, and misery that can degrade human nature.”

Of the presidios or galleys to which offenders are by the Spanish laws sentenced for a term of from three to ten years, and under aggravated circumstances, to recommitment for life, he entertains the following sentiments.

“Perhaps this is one of the most important subjects that ever occupied the attention of a government; for few other causes tend more powerfully to influence the prosperity or decay of national wealth and power. With a system of punishment, of which the inevitable effect is to foster and perpetuate, and constantly to augment a population of thieves and assassins, no system of finance can be carried into full operation—no government can be efficiently established in authority. Only let us suppose that five thousand persons are discharged yearly from a presidio: we have thus at least four thousand assassins, bathed to the very lips in vice, let loose on society; and in the course of a century the progression in crime would exceed all calculation. By a reference to those countries where a well-regulated system of prison discipline has been established, and followed up with perseverance, it will be found that it has contributed more to banish crime, and promote industry, than all the penalties ever invented for the

same object. The uniform experience, for a series of years, of the prisons of England and the United States, where sanguinary penal codes, after having been for ages in operation, have yielded in practice to the more rational and humane substitution of hard labour, restricted diet, solitary confinement, and judicious classification, furnishes unquestionable practical evidence that the energies of the law in the suppression of crime, are most potent and efficient when directed with a constant view to the moral faculties of our nature, and when imbued with that spirit which seeks to restore, in order that it may safely forgive. The great object of the institution of civil government is to advance the prosperity and to increase the happiness of its subjects. The agents of government, from the captain-general down to a turnkey of a prison, should be the fathers of the people; and it may surely be ranked among the duties incident to this paternal care, not only that those who are guilty of crime should receive the punishment due to their offences, but that no pains should be spared to remove the causes of offences, and to diminish, as far as possible, every source of temptation and corruption. This is precisely what I would bring under the view of government, by demonstrating the condition of the men condemned to the presidios of Puerto Rico; a class whose increasing numbers and deplorable moral and physical situation loudly call for the effective moral co-operation of every individual interested in the welfare of his country; for all are, I assert, collectively and individually interested in the question."—p. 291.

We must now leave off any further consideration of Colonel Flinter's Puerto Rico, satisfied that he is an amiable man, endowed with warm feelings, strongly attached to a nation and government to which he has become closely allied, and above wilfully perverting facts; though we suspect that not unfrequently his friendship has considerably affected his clear perception of all the bearings of particular questions, where history should have preserved him from mistake and error.

ART. XII.

I.—*The Landscape Annual for 1835.—The Tourist in Spain—Granada.*
By THOMAS ROSCON. Illustrated from Drawings by DAVID ROBERTS.
London: Jennings and Co. 1834.

II.—*The Oriental Annual for 1835, or Scenes in India.* By the Rev.
HOBART CAUNTER, B.D. London: Churton. 1834.

WHEN the first Annuals appeared, every one felt that the title, the period of their publication, and the nature of their contents, on account of the variety of hands engaged in them, were happy conceptions, quite distinct from what might be their intrinsic merits. Like all striking and lucky ideas, they soon came to be hackneyed to a degree and extent to make even what is really good in some measure tasteless. So that when we hear of anything in the shape of a new Annual, the mind naturally sets down the speculator as such a common-place man—as such a banking-clerk sort of

literateur; as operates considerably to the disparagement of his talents. This presumption no doubt is strengthened and enforced by the general style and merits of the literature to be found in these yearly visitors, of which, to say the best, *prettiness* is the characteristic: or sweetness, the sweetness of sugar, without those admixtures that communicate a finer and higher relish to the fare. Indeed, their figure, the binding, the embellishments, are exactly suited to their literature, and descriptive of their value.

It is at the same time true, that our ablest and most popular writers contribute to this family of works; and out of the variety of departments to which these belong, it might be held impossible for them to be destitute of every species of excellence. But be it remembered, that the embellishments are the primary object, and that the literature wedded to them, is necessarily of a confined and corresponding character. The limited field allowed each author admits not of surpassing efforts; whilst in the mere circumstance of appointed topics, which of course are frequently presented to the contributors, there is a circumscribed and deteriorating influence. These are such apparent truths and facts that it is unnecessary to do more than name them. But what concerns us as guardians of the public taste, and historians of cotemporary literature, is to mark the influence which any one department has upon the surrounding fields, at the same time that we measure its own precise dimensions. And here we must declare that the Annuals have had directly and indirectly a tendency to lower the tone, and neutralize the originality of their writers, whilst they have diluted the taste of their readers. Independently of the reasons above assigned for the inferior contributions of celebrated authors, these works have opened a receptacle for every person, old and young, who could prettily wield a pen. The Annuals are, therefore, essentially boarding-school literature, to the exclusion, to a certain extent, of more worthy volumes. In the ordinary history of books, it is only those that are very good and far above mediocrity that live, or even obtain the binder's, much less the painter's and engraver's embellishments. Writers of mediocrity generally are allowed to die without having done much harm, or wasted the time of many readers. The Annuals, however, are uniformly possessed of many decorations, and are never destitute of some meritorious papers; which circumstance, together with the varied character of their contents, arising from the variety of contributors, gives them a popularity that leads and keeps the taste of their multitudinous readers in an inferior school. Besides the Annuals, penny publications and cheap libraries have figured greatly within these few years. But the latter have for their object the *utile* instead of the *dulce*;—knowledge rather than entertainment is their field. These two departments are affected very differently by handling. Knowledge, the more that it is spread and cultivated, uniformly grows: it gathers health and vigour by diffusion; the more plain that it is

made, the more is its beauty perceived. But sentiment sickens by fine spinning, and instead of acquiring fresh beauty, presents the yellow hue of dying nature. The Annuals are devoted to this most delicate field ; and whilst at their very commencement they were exposed to all the evils named already by us, they have every year been necessarily liable to the accruing weaknesses of continued handling. Accordingly, we must say for 1835, though possessing all their family features, still they are more than ever weakly and consumptive. Even the pictorial embellishments are generally less striking, as if the artists were in some degree exhausted. And no wonder ; for the style that has become fashionable throughout the Annuals, is like what we should say become a generation of little men. The two which follow are exceptions in plan and execution.

We have witnessed, with pleasure, the encouragement which the author of the " *Landscape Annual* " received from the public, in his entertaining tour through France and Italy. In the present volume, he conducts us through the romantic regions of Spain. In tracing these Annuals, Mr. Roscoe has done justice to his readers and to himself. We too frequently find works of this nature, written without animation or spirit. Mr. Roscoe appears not to have been satisfied with a plain, nerveless, insipid, geographical description of the beautiful scenes which he delineates : he has launched forth into a nobler strain, and has suffered himself to be transported by the natural warmth and vigour which the nobleness of the theme inspired. He has dressed truth in the garb of fiction. But, although he has interwoven fiction in his development of the history and character of the Moors, he has opened an abundant source of authenticated information for those who condemn fiction as the flimsy production of a distempered imagination, and who seek at once to arrive at the pure fountain of truth. But in the estimation of general readers, our opinion is, that the fiction adopted by the author will be thought calculated to relieve the dryness of history, and to render the whole doubly interesting. Annuals of this description are, perhaps, among the most pleasant productions which appear before the public. In them we find sources of intelligence, both as regards historical accounts and local scenery. If we have never travelled from our own country, we become conversant with others ; we are made acquainted with the peculiar manners and customs of every nation ; we peruse the historical annals of every people ; we see portrayed before us every mountainous and picturesque spot which adorns the face of the globe ; in fine, we have a general view of whatever is notable or magnificent, throughout every state and kingdom in the four quarters of the universe. A book which is the means of conveying thus a fund of knowledge, is useful as well as pleasant. In this light we view with approval the encouragement which those before us have hitherto met with from the public, and which doubtless will be continued. For instance, a descriptive tour through Granada, in the manner of

Mr. Roscoe, is highly worthy of public notice. We now proceed to present our readers with a general view of the entertaining contents of his volume.

The scene opens in Granada, in the evening of "that eventful day when the Moorish monarch beheld the Christian captives of the fallen Zaharah, led in triumph through the gates of Granada." Aben Kassim, the ablest counsellor of the reigning monarch, who had ever been his companion in times of festivity and peril, is represented walking in the delightful gardens of the Alhambra, absorbed in meditation. He enters the groves of cypress and myrtle, where the vast edifice of the Alhambra occasionally presents itself to view, through the sequestered shades visible by the light of the pale moon, which illumined its lofty minarets. In the midst of his reverie, he at length arrives at the magnificent area of the Alhambra called the Court of Lions. He proceeds, till his attention is arrested by one of those inscriptions emblazoned on the halls and temples of the sons of Mahommed, "teaching how kingdoms were to be won, and how, when conquered, they were to be maintained." "A sigh escaped him, as he turned away from the admonitory wisdom of the past—that sole despised heritage of our sires; and he proceeded with more hurried step and clouded brow, to the palace residence of the king."

Aben Kassim found the monarch, Muley Ibn Hassan, seated in one of the luxurious retreats of the Alhambra, with a sullen and dejected brow, which but ill contrasted with the placid beauty and magnificence of the place.

Muley Ibn Hassan is described "as being long past the meridian of life. His stately strong-knit frame had begun to bend and rock under the united force of time, enervating indulgence, and the stormy passions of the breast. Still, his countenance was more strongly ploughed by anxiety than age. His swarthy brow bore traces of the most violent tempests that can shake the human soul. Not deficient in the light of intelligence, the mental characteristics of his face were themselves but interpreters of the pride—the terrible self-will which ruled all the thoughts and avenues of his being."

Aben Kassim saluted his monarch, and proceeded to discuss with him the affairs of the falling kingdom of Granada. He remonstrates with the king, that though he had manifested the resoluteness and fearlessness of his noble spirit, in denying the tribute to the Christian king of Spain, he had not acted with the prudence and deliberation which were required to cicatrize the disasters of the sinking state. He opens the eyes of the monarch to the secret machinations of Ferdinand, who had gained over to his interest the Moorish tribes of Zegriss and Gomelez. But as the king had openly defied the envoy of Spain, the worthy minister strenuously exhorted him to persevere in his obstinacy and determination to deny the tribute which Ferdinand demanded. This colloquy is admirably supported by the reckless impetuosity of the monarch, and the more calm deliberation of the statesman.

“ ‘ Oh, Aben Kassim,’ replied Muley Ibn Hassan, kindling with noble rage, ‘ and couldst *thou* have heard that vain presuming knight remind thee of thy vassal lot, and call aloud for tribute before the assembled emirs and elders of the empire, seated amid thy symbols of sway, robed in thy royal koftan on thy imperial divan, a throne won for thee by the sword of judgment, wielded by the prophet? Had he sent to challenge us to open tourney, at the tilt of reeds, or to place the destiny of the empire on lance with lance, more pleasing to me had been the sight of that malapert envoy in our lists. But his idle, vaunting embassy, told in so lofty a tone, made me tremble with rage to smite him, spite of his sacred badge, even where he stood. And, methinks, he ought to thank thee that he does not now look down from our battlements, in place of bearing our sharp-edged missive to the wily monarchs of Arragon and Castile. By Allah! it will rouse their chill, stagnant blood, when they hear that all Granada’s kings, who once gave tribute-money to Castile, are dead and gone—that our royal mint coins nothing now but blades of swords and heads of javelins. Yet it irks me that we let him wag his pert and impious tongue, when the flash of many a weapon told him that justice was near at hand, ready to sprinkle the mouths of our lion-founts with his impetuous blood.’ ”

The king and his minister part in mutual resolves to conquer by the shrine of their Prophet, or perish in defence of their country and religion.

“ Then Allah speed us !” are the words of Aben Kassim; “ let us join the grand divan ; and next, oh king, summon we to the sacred mosque our imauns and elders,—yea, the hajeess, every pious follower of their revered priests, even our faquirs and santous, to offer up their prayers for Granada. Thence let them proclaim through her cities, from end to end, the greatest of our holy wars ; thence unfurl our prophet’s sacred banner, and hurl back the infidel from the soil of our beloved country.”

The author next entertains us with a lively and beautiful description of the city of Granada. We shall give this description in the words of Mr. Roscoe.

“ In the dewy twilight of morning, breathing the soft spirit of its southern sea, mingled with the pure breezy freshness of its snowy sienna ; in the radiance of the noon-day sun, in the solemn shades of evening, Granada burst upon his (the Moslem’s) sight with a splendour unknown to any other city in the world. Loved with a species of idolatry, without parallel, perhaps, except in the glory of the Syrian Damascus, or the marble Tadmor in the palmy days of its famed queen, far around her swelled the mountains which appear to have been raised by nature for her lordly barrier, their snow-bound crests emulating in whiteness the crystal of the moon-beams—their deep, dark woods bending in bold contrast to the glistening clothing of the summits, and the not less exquisite

splendour of the golden roofs of palaces and mosques that shone on the plains below. Wide spreading along the sunny sides of the delicious site of this queen of cities, the murmur of its golden river, the bloom of gardens and orchards, vied with the luxury of an eastern Eden. Immediately on the skirts of those pleasure-grounds which appeared only lavishly adorned to screen, in their sylvan recesses, the most lovely of women from the too ardent rays of the sun, extended yellow corn-fields and purple vineyards far as the eye could reach, over fertile lands, richly peopled with busy hamlets, strong thriving towns, with innumerable castles and fortresses in the distance.

“ In the midst of this spacious glowing scene of fertility, enriched with all the gems of art, lay Granada like some proud beauty, calm and stately, seated secure in her own spangled halls. From the two hills which she crowned with her numerous sumptuous edifices, the Darro and the Xenil were seen mingling their limpid waters, in which the peasant not unfrequently gathered the purest grains of gold and silver. The most conspicuous objects in the direction of the Darro, flowing through the valley of the two hills and dividing the city, were the palace of the Alhambra and the Vermilion Towers—the former venerable in the eyes of the Moor, as the grand citadel of his country’s glory; the latter, as one of those monuments which seem to defy the calculations of time, still glowing midst the surrounding ruins of a fallen empire. To the northward of the river, rose the stern, rude-looking towers of the Albaycin and of Alcazaba; while the broad intervening plain was covered with the light, airy, and variously adorned dwellings of the wealthy population.”

Granada is supposed to have been founded by a colony of Phenicians; from them it came into the possession of the Romans; from the Romans it descended to the Goths. “ But it was reserved for the Saracens to invest it with all the strength and magnificence which it was naturally so well fitted to receive.” In the beginning of the eighth century, it gradually arose to a city of wealth and population under the victorious Omniades. Towards the end of the thirteenth century Muley Mohammed Abdallah first conceived the idea of erecting the Alhambra, which was so magnificently completed by his successors.

The expense of the erection of the stupendous palace of the Alhambra was defrayed by money levied on the Jews and Christians. Subsequent to this period the history of Granada contains little else than the records of bloodshed, tyranny, and civil discord. In 1340, Alphonso, availing himself of the factious divisions existing in Granada, obtained the ascendancy over the Moors. From this time Granada became involved in those fatal wars with the kings of Castile, which terminated in the destruction of the city, and the expulsion of the Moors from Europe. In 1453, Ismael, having effected all that valour and prudence could achieve, was finally com-

pelled to purchase peace at the expense of an annual tribute of 600 Christian captives or as many Moors, when the Christians were exhausted, besides the fine of 12,000 ducats.

But Muley Ibn Hassan, as we have shown in the commencement of our narrative, scorning to be beholden for his regal rights to the powers of Spain, threw off his allegiance and refused the tribute granted by his predecessor.

This refusal renewed the quarrel between Spain and Granada, and was finally the cause that the proud city of Granada succumbed to the overwhelming force of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The next scene which the author introduces lies in the palace of the Generalife or the Mansion of Pleasure. The personages represented are Ibn Hammed, a magnanimous prince of the renowned house of the Abencerages, and the soft and gentle Zelinda, his betrothed. Few spots could be better adapted for a love-scene than the one chosen by our author. "It was one of those rich deep glowing evenings of an Andalusian summer, when nature in all her luxuriant splendour fills earth, and air, and sky, with a radiant beauty unknown to other lands. Every object seemed imbued with a glory, an elasticity of existence, irresistibly inspiring, and enchanting to the eye. Each flower, and shrub, and tree, shone with their own peculiarly ripe and dazzling hues. The myrtle, the citron, the camellia, and the rose, over-arched by stately palm and cypress, and fed from the pure sparkling waters and breezy incense of the hills, shed an ineffable sweetness through the clear, mild heaven, reflecting its deep purple light upon tower and stream; while the nightingale from her favourite tree filled the garden-bowers with a thrill of passionate delight, in perfect unison with the hour and scene." In this delightful spot, while Ibn Hammed is endeavouring to dispel the apprehensions of Zelinda, in the ensuing wars, and while, trembling with rage, he denounces vengeance against his rival Aba Abdallah, better known by the name of Boabdil, and surnamed El Zagoybi the Unhappy, the prince of the reigning monarch; "wild sounds came, borne upon the night-winds, of mingled fury and lamentation. Gathering fresh strength as they rose into general tumult, which fell portentously upon the ear, he clasped the weeping beauty in his arms, and bearing her to the nearest saloon, consigned her to the care of her maidens, and rushed eagerly to learn the source of so fierce an outcry at the dead hour of night. As he hurried down the shady avenues of the Alhambra, he saw approaching a vast concourse of people directing their rage against the palace of Muley Hassan, and filling the air with deep universal lament." "Alhama! woe is me, Alhama; accursed be Muley Hassan! How long shall he betray the faithful into the hands of the Christian spoiler. Alhama is no more!" were the wild cries of the insurgents. The nobles proceeded to the palace, and were calling on Muley to pay the tribute to the Castilian monarch, or surrender the crown, when the noble Abencerage made

his appearance. The insurrection was finally pacified by the eloquence of Aben Kassim.

When Alhama had yielded to the power of the victorious Spaniards, the first efforts of Muley were directed to dispossess Ferdinand of his newly acquired strong-hold in the territory of Granada. It was the misfortune of the Moors, at this eventful period, that, while their country was threatened by a foreign enemy without, the state itself should be harassed by internal factions and dissensions. At the period when the children of Mohammed should have been united in the common cause of their beloved country, Granada represented the mournful and desolate picture of a nation torn asunder by the worse species of party-spirit.

While Muley was pressing the siege of Alhama with unremitting vigour, his son Abn Abdallah and the Sultana Aixa were plotting to deprive him of his crown. Alhama was on the point of surrendering to the Moors, when the monarch was informed of the treacherous proceedings of his wife and son. Abn Abdallah and his accomplice were apprehended and confined for a short time in the Tower of Couards. But they speedily effected their escape—and from this attempt of the ambitious Abn Abdallah must be dated those dreadful wars between two competitors for the crown, which deluged Granada in the richest blood of her heroes. Abn Abdallah had ingratiated himself with the lower classes of the people, who acknowledged him as king; Muley was supported in his rightful claim by the nobility; and hence arose those dreadful contentions which were the principal cause of the destruction of the kingdom. The usurper, however, increased in his popularity, and acquired more extensive sway by inviting Ferdinand to his assistance. This suited the policy of Ferdinand, who, whilst he aided one party, he was directing his own views to the destruction of the Moors. But though the late unfortunate monarch was finally rendered unable to offer further opposition to his ambitious son, Abn Abdallah was not destined to enjoy his crown in peace. He met another formidable rival in the brother to the late king, El Zagal, who now aspired to the royal honours, which had been unjustly usurped by his nephew. It is impossible for us to detail the numerous and various engagements of the rival kings, or the inroads which the Spanish invaders continued to make into the country of the Moors during these violent commotions. The reversion of fortune which attended either party is generally known to our readers. The result of these civil disturbances was, the success which finally attended the victorious arms of Spain. "Thus closed," we may say with our author, "in the two-fold darkness of a religious and political doom, the eventful career of this high spirited and remarkable people. Distinguished above all of eastern or even European descent by their religions, their brilliant valour, their unrivalled ingenuity, and their renown in arts and learning,—the influence they exercised on the mind of Europe, roused her from her torpor and barbarism of ages, to an energy, a

spirit and glory of enterprise which we attribute too little to its primary source. But the poet still bewails their fall, because in the days of their prosperity they were great and heroic; the philosopher contemplates it as the result of necessary causes; the Christian, better and more truly, as one of the acts in the mighty scheme of a divine, mysterious Providence." We must now advert to the more romantic part of Mr. Roscoe's History of Granada. We have previously shown that Abn Abdallah entertained a passionate regard for Zelinda, and, also, that Ali Atar the father of Zelinda had betrothed her to Ibn Hammed of the renowned house of the Abencerages. Abn Abdallah finding it impossible to obtain her consent by placing before her the alluring temptations of the splendour of a sultana's diadem, had recourse to more wily and intriguing measures. This wicked prince, having convoked a general assembly of the chiefs and elders in the *Gate of Justice*, solemnly consented to the proposed union of Zelinda and Ibn Hammed, on condition that the celebrated Abencerage should first redeem his pledge, by his exploits against the infidels of Arragon and Castile. Ibn Hammed consented to obey, or to forfeit honour and love! After having signalized himself in every field where the glory of his country was disputed, fortune seemed to have deserted his cause on the plains of Lucena. Borne on the shields of his friends from that memorable encounter, he had the horror of at once beholding the glory of his country eclipsed, and the desolation of his fondest hopes. When opening his eyes to returning consciousness, he saw the form of her he loved bending over him in the agony of her sorrow, the full extent of his misfortunes rushed darkly across his spirit. The dreaded penalty of his rash vow pierced, with the sharpness of the barbed shaft, to his inmost heart. He had lost; and in the impulse of his despair would have torn the bandages from his wounds, alike inaccessible to the consolations of his friends, and the sad appeal and prayers of his beloved. In the civil broils which shook the ill fated empire of Granada, after the resignation of Muley, he had espoused the cause of El Zagal, and now lay in the hands of his merciless and hated enemy the usurping prince Abn Abdallah. The prince seemed to have attained the summit of his desires. He appears before the constant Zelinda, and demands her consent to their union, and on her refusing, vows by Allah that she shall behold her long loved Abencerage die before her.

" "Oh God! then he must die!" she exclaimed." "Would I had the soul of Hammed, or Heaven's lightning to strike thee dead! Ah go not yet—only give me time."

" "Not a moment!" insisted the relentless monarch,' as he drew her towards a balcony which looked upon one of the courts of the tower of the seven vaults. 'See where the sword of judgment hangs suspended by *thy* hand over the head of yon noble chief; and thou shall behold it fall!" * * *

"Then for the first time, she yielded to the terrors of her soul; speechless, breathless, and as if dreading that the next moment

might come too late, she placed her hand within that of Abn Abdallah, her eyes still bent on that appalling sight, with a fascination of horror too intense for outward sign or expression. She resigned herself, like a statue of living woe, into the arms of the prince, and consented to become the bride of Abdallah the sultan of Granada."

From the specimens we have selected from Mr. Roscoe's romantic history of Granada, the reader may form an accurate judgment of the novelty of his plan, and the ability of its execution. We have not conducted our readers to the last scenes of the lovely Zelinda, and the valiant Ibn Hammed, but we have endeavoured to give our readers an idea of a work which contains history and romance so pleasingly and admirably combined.

The Oriental Annual for 1835 appears to comprise every thing that could render it entertaining and useful. It contains history interspersed with the most interesting anecdotes. It gives a faithful view of the manners and customs of the countries it describes. In short, it includes a great deal worthy of observation in the Indian scenes which it represents.

The patronage afforded by the public to the proprietors of the Oriental Annual on a former occasion, has again induced them to leave nothing undone, which could render the present volume still more deserving of encouragement. We are given to understand that this valuable Annual will be continued in yearly volumes, every three forming a distinct series. Thus, the first series will contain descriptions of the three English Presidencies, Madras, Calcutta, and Bombay: the volume describing Madras has already appeared before the public, the present describes Calcutta, and the third volume, which will complete the first series, will describe Bombay.

In our review of this work we shall not confine ourselves to follow the author in his tour, but we shall select what appears to be illustrative of the scenery of the country, its curiosities, and the characteristic manners of the natives; which, we think, will contribute more to the interest and gratification of our readers.

Upon quitting Hurdwar our author directed his route towards the mountains. The first object which appears to have caught the attention of our traveller after again renewing his journey, was a remarkable banyan tree, near the banks of the Ganges. The tree was of an unusual dimension. The stem was excavated so as to form a spacious chamber, which was converted into a temple, dedicated to the Hindoo Godhead. This singular temple is visited by a number of pilgrims, who are supposed to acquire a mystical purification by entering on one side and passing out on the other. On entering the mountains by the Coaduwar ghaut our author and travelling companions received the disheartening information that the snow had begun to fall. "As we advanced, the sky appeared to be tinged with a deep dingy red, and upon suddenly emerging from a narrow glen, to our astonishment the distant mountains seemed to be in a blaze. The fire swept up their sides to the extent of several miles, undulating like the agitated waves of the ocean, when

reddened by the slanting beams of the setting sun. It was like an ignited sea, exhibiting an effect at once new and fearful." This striking phenomenon is not by any means uncommon, and is accounted for by the larger bamboos, as they are swayed by the wind, emitting fire from their hard glossy stems, through the violence of their friction, and thus spreading destruction through the mountain forest.

The following is the author's description of the sillenies or porters. "It is wonderful to see with what agility the sillenies scale the steep acclivities, where there often appears scarcely footing for a goat, with loads which would distress any person of ordinary strength, even upon level ground: they carry with them bamboos crossed at the top by a short transverse stick, in the form of the ancient Greek T, upon which they rest their loads when fatigued. They are generally small men, but their limbs are large, and the muscles strongly developed, from the severe exercise to which their laborious employment subjects them. Their legs are frequently disfigured by varicose veins, which dilate to the size of a man's little finger, appearing like cords twisted round their limbs, and causing in the spectator a somewhat painful feeling of apprehension; lest they should suddenly burst—a consequence that could not fail to be fatal."

As our travellers proceeded, the road began to be difficult and perilous. "The waters of the Coah Vullah dashed beneath our path over their narrow rocky bed, foaming and hissing on their way to the parent stream, of which they formed one of the numerous accessories. The channel is occasionally almost choked with huge masses of rock, which fall from the beetling precipices above, and so interrupt the course of the stream, that it boils and lashes over them with an uproar truly appalling, especially when the traveller casts his anxious eye upon it while crossing one of those frail bridges, over which he is so frequently obliged to pass in a journey through these mountains."

On the road to Serinagur, after descending the bleak sides of a mountain bared of vegetation by one of those conflagrations already noticed, they came to a valley overhung by the peaks of mountains, which seemed to support the firmament—the scene is thus described. "Here, on the bare and scarped sides of the precipice above, pine-trees blasted or riven by the lightning, rattled their seared trunks in the wind, which, moaning through them in low hollow gusts, seemed to a saddened spirit like the wailing of the dead. Looking at the sky from this dismal valley, as if from the interior of a huge funnel, the stars were visible as shining through a pall. The heavens appeared to be one uniform tint of the deepest purple, whilst the brilliancy with which the stars emitted their vivid fires, altogether baffles description; they shone intensely bright, and although it at least wanted two hours of sunset, night

seemed already to have established its supremacy. Nothing could exceed the splendour of the scene."

A violent thunder storm, which overtook the travellers on the third day after their departure from Coaduwarghaut, is thus magnificently described:—

"On the morning of this day we had observed that the motion of the clouds gradually increased, the fleecy masses occasionally meeting, and variously blending with the sun-beams, from which they reflected a great variety of beautiful tints, thus imparting an agreeable colouring to the surrounding landscape. The sky was bright above us, though the atmosphere was sultry and oppressive. The rays at length spread over the hills, skimming rapidly along their precipitous sides, and occasionally rolling in undulating volumes, deepening as it expanded upon their bare or shaggy tops, and assuming forms the most singular and fantastic. In the course of a few minutes after we had observed the hurried gathering of the clouds, without any further indication, the sky became suddenly overcast, involving us in a gloom so intense as to render every object within a few yards of us perfectly indistinct. The rain quickly poured down upon us in a deluge. The lightning streamed from the clouds as from a mighty reservoir, wrapping the whole mountain in flames, and literally, in the words of scripture 'ran along the ground.' The flashes were so quick in succession, that there was only the pause of a few seconds between them, while the peals of thunder which followed, were almost deafening. The loud and successive peals were multiplied to such a degree by the surrounding echoes, that there was one continued and tremendous crash of several minutes, and at the first pause, the silence was so intense as to be positively painful. The thunder was repeated from rock to rock, rolling along the valleys as if subverting the very bases of the hills, and finally pushing its portentous roar in those interminable glens, where the eye cannot penetrate, and even the contemplation of which, causes the brain to whirl."

At Serinagur Mr. Hobart Caunter had an opportunity of visiting the Rajah's stable, where there was an animal of the bovine species, called the Yak. This animal is five feet high, and bears some resemblance to an English bull. Fine glossy hair hangs from its flanks down to the hocks. Its food is chiefly milk. Its legs are short, its eyes large, and its forehead protrudes considerably; the nostrils are small but open, the neck is short and arched, between the shoulders there is a high hump covered with short curly hair. The hides are commonly converted into an outer garment for the herdsmen, the long hair is manufactured into a sort of tent cloth, and the yak's tail is indispensable in the costume of an eastern court.

Speaking of the Hill-Men or the Himalaya Mountaineers, Mr. Hobart Caunter gives a very entertaining account of this singular race of men. They are generally small of stature. Accustomed to

labour from their infancy, they are able to endure any severity of climate. A hillman will sometimes carry a burden from ninety to a hundred pounds to a distance of eighteen miles over the most ragged paths. In appearance they are cowardly and degraded, but in many respect they are an extraordinary race. Their diet is extremely temperate. Their houses are generally convenient, and sufficiently clean: they are two stories high, the rooms are floored with planks of pine, and the windows are merely apertures in the wall. The fireplace is in the centre of the room, consisting of a stone hearth. The family sleep together on one bed, which is merely a layer of soft grass spread in a corner of the room.

From Serinagur our travellers proceeded to Nujibabad and thence to Kerutpoor. Through Chandpore and Sumbul they arrived at the modern city of Delhi, the seat of the Mahomedan empire in Hindostan. This city was built by Shah Jehan in the seventeenth century. It is seven miles in circumference, and is situated on the Jumma. The once magnificent city is covered with splendid ruins. The gardens of Shobinar are now so completely in ruins, that hardly a vestige of their former magnificence remains. The plain is crowded with piles of fallen mosques, mausoleums, palaces, colleges, seraglios, and appears to be the gloomy sepulchre of ruined greatness. During his stay at Delhi, Mr. Hobart Caunter chanced to meet a Gossein standing with his back against a broken pillar. The Gossein had a thick iron rod passed through his cheeks rivetted at each end, from which a circular piece of iron depended, inclosing his chin. The iron rod did not affect his articulation, but Mr. Hobart Caunter having invited him into his tent, he became very communicative and entered into conversation upon the strange events of his life. He was a man rather advanced in years, and had never sat down for thirteen years. This penance he had voluntarily imposed on himself. He had made a vow to remain erect for the space of fifteen years. Besides this infliction, he had so bent the fingers of his left hand as to form an angle with the back of his hand: moreover he had been suspended from the branch of a tree, for a whole year, by a cord with a strong bamboo crossing the end, upon which he sat while a strap confined him to the rope and thus prevented his falling.

“Whilst we remained at Delhi, I could not help contrasting the wretched condition of the reigning emperor with that of its former sovereigns, who established the Mogul dominion upon the ruins of the Afghan or Patan dynasty and erected the standard of the crescent in almost every district of Hindostan. The late emperor Shah Allum the second exhibited in his establishment the sad decline into which the Mahomedan sovereignty had fallen.

“In 1788, Gholam Kadir, a Rohilla chief, having obtained the confidence of the weak, but virtuous, Shah Allum, made a sudden attack upon the city of Delhi. He made himself master of the town, and imprisoned the monarch. Shah Allum was subjected to

the most atrocious indignities, and finally had his eyes torn out by this brutal monster. The Rohilla chief was in turn captured by Eahadajee Scindia, who marched with his army to the rescue of the fallen monarch of Delhi. After undergoing the most excruciating torments, Gholam Kaudir was confined in an iron cage, suspended from a beam, in the front of the army. His nose, ears, hands, and feet were cut off, his eyes forced out of their sockets, and in this state he was ordered to be conducted on a lean camel unto the presence of Shah Allum. This punishment he bore with undaunted heroism, and expired on his way to Shah Allum, from extreme thirst. It had previously been ordered by his inexorable judge, that nothing should be given to him either to eat or drink; his death must, therefore, have been one of intense agony."

The following is the description of the seraglio of an Eastern emperor.—"In the seraglio are educated the Mogul princes, and the principal youth among the nobles, destined for posts of responsibility in the empire. It is generally separated from the palace, but so nearly contiguous as to be ready of access. None are admitted within its apartments but the emperor and those immediately attached to its several offices, the duties of which are performed by women. It is generally inclosed by lofty walls, and surrounded by spacious gardens, laid out with all the splendour of eastern magnificence, where every luxury is obtained which the appetite may demand, or money can procure. Those inmates who form the matrimonial confederacy of the Mogul potentate are among the most beautiful girls which the empire can furnish. These lovely captives are never permitted to appear abroad, except when the emperor travels, and then they are conveyed in litters closed by curtains, or in boats with small cabins, admitting the light and air only through narrow Venetian blinds.

"The apartments of the seraglio are splendid, always, however, of course, in proportion to the wealth of the prince; and the favourite object of his affection exhibits the dignity, and enjoys the privileges of a queen, though a queen in captivity. While her beauty lasts, she is frequently regarded with a feeling amounting to idolatry; but when that beauty passes away, the warmth of love subsides. The favourite, however, while she continues her ascendancy over the heart of her lord, is treated with sovereign respect throughout the harem. She smokes her golden-tubed hooka, the mouth-piece studded with gems, and enjoys the fresh morning breeze under a verandah that overlooks the gardens of the palace, attended by her damsels, only second to herself in attractions of person, and splendour of attire. Here she reclines in oblivious repose, upon a rich embroidered carpet from the most celebrated looms of Persia. Through an atmosphere of the richest incense, she breathes the choicest perfumes of Arabia, and has every thing round her that can administer to sensual delight; yet still she is generally an unhappy being. She dwells in the midst of splendid misery and

ungratifying profusion, while all within her is desolation and hopelessness. Her sympathies are either warped or stifled; her heart is blighted, and her mind degraded."

The author gives a very curious account of the celebrated Noor Jehan, the favourite empress of Jehangire. She was the daughter of Chaja Aiass, a native of Western Tartary. Chaja Aiass was descended of an ancient and noble race, but, owing to the vicissitudes of fortune, he was, previous to the birth of his daughter, in the extremity of distress. Hoping to repair the loss of his fortune, he quitted his country for Hindostan. Having become enamoured of a young woman, he married. His family were so indignant at the unequal match, that they discarded him. Chaja Aiass highly incensed, mounted his wife on an old horse, and walking by her side, proceeded to the capital of the renowned Akbad. They had not taken nourishment for three days, when, in addition to his misery, his wife was seized with the pains of labour. "Assisted only by her wretched husband, she gave birth to a daughter. They were in the midst of a vast desert, where the foot of man but seldom penetrated, and had no other prospect but of perishing with hunger or by wild beasts. Chaja Aiass having placed his wife upon the horse, as soon as he could do so with safety, found himself unable to follow with the infant. The mother was too weak to carry it, and there was but one alternative. The struggle of nature was a severe one; there was, however, no choice left between death and parental subjugations.

"It was agreed by the half-distracted parents, that the new-born pledge of their affection must be abandoned. They covered it with leaves, and left it in the path, to the mercy of that God who can protect the babe in the desert, as well as the sovereign on his throne. The miserable pair pursued their journey in silence, and in agony. After a short progress, the invincible yearnings of nature prevailed over the torments of hunger and thirst, and the bereaved mother called distractedly for her child. The husband retraced his steps, but was paralyzed with horror, on arriving at the spot where he had left his infant, to see a large black snake wreathed round it. In the paroxysm of desperation, he rushed forward, when the monster, gradually uncoiling itself, retired into the hollow of a tree. He snatched up the child, and bore it in ecstasy to the anxious mother. It had received no hurt, and whilst by their caresses they were expressing their exultation at its singular escape, some travellers overtook them, who supplied them with food, and enabled them to resume their journey. They advanced by easy stages till they reached Lahore."

In this town Chaja Aiass attracted the notice of the reigning emperor, and in process of time was created treasurer of the empire. In the meantime his daughter grew up, excelling all the loveliest women of the east, and surpassing all in vivacity of wit and vigour of understanding. The emperor's son Selim became

enamoured of her, and demanded her in marriage, but she had been long betrothed to a noble Turkoman, Shere Afkun, to whom she was finally married. On Selim's ascending the throne under the name of Jehangire, he became the bitter foe of his successful rival. Shere Afkun's life was aimed at in every direction; and after immortalizing his name by bravely resisting the repeated treacheries of Selim, Shere Afkun at length fell beneath the sword of a mercenary assassin. Noor Jehan on the death of her husband [was immediately transported to Delhi, but the emperor, either from policy or remorse, refused to see her. While she thus lived unregarded in the emperor's seraglio, she employed her time in working tapestry and all kinds of embroidery, and in painting silks with the richest devices. In a short time the exquisite productions of her taste became the talk of the capital. The accomplishments of this singular woman were soon carried to the ears of the emperor, and he resolved to see her. At the sight of her unrivalled beauty, in the words of our author, "he was dazzled by the perfection of her form, the dignity of her mien, and the transcendent loveliness of her features. Advancing to where she stood in the plenitude of her beauty, he took her hand, declared his resolution to make her his empress, and immediately a proclamation was issued for the celebration of the royal nuptials with the lovely relict of the late Shere Afkun.

"One of the most striking objects in the modern city of Delhi, though by no means one of the most magnificent, is the tomb of Tufter Jung, a Mahomedan chieftain of some repute, who died about the middle of last century. This structure is ranked among the best architectural works of New Delhi. It is surrounded by a large garden, inclosed by a high wall, above which the dome and minor cupolas of the edifice appear with great effect, when beheld from the plain without. The body of the building is composed by light red stone tassellated with white marble, beautifully contrasting its pure light surface with the dull red of the mass which forms the monument. The dome is entirely of white marble rising majestically over the body of the edifice, and relieved against a clear blue sky, which seems to be its native element, as if it were the aerial abode of some guardian angel watching the slumbers of the dead, reduced to its primitive dust in a capacious sarcophagus below."

We must here reluctantly pass over in silence, the Rajpootni Bride and the Tea Dealer, two very interesting anecdotes, with which our author so pleasingly enlivens the descriptive details of his work, and continue to follow him in his journey through Juanpoor to the splendid City of Benares. On his way to Juanpoor, our author notices a degraded race of men, who are designated by the name of Pariahs. They are despised by every order of Hindoos, as beings not only despicable in this world, but aliens from the beatitudes of another. They are not allowed to associate with men of any other caste but their own; they are shunned and degraded

below the vilest of the brute creation. If even the shadow of a Pariah overcasts a person of superior rank, he is deemed polluted. If the article on which the shadow of a Pariah falls, be food, it is thrown away : if any thing of a frangible nature, it is destroyed ; and if a thing of value, it is only to be recovered from its contamination by the most rigorous purifications.

At length our author, after passing through Rhotas Gur, “ one of the most romantic spots on the south of the Himalayan mountains,” the Eckpouah, Gyah Patua, and Gour, arrived at Calcutta, called the City of Palaces. The modern town extends about six miles on the eastern bank of the Hoogley, and abounds in handsome and elegant buildings. Among the most striking edifices are the Government-house and the Custom-house. At Cheringhee, the fashionable part of the town, there is a line of magnificent houses, the residences of Europeans. The population of Calcutta amounts to about six hundred thousand souls.

We are unable to add more about Mr. Hobart Caunter’s valuable *Oriental Annual* ; but it is one of the most useful books which could be put into the hands of a person wishing to obtain acquaintance with India. It is really a fertile source, full of information and amusement.

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*A Dissertation on the Reasonableness of Christianity.*
By the Rev. JOHN WILSON, A.M.
Minister of Irvine. Edinburgh:
Oliver & Boyd. 1834. pp. 198.

MR. LOCKE, in his Treatise on this subject, merely defended the out-works of our religion, without a consideration of its peculiarities, which did not fall within his design. In this little volume, the author, with remarkable simplicity, clearness, and cogency, supplies the defect, and unfolds these essential doctrines, as being in perfect consistence with the great and fundamental principles which every sober, thinking man recognises in ordinary life, and judging of the ordinary administration of the world. His mode, indeed, of elucidating the salutary truth, that the moral providence and spiritual government of God constitute one consummate whole, will be highly consolatory to every sincere believer, as well as every honest inquirer, who stumbles at certain points of the Christian faith, from not seeing them in their proper light and position.

The author's argument is not with the man who denies the truth of the Gospel, so much as with him who supposes that notions are intermixed with it which are at variance with the deductions of reason, or above its cognizance. And after a careful perusal of his volume, we feel, that though no doubts troubled us of late on the point, yet a wonderful accession of strength has been given to our persuasion, by the manner in which it is handled by Mr. Wilson. We feel that in following out a mode of reasoning adopted by Bishop Butler, in his

admirable "Analogy," he most forcibly shows, that "the provision made in Christianity for the benefit of man is, in general, to be viewed in the light of an unique development of principles acknowledged in the ordinary course of the divine administration, and approved of by human beings, in consequence of the moral constitution of their nature."

A more useful and important religious treatise than what this little volume presents, we could not name, whether we regard the young, the reasoning, or the confirmed.

ART. XIII.—*The Collected Poems of the late N. T. Carrington.*
Edited by his Son, H. E. CARRINGTON. Two vols. London: Longman and Co. 1834.

THE present volumes contain no poems which have not been already before the public for years. The chief feature in them is that of a faithful description of natural scenery, on which the author ever had his eye. Accordingly, the persons acquainted with the localities described, have generally entertained a high opinion of these poetic pictures, whilst, in the literary world, they have been considered to be possessed of beauty, simplicity, and ease. Dartmoor, the largest of the whole, was begun with the view of competing for a premium offered about ten years ago by the Royal Society of Literature, on that subject, which premium was awarded to Mrs. Hemans, and before Mr. Carrington had presented his ef-

fort. It was, nevertheless, well received by the periodical press, and George the Fourth, as we are told by the editor, ordered his opinion to be transmitted to the author, in the shape of fifty guineas.

The new matter which distinguishes this edition, consists in copious notes to Dartmoor and some of the other pieces, together with a sketch of the author's life. The notes will be found highly interesting to those familiar with the scenes referred to; whilst the biographical preface is valuable, on account of the amiable, unobtrusive, and exemplary character of its subject. He was a public teacher of youth for many years, of considerable eminence, Maidstone and Plymouth being the field of his professional labours; at both of which his memory is held in high respect. His is a history, indeed, worthy of great honour; for, as we are told, during nearly thirty-three years, he was employed daily, with the exception of not more than two hours each day for meals, from an early period of the morning till late in the evening, in the duties of his calling, without ever allowing his favourite poetical pursuits to interfere. His compositions, therefore, were the productions, only occasionally, of a pensive and abstracted hour, at the close of the long and toilsome day.

ART. XIV.—*Illustrations of the Botany and other Branches of the Natural History of the Himalayan Mountains, and of the Flora of Cashmere.* By J. FORBES ROYLE, Esq. F. L. S. &c. &c. London: Parbury, Allen & Co. 1834.

THIS folio work progresses with equal, if not additional, spirit, to that which even distinguished its previous parts. The plates in the number which is before us, are all botanical; nor can their splendour and delicacy be explained, but by

an inspection of the work itself. The letter-press does no less honour to the typographical art. Of the scientific information herein contained, we have also to speak in unqualified terms of approbation; and particularly as regards that which is said of one of a family of plants, which was scarcely known a century ago, but that since then "has given rise to a most extensive commerce, and changed the habits of the most civilized nations, who hardly, in any other respect, agree with the people from whom they receive and follow in the use of the refreshing beverage" afforded by it; we mean the tea plant. Yet, respecting the varieties which afford the different teas of commerce, the extent of their distribution, the climate, soil, and culture which they prefer, there is much diversity of opinion among botanists. For instance, it is not very clearly ascertained, whether the varieties of tea known in commerce are due to difference of species, or only to differences in soil, climate, culture, and mode of preparation. It has been said that bohea may be cured as hyson, and hyson as bohea; whilst, on the other hand, it has been as strenuously maintained, that the Chinese manufacturers do not, and they say they cannot, convert black tea into green, and vice versa. But these are points we cannot enter into, and must therefore refer all who desire full satisfaction, and scientific information respecting them, to the work now open to us. We can, at present, therefore, only repeat, that these illustrations of the botany and natural history of the Himalayan Mountains, and of Cashmere, deserve the admiration and favour of all who have a taste or knowledge of natural science; but especially of those who are desirous to form a splendid collection of botanical works, or a noble library.

ART. XV.—*Metrical Exercises upon Scripture Texts and Miscellaneous Poems.* By HARRIET R. KING. London: Smith, Elder & Co. Cornhill. 1834. pp. 168.

OF the poetic powers of the authoress we cannot say more, than that they are fully equal to those of many writers of religious and devotional pieces, to be met with; but that we have seen nothing in the volume which is likely to be much read, or long remembered. She evidently writes under warm and pure emotions, a favourable example of which is to be found in the poem, called "My Mother;" although the title is apt to suggest a disparaging comparison, in Cowper's Address to his Mother's Picture. We do not, however, altogether approve of the practice, said by the authoress to have been usual on her part, with a view to curb the wandering of her attention in the public service of the Church, "of meditating in metre upon some selected text, (generally upon that given out from the pulpit) during the delivery of the sermon," as being either conducive to spiritual improvement or poetic eminence. The majority of the pieces before us are declared to have been so composed, and we therefore the less wonder at the feebleness and common-place character of most of them.

At the same time, we doubt not that the authoress is a person of exemplary piety. Every one of the pieces breathes a spirit that relies on religious consolation, amid the trials of life; nor, since such versified meditations afforded her peace of mind and support, during their composition, can we wish her hereafter, in recurring to them, to be less satisfied and comforted: whilst to many of a kindred devotional character, they will be found full of simple, affecting, and scriptural sentiments.

ART. XVI.—*Memoirs of the Rev William Henry Angas, ordained a "Missionary to Seafaring Men," May 11th, 1822.* By the Rev. F. A. Cox, LL.D. London: Thos. Heard & Co. 1834.

THE subject of this work, it would appear, was a descendant of the Scottish house of Angus, though the two names are slightly different. He was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1781: centuries ago some of the descendants of the clan of Angus having settled in the north of England. At an early age he had serious impressions; but though intended for the legal profession, he chose a seafaring life, where for a time those impressions were smothered. After many vicissitudes, he succeeded, at the age of nineteen, to the command of a ship belonging to his father. In this respectable situation he continued till his resolution was carried into effect of devoting himself to the ministry of religion. His earnest desire was to be a missionary to seamen, whose habits he so well knew, and whose welfare was particularly dear to him: circumstances which recommend him to us as a warm-hearted and energetic man. He attached himself to the Baptist communion, but was a brother to all sects whose principles and conduct coincided with the great doctrines of the Christian faith. The sea-ports of the continent of Europe, especially in Holland, and those of his native land, together with excursions into Switzerland, and a voyage to Jamaica, afforded him ample scope for unremitting exertions, which characterised his missionary enterprise. He died of cholera in 1832, at South Shields. We shall only say of this little volume, that to all who take an interest in evangelical religion, it will be most acceptable; for, besides the serious character and arduous labours which

distinguished, the life of its subject, there was the straightforward mind of the sailor ever evinced. In an appendix a number of his nautical aphorisms are given; the following is one of the shortest:—"A Christian with the Gospel is like a sailor with his money—he deals it out freely."

ART. XVII.—*The Exiles of Chamouni; a Drama; and the Rose of Cashmere; an Oriental Opera.* By CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill. 1834.

THE first of these pieces has frightened us not a little; the very advertisement prefixed to it, is terrific; for there the author declares, that "whenever man is led to commit iniquity, he is under the dominion of an evil spirit. On earth we have not only to wrestle with our own carnal passions, but daily to contend with the unseen powers of darkness." Again, "The following drama was written for the purpose of exhibiting the dreadful nature of sin—the despairing wretchedness of an unnatural soul under the immediate agency of the devil. The heart of man is but the engine with which Satan works." Again, "I have but withdrawn the veil which renders the region of evil spirits invisible." Accordingly, of the thirty characters introduced, more than a third are demons, amongst whom Satan, Diabolos, and Death figure.

In perfect keeping with these outposts, we have the words storms, darkness, desolation, despair, chaos, thunder, fire, lightning, fiends, demons, death, and devils, with other alarming terms and names, strung together according to every possible combination. Blood, thunder, and the four letters that rhyme with fell, tell, well, are the author's hobby.

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This last and by us unwritten monosyllable occurs, we may safely affirm, some hundreds of times in the course of the piece. Very frequently it is to be met with twice in two adjoining lines; and as parts of the drama are rhythmical, it is sure to catch the eye wedded to some one of *these fells* or *tells* in almost every page. Not to speak of the dreadful hardihood of the author's dramatic spirit, we must say, that for weeks to come, we will start, with loathing and turn away from every sound corresponding with that alluded to. Indeed Mr. Charles Doyme Sillery is a very profane man. Just listen gentle reader to the first line of the exiles of Chamouni:—

"Gods, how it thunders!—thunders as the crags, &c."

A little farther on we are told that—

"It seems as all the gloom within men's souls
Were blended with the atmosphere—
as hell
Of fiends were emptied, or the world
in hell."

Again, six lines beyond these—

"In the ever-working, fretting, foaming
hell."

On the heels of this it is thus:—

"Hell hoots thee from her caves of blood
and fire."

Then in the very next sentence.—

"In thy brain
And bosom burns a hell."

Now, really this is far worse than bad writing: and yet these are but a few of the horrid phrases that stare the reader in the three first pages of the *Exiles of Chamouni*, whilst we find that neither the sense, poetry, nor language mends throughout the piece.

The very taking title, "*The Rose of Cashmere*," is of course not bound to such tremendous themes and phrases, but on the contrary the author here ransacks more languages

than one for every sweet idea that a lisping or flowing epithet can clothe: drawing largely on flowers, love, and heaven. There is, however, no lack of irreverent exclamations, and a pretty handsome amount of swearing by skies, lilies, &c., at the same time that his muse is as poor as before, when he abused the fiends.

ART. XVIII.—*Statement of some new principles on the subject of Political Economy, exposing the fallacies of Free Trade, and of some doctrines maintained in the "Wealth of Nations."* By JOHN RAE. Boston, 1834.

THE above title asserts a claim to distinction on two distinct grounds and in terms not remarkable for their diffidence. Originality is the proof of genius, which belongs to very few of our species; whilst to meet with a man who can floor Adam Smith and all his disciples at one swoop, is a still more rare occurrence. Not that now-a-days we are to fear, or distrust without previous inquiry, any one, merely because he sets at nought preconceived or favoured theories; on the contrary, bold, if prudent enterprize is descriptive of the first-rate talent. Does Mr. Rae possess both of these qualifications? We think not. The great fault we find with his book, is that he splits ideas so finely, and takes up broad and leading principles so partially, as to exhibit the doctrines discussed in an inadequate and mutilated form, at the same time that he proves himself unequal to the grasp of such a science as that of Political Economy, which respects all the divergences and capabilities of human nature, even in its most mixed and erratic conditions.

It is, however, not to be supposed that we can here attempt to give even the most general analysis of

the publication, especially as it is devoted to a sort of controversy with what have hitherto been esteemed text and standard works on the science of which it treats. ¶ Indeed, the announcement in the title gives a good general index to its pretensions. We may mention, that although published in America, the work was written and at first intended for the English reader. We also add that it evinces considerable ingenuity, study, and research, and that it is worthy of the perusal of those who take an interest in the (most unsatisfactory) schemes of these theorists.

ART. XIX.—*The present State of Aural Surgery, or Methods of Treating Deafness, &c.* By W. WRIGHT, Esq. London: Thos. Hurst, St. Paul's Church-yard. 1834.

Is it not lamentable that a man so skilled in any one branch of the healing art as Mr. Wright represents himself to be, should not be adequately encouraged? Besides, he styles himself as having been surgeon aurist to her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, &c.; and he has written books, and dedicated one of them to the Duke of Wellington. Nay, we are of opinion, from the contents of this little volume, that he knows a great deal of the subject it treats of. Yet still the world is partial, prejudiced, and blind; and Mr. Wright, we fear, feels himself neglected.

Now the author must not think we mean any thing but his own good, when we proffer this advice to him—hereafter to say less about himself and his doings, less in disparagement of his brethren, and much more on the merits of the subject he discusses than is here found. Then, and not till then, can he expect, in these dull days, to be duly noticed.

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DECEMBER.

ART. I.—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia—History of the Germanic Empire.*

By S. A. DUNHAM, Esq., LL. D., &c. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman. 1834.

THE last time we noticed Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia, was in reference to that portion of it which has been devoted to England, during the middle ages; and of that performance we felt ourselves bound to speak in terms of unqualified censure. The present volume, however, is of a very different order and character. A summary glance satisfied us, that the author was not merely master of his subject, but capable of placing his knowledge before the reader in a lucid and correct style. Nor do we look upon the task as an easy one, which he was called upon to execute, within the compass of one of these volumes. For he here presents us with the History of the Germanic Empire, during the whole course of the middle ages; giving us even a sketch of Germany many years prior to 800, when Charlemagne was crowned Emperor by Pope Leo III., there bringing it down to 1437. He embraces the political and civil history of the empire, during the above-mentioned period. No doubt it is but a compendium that any one possibly could present, of the immense amount of materials he had to handle; but then we say, that this compendium, is masterly, being clear, rich, and extensive.

One truth is forcibly impressed by a perusal of this comprehensive and small volume; and it is a melancholy truth. It exhibits strikingly the fact, that the history of mankind and of nations has, throughout at least many centuries, been but a series of deeds of bloodshed and oppression. But there is another prominent lesson taught by such a history as that now before us, that affords room for earnest and not unpleasurable study: this is, how and when our civil institutions had their rise, and what are the marvellous changes to which they have been subject in their progress. We wish that this volume, and others in the same popular and accessible shape, devoted to the publication of such historical lessons, were in the hands of every man. For we are sure, though the knowledge they contain would not make him careless in watching the state of his civil rights, it would impress him with deep grati-

tude, if an Englishman, for the blessings he has been born to inherit as a citizen of the world, compared with the condition of countless numbers who have lived before him. The information here found, or the lights to be gathered from it, would also teach him to be a cautious and at the same time a skilful reformer; so that, between that conservative absurdity, that abuses are not to be remedied because they are antiquated, and that dangerous dogma, that every sore is at once to be cut out, without regard to the adjoining healthy parts, he would act judiciously and firmly.

The principal purpose we contemplate in presenting our readers with a few striking portions of this volume is, that they may have their eyes directed to some of the general points now hinted at. There does not appear to be much of a field for criticism respecting it, of a more minute description than that general opinion with which we set out; nor can it be necessary or indeed possible, within our limits, to attempt a continuous sketch of the dynasties that came in succession throughout the dark ages, to rule the German empire. We therefore only now proceed to point out some of the landmarks in the history of civil government and of society during the early ages of the empire, which then and since has been the bulwark of European knowledge, morals, and freedom.

Our author states, that during the reign of Charlemagne, the power of the crown was most remarkable. The princes of the empire, for instance, were constrained to kiss his feet when admitted to his presence. A few, indeed, had the privilege of kissing the knee only—a favour shared with the empress herself. Yet the dukes and counts who acted thus, were adorned with rich crowns. At this period, German society consisted of four great classes—the slaves—the freedmen—the freemen—and the nobles:—

“ Slaves were either born so, or they became so by various accidents. For many ages even German captives in war were reduced to that condition, *à fortiori*, Romans, Gauls, and Slavi. And those who were in danger of famishing through want, often voluntarily embraced that deplorable state. Towards the church, a mistaken piety often prompted even the rich, with their whole families, to embrace that condition. Love sometimes produced the same result; for, in many of the Germanic codes, if a freeman married a female slave (*ancilla*), or *vice versa*, the one was compelled to take the lot of the other. In general, however, neither want, nor piety, nor love, had much effect in this social degradation. Debtors who were unable to meet their engagements, and convicted criminals, who were equally unable to raise the pecuniary mulct, infallibly incurred it. Originally, and for a long period, the slaves were *adscriptitiae conditionis*: terms sufficiently significant of their wretched state. Hence, if they fled, they could be reclaimed; they could be alienated with the land which they cultivated; their masters had power to chastise, even to kill them; until the laws of the empire interfered, to prevent either death or mutilation. They were subject to various duties, according to their master's pleasure: sometimes they attended his person, or lived in his household; and these were more honourable than the rest. If located on the soil, their con-

dition admitted of some amelioration. If they were the lowest of their kind, all their labour, all the produce which they raised, that moderate portion excepted which was necessary for the support of nature, went to their lords."—pp. 52, 53.

The freedmen obtained their liberty in various ways:—

" Sometimes it was effected by opening the door, to indicate that he was at liberty to leave the house ; sometimes by placing him where four roads met, to show that he might take which he pleased. Again, it was sometimes effected by the hand of the king or priest, and by the arrow, which appears to have been a favourite with the Lombards, and what betokened the right of the man henceforth to assume arms—the sign of freedom. The most usual mode, however, seems to have given rise to the word itself—*manumissione*, to send from the hand, to push away. The effect resulting from these various forms was very different, the emancipation being sometimes entire, generally partial. Thus, the enfranchisement at the altar was as complete as if the slave were born from free parents : he did not become a *libertus*, but an *ingenuus*. The same effect was produced by the *excussio denarii*, by the *portæ patentēs*, by the *quatuor viæ*, and by the imposition of the royal or princely hand. But in a vast majority of cases some service, or right, or tribute, was retained. The condition of the *libertus* varied according to the obligations imposed on him on his elevation from the inferior state of *servus* : sometimes they were very light, consisting of a small census, or personal homage. In general he was subject to the immediate control of his patron : he was to work certain days every week, or bring a portion of produce, or a certain sum to his master. And he was liable to some other prestations ; all which, though they involved civil rights, and enabled him to acquire wealth, did not much raise him in the scale of dignity. The most galling of the obligations generally left to the freedman was his dependence on the jurisdiction of his patron ; but let us remember that all good is comparative, and that even a great evil, if it remove a greater, is a good."—pp. 54, 55.

Freemen had only one profession, that of the military art, the knowledge and practice of which, together with the chase, occupied the whole of their lives. The nobles were distinguished from these again in various ways, necessarily accompanied with many grievances to inferiors : and the author declares, that from the scattered information which has been handed down to us regarding the reigns of those of Charlemagne's line, the heart of the nation was turned to hunting, hawking, to war and drunkenness, to mirth and frolic. From the termination of that dynasty in 911 to 1024, which was what was occupied by the house of Saxony, the progress of the empire towards improvement was on the whole conspicuous. From the last mentioned date to 1138, the condition of the Germanic society has little to excite admiration. The castles, which were built on almost every eminence, were garrisoned with men who were obliged to procure subsistence from the surrounding country ; and it is easy to conceive what must have been the sort of security for rights and property, in such a state of things. Robbers, under the name of name of knights, laid waste country and towns : and,

perhaps, the fact that churchmen were warriors in those days, may intimate a no less frightful condition.

In the course of the next hundred and thirty years, important changes and ameliorations occurred in all the conditions of life. We have only room to quote what the author tells us of the state to which the lower orders had now arrived—at all times the most worthy of notice of the grades of society, whether we refer to their numbers, or to their value. The reader will begin to breathe freely, and with some degree of joyful hope, after perusing this quotation, which, as far as the writer is concerned, deserves every commendation.

“ Descending in the social chain we come to the cultivators of the ground, *the serfs or peasantry*, whose condition, though sufficiently onerous, was yet considerably ameliorated. At the close of the last period we had occasion to remark, that servitude, in its more odious acceptation, was beginning to disappear; that there was a progressive elevation of the class, however split into distinctions; that the freedmen were rising into ingenui, the less degraded into freedmen, and the lowest into a political existence. Now, we perceive that corporeal servitude had ceased throughout a great part of the empire. This was, doubtless, owing to a variety of causes, of which many are apt to elude our observation. Assuredly one of these was not the increased humanity of the lords: the German mind has not been favourable to abstract notions of right, whenever that right has opposed aristocratic preponderancy. In the view of a German noble, liberty means no more than an emancipation from the despotism of the territorial princes; in that of citizen, exemption from the jurisdiction of emperor or prince; in that of a prince, perfect independence of the emperor. The grades of society below the rank of freemen were not thought worth the trouble of legislation; or if their condition was noticed, it was only to secure their continued dependence on their superiors. But human circumstances are more powerful than conventional forms or the pride of man. From causes which we before enumerated, policy and interest demanded that the relation of the serfs should undergo considerable modification; that they should be placed in situations where their industry should be most productive to their masters. But the same industry benefited themselves: it could not be provoked without some allurements; for the galley-slave will drop the oar when his taskmaster is not present. The encouragement thus afforded completely answered its purpose; and as the serfs gained property of their own, they became half enfranchised, not by conventional formalities, but by tacit consent, and by the influence of custom. The inevitable effect of this system was the rapid increase of the population; and this increase, in its turn, tended to the support and prosperity of the whole order. To such consideration, indeed, did they arrive, that they were sometimes furnished with arms to defend the cause of their master. This innovation tended more than all other causes to the enfranchisement of the rural population; for whoever is taught to use, and allowed to possess weapons, will soon make himself respected. The class thus favoured was certainly not that of the mere cultivators of the ground; but of the mechanics, the tradesmen, the manufacturers, and the chief-villeins, who, holding land on the condition of a certain return in produce—as rental, were little below free tenants. The agricultural districts had

many gradations of society; and in respect to those over whom the generic appellation was the same, much would depend on the disposition of the proprietor—on the nature of the obligations which he introduced into the verbal contract between him and his vassal. Nor must it be forgotten, that, though the great aristocratic body, whether ecclesiastic or secular, were, *as a body*, indifferent to the welfare of their dependants, though they preferred slaves to tenants half free, or peasants, or liberti, the benign influence of Christianity on individuals was not wholly without effect. The doctrine, that by nature all men are equal, and equally entitled to the expectations of another world; that the only distinction in a future state will be between those who have exercised, and those who have neglected, works of mercy and other social duties, could not fail to influence the hearts of some, and dispose them to ameliorate the evils of their dependants. Of this feeling the clergy would be the most susceptible; and we accordingly find that their vassals were, generally, in a superior state. Nor was the sentiment confined to the clergy alone; if it was not uttered, it was sanctioned by some temporal princes. Thus, the *Jus Provinciale Suevicum*, in a spirit which would do honour to the most enlightened times, asserts that there is nothing in Scripture to sanction slavery; and prays God to pardon the man who first imposed it on his fellows. But with all willingness to allow its due weight to this circumstance, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that enfranchisement, which, after all, was but partial, since even at the present day it is not complete, was the result rather of policy than of liberality—rather of interest than of an abstract sense of justice. It was, indeed, so obviously the interest of the domanial proprietor to make his dependants industrious, and to stimulate their exertions by a participation in the profits, that we may feel surprised only that the system was no sooner adopted. In this, as in all other cases, the philosopher can easily discover that there is a reciprocal re-action between services and benefits; that philanthropy is true policy; that humanity is true wisdom: nor can the Christian observer fail to admire the eternal and indissoluble connection which God's providence has established between the duties and the enjoyments, the obligations and the interests of man. That some of the German princes were alive to the means by which agriculture may be best improved, is evident from many instances. Thus, Albert the Boar brought a considerable number of serfs from Holland to colonise and drain the marshes of Brandenburg: a service in which the Dutch were always more experienced than any other people; and the church always showed considerable indulgence to the men on whom it depended for its tithes. We must not, however, omit to state, that in certain provinces there was no amelioration whatever in the condition of the serfs. Thus, in Mecklenburg, Pomerania, and Lusatia, that condition was one of exceeding rigour. This was owing to the prevalence of Slavonic habits in those provinces—a race which has always been distinguished for its oppression of dependants.”—pp. 228—231.

The condition of the Germans was, however, still deplorable; the times were still barbarous. Even although the reigning prince were disposed to enforce wise and just laws, where was the power by which he was to affect the territorial nobles? Violence took the place of order. One crime produced retaliation, and retaliation gave birth to new aggressions, until the original subject of

offence was lost under a mass of injuries. But we have now arrived at the last section of the volume, including the years between 1273 and 1437 ; and we shall there see what the author advances respecting the various orders of the state, as to their powers, rights, and condition, at this later period of social history. With reference to the crown, he thinks it cannot be maintained that its prerogative was much curtailed. For we are not to estimate the royal power by taking it during any one reign, since, in Germany, the personal character of the sovereign, even to a greater extent than in other countries, influence the real amount of his authority, where the acknowledged prerogatives of predecessors had only to be invoked. For if he had learned to make himself respected, the claim was reluctantly allowed ; if he was weak or inconstant, he was sure to be resisted with success. The next dignity, that of the electoral, had been declared inherent in seven different princes during the period we are referring to, and like what has been the case with other hereditary constituencies, their venality was shameless. The branch ranking immediately below the electors was termed the *territorial princes*. By the first of their privileges they could sit in judgment on their equals ; by the second they exercised territorial jurisdiction and judicial authority over the knights, squires, burgesses, and peasantry. But, without following the author in his account of the various orders of the aristocracy, we shall present part of what he says on the diminution of authority that came to be sustained by the princes, owing to *partition*.

“ From the beginning of the thirteenth century, at least, we find that equal division among the sons, with the reserve of certain honours to the eldest, distinguished all the first families ; but in two centuries several began to feel that they were sadly declining from their ancient splendour ; that if, through the increase of the collateral branches, there was less fear of extinction, the influence of the family was feeble ; that branch was often at war with branch ; and that some of the younger members were simple knights, obliged, for support, to lend their sword to any employer. To remedy this evil, some of the more ambitious fathers destined their younger sons to the ecclesiastical state ; and the dignity of bishop, or abbot, amply compensated for the loss of their patrimonial inheritance. But this policy had its evil also, since it evidently tended to the extinction of a family. As, in failure of issue, the fief reverted to the empire, some houses entered into a compact of *reciprocal succession* ; viz. that, if one became extinct, the other should succeed to the titles and estates. And what is still more curious, it often happened that, when a fief was conferred, three or four houses were co-invested at the same time ; the second to succeed on the extinction of the first ; the third on that of the second. Hence the conflicting interests of the great families. The head—he who held the titles and estates—could do nothing affecting either without the written consent of all the agnates, and of all the branches of the families which had received the investiture at the same time with his own. Nay, marriages could not be contracted, nor alliances made, without the same sanction. This, too, was felt to be an evil ; and, from the middle of the

fourteenth century downwards, we find that not only was primogeniture resuming the empire which it anciently held, and that co-investiture was less common, but that compacts of succession, unless there was imminent danger of extinction, were very rare. This restoration of an old feeling rapidly strengthened the territorial families; but it could not undo the mischief which had been already effected; it could not recover their once vast possessions. The allodial domains of the princely houses were now moderate; for over the territory to which they succeeded they merely exercised a limited jurisdiction. And, before we dismiss the present subject, we may observe, that the period under consideration exhibits as great change in *titles*, as in extent of authority and family influence. Originally, as we have more than once observed, titles were inseparable from jurisdiction, but were frequently assumed within certain limitations by nobles who had none. Thus, the duke, or margrave, or count, who had been deposed, not only preserved his title, but transmitted it to his eldest son. The next stage in the progress of inheritance was, that when the eldest son inherited the title of duke, the second would assume the merely nominal one of count, the third that of baron. But, after the introduction of partition, the distinction was as often real as nominal; for, when the eldest son ruled one district with the title of duke, the second exercised an equal sovereignty over another as margrave or count. And as the system was strengthened by custom, the original title descended to the co-heirs: all the sons of a duke were equally called dukes; of a count, counts. And when the law of primogeniture was again recognised, though the domain was deemed indivisible, the title remained common to all the sons. Hence the number of poor princes, counts, and barons, who in Germany and Poland absolutely swarm, and who, in influence at least, and often in education, are greatly below the lowest class of English gentry."—pp. 309—311.

The gradual but slow process by which we see an approach made to the possession of equal rights, may be discerned by the inevitable course of events, even from the instanced class now spoken of. But how averse the community was to pursue the arts of peace, except the inhabitants of imperial and confederated cities, may be learned from the character of the order next in the social scale, viz. the nobles who were without *territorial jurisdiction*.

"Of these, some were allodial; others were vassals of the electors or the princes; others had no lands, but subsisted by the sword, or were attached to the service or household of some prince. In a country where partition so long prevailed, there would be necessarily many whose inheritance was inadequate to their support; many who had no other inheritance than a horse, a suit of armour, and a noble name. But where every prince was anxious to increase the number of his followers, since he thereby increased his power; where duke, margrave, bishop, abbot, burgrave, count, were compelled, not from motives of ambition or of pomp, but from self-defence, to maintain constantly on foot a certain number of armed men; where not only the imperial cities, but the inferior walled towns, readily received into their confederation and pay any horseman who presented himself, there were resources enough for every individual of the privileged class. When feudal levies were gradually replaced by mercenary troops, these adven-

turers were found necessary in every war, whether of a public or a private nature. Nothing can exceed the eagerness with which they rushed to any standard, where pay was offered. 'Little do they care,' says a contemporary writer, 'whether the cause be good or bad; were the devil to offer them good wages, they would swarm around him like summer flies!' But these were the *poor* nobles: the *rich* ones—those, especially, who had comfortable hereditary domains—might be expected to live in tranquillity. Yet no men were more restive: if they refused to hire their swords to the territorial prince, the elector, or even the emperor, they had still private quarrels to pursue; and their obligations, as members of some particular league, allowed little leisure for the cultivation of peace. On every side the rural noble found or made enemies: besides his private ones, and those of his kindred, and those even of his league, he had, as belonging to an order, narrowly to watch, often openly to resist, the proceedings of prince or diet. For the support of the mercenary troops, the permanent militia of the state, new imposts were unavoidable. Was *he* to bear a portion of the burden? So said the electors, the princes, the monarch, and, more than all, reason and equity; but he resisted wherever he could do so with effect. And we have proof that, in many places, the simple nobles—those without territorial jurisdiction or office—aimed at complete independence of both crown and prince. But, except in times of anarchy, their resistance was vain; they resided within a certain jurisdiction; and they were generally amenable to the tribunal of the prince. Yet there were a considerable number who enrolled themselves in some municipality, and who could, consequently, bid defiance to the aristocracy. Also the nobles who held lands, however small, in future could attend the provincial diets; and there is reason to infer, that even simple knights, without fiefs or allodial possessions, were sometimes convoked with the rest."—pp. 312, 313.

We have now arrived at the lowest grade of the social order, upon whom our eye should be particularly fixed, for their history is most pregnant with the lessons we are in this country at the present moment chiefly in need of studying.

"Amidst the revolutions which agitated Germany during this period, the *rustic population* were not without benefit. In the former chapters we have seen their condition to be progressively improving; that one by one their more galling chains were loosened. The first from which they were freed was their absolute dependence on their lord, who had possessed over them the power of life and death: their lives were now protected by a heavy fine, and by the penance inflicted on the homicide. The next step exempted them from bodily servitude; and, though they were still attached to the glebe, they were not compelled to labour for their lords longer than a given number of days in each week; often they were not expected to labour for them at all, but to yield, in lieu of service, a certain portion of the produce. At this stage they had arrived during the last period, viz., prior to the accession of Rodolf. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries witnessed an improvement no less salutary. By the subdivision of estates consequent on the system of partition, many proprietors were reduced to great poverty. The inheritance was too small to render continued residence either necessary or advisable; and they often made over the land to the cultivator on such terms as they could command. As the

cultivator was some one of the peasants, or a vassal of the house, the act involved an absolute emancipation from the yet lingering bonds of slavery, from the serfage which had superseded the old evil. The conditions of this transfer varied according to the compact: sometimes there was an annual return in produce; more frequently in a fixed rent; and we have many instances in which the property was absolutely sold, the money to be paid by certain annual instalments. Often, too, it was let to the tenant on so long a lease as to be equivalent to a freehold; nor are there instances wanting in which the farm was to be hereditarily held by the heirs of the tenant, subject to an annual acknowledgment. From a rescript of the emperor Sigismund, issued in the Nuremberg diet of 1431, we recognise the existence of a class of 'poor freemen, resident on their own land, without superiors, because they had redeemed themselves from vassalage.' Had not the number been considerable, their existence would not have been thus formally indicated. And the condition of the serfs was ameliorated, or rather, they were raised from the state of serfs to that of free tenants, by other means, which are well worthy of attention. The expenses accompanying the interminable private wars of the period inevitably plunged the allodial proprietor, small or large, into debt; and, to relieve himself of the obligation, he made over, during a certain number of years, or during his natural life, all interest in the produce of the ground, for a given sum of money, often much below the value. If the tenant to whom the proposal was thus made, had not the money at disposal, he could borrow from the Jews, who were always ready to advance it, on terms, indeed, sufficiently rapacious, yet not ruinous to the borrower. Generally, however, the proposal was made to a vassal who had saved, or inherited, a considerable portion, at least, of the sum demanded; and that there were many such may be inferred from the revolution we have before noticed—the elevation of serfs to the dignity of tenants—their capability of acquiring and of transmitting property. Again, where the domain was extended, the effect was the same as when it was circumscribed. Though, by the partitions which we have so often mentioned, the possessions of families were subdivided *ad infinitum*, yet, from the fourteenth century, the family contracts relating to mutual succession amplified the domains of several; and, by the ordinary laws of succession, where no such compacts existed, especially after the restoration of the primogenital rule, property often accumulated into masses, and passed into the same hands. Add to this the fact, that the ecclesiastical domains were constantly increasing, whether by bequest, or purchase, or concession; and we can have no difficulty in believing that a very considerable number of domains were too extensive to be superintended by one or even several individuals. When the eye of authority was removed, the more remote peasant would be little anxious for the growth of produce beyond what was necessary for the support of his family. Idleness is natural to man; it is necessarily so to the man who feels that industry cannot much avail him; that a certain degree of labour only is requisite for his wants; and that all beyond is for the benefit of a superior. He soon regards whatever exceeds a given modicum as purely a work of supererogation. Hence the inadequate cultivation of the more isolated domains, and the little profit accruing from them. Experience proved that if, in consideration of an annual rent, the land were abandoned to the cultivator, that rent would be cheerfully and punctually paid. Hence, the transformation of villeins into tenants, who gained in

even a greater proportion than their masters. In different places, and even in the same place under different circumstances, the conditions of the compact varied, but in all it had a tendency to elevate the labourer. Though the best feelings of humanity and the progressive influence of religion had generally something to do in the amelioration of his lot, the chief cause was the interest or the necessities of the landowner. Abstract notions of justice, unaccompanied by present or the prospect of future advantage, may favourably dispose the heart, but they seldom exercise a permanent influence on the conduct. It is only when the duties harmonise with the interests of man, that we can reasonably hope for their fulfilment. The Christian philosopher, indeed, knows that the relation between the two is immutable and inseparable; but such knowledge is obtained only by the few; and the bulk of mankind will prefer a present and tangible to a future and less apparent good. We may, therefore, conclude, that the emancipation of the rural population—an emancipation in Germany purely conditional—was a result produced by the natural tendency of events, by causes exclusively human.”—pp. 314—317.

Ere we close this paper, we have only again to express our satisfaction with the contents of the volume before us, and to recommend it as one of the most instructive of the cheap compendiums that belong to Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia.

ART. II.—*Lectures on the ordinary Agents of Life, as applicable to Therapeutics and Hygiène.* By ALEXANDER KILGOUR, M.D. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. London: Longman & Co.

WE had occasion lately to consider and give our opinion of Dr. Combe's work on “Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health.” We hailed it as a most judicious and able popular treatise, which was not liable to the objections that every well-informed mind must entertain regarding such medical works as are usually published for the general reader. For whilst the latter attempt to make the curing of disease a popular science, he addressed himself to the principles and methods by which health might be preserved. This is a field that has been greatly neglected, and yet it is one of the most important, and certainly the most interesting that can occupy a medical practitioner or an unprofessional person, in relation to human life. But if hitherto overlooked, it is quite plain that the department of medical study and science to which we have referred, is no longer to be so. Nor do we require any other evidence on which to found this conviction, than the work we have just named as having lately engaged our attention, and the one which is now before us.

Dr. Kilgour's *Lectures on the ordinary Agents of Life, as applicable to Therapeutics and Hygiène*, embrace a kindred though wider range than Dr. Combe's, and contain much more which is addressed properly to the medical student. At the same time, the volume presents a vast amount of facts and reasoning which is level

to the capacity of any ordinary unprofessional person, and is therefore in so far a popular treatise which falls properly within the sphere of our journal. To such parts and views we accordingly confine ourselves; and these we purpose sometimes to abridge and sometimes to extract at length, for the sake of our readers, as our limits may permit. For such a work as the one now before us is worthy of being widely made known; and we possess no other means so well fitted to accomplish such an end, as to let it speak for itself. It is then rather as a servant to such a cultivator of knowledge as Dr. Kilgour proves himself to be, than as critics, that we take up these Lectures.

It is here not unsuitable nor unnecessary, however, to say a word or two on the character of the author, as a writer, before listening to him as a medical teacher. He is then, to a fault, diffuse in style and matter; we may call him a Rambler, as the preface and introduction amply prove. It appears to us that whatever came uppermost in his mind was given out just as it came; and since he is endowed with a grasping intellect, that has gathered no ordinary amount of facts, and heaped up no mean stock of learning, the field out of which he plucked has been immense. In short, he is rather a bold and random than a dexterous reaper. When speaking of learning, we must add, that its display is obtrusive, by the author's handling, rather than so easy and polished as to be beautiful and seem natural. But we must proceed to the work itself; and from what we shall present of it, our readers will be enabled to judge for themselves of its blemishes and merits, with a considerable degree of accuracy.

The author, at the commencement, states, that though the subject on which he has entered be much neglected in this country, it is not owing to the want of books devoted to it, but because they are based on no scientific principles—because they are nothing more than a bare collection of precepts—“Thou shalt do this,” and “Thou shalt not do that.” This he most properly considers a poor method of giving instruction; for, although such precepts be frequently the result of experience, rules, without an explanation of the principles on which they are founded, are never satisfactory; and in a practical science like medicine, where the judgment of the practitioner must so often guide him, it is of essential moment that these principles be well understood, otherwise he can never modify the general rules drawn from them, to suit each particular case.

We pass very slightly over the prefatory and introductory matter in this volume, which are really not remarkably lucid as to what the author means to do, and not to do; for he is so fond of having his hand in with some ancient Greek's or more modern foreign physician's dictum, or absurdity, that he cumbers himself; and as he also is given to strike right and left, according as his knowledge furnishes him with weapons, he not unfrequently interrupts the reader's perception of the direct drift of the discourse. But to

come to the immediate subject of the work, some of our readers may wish to know what the ancients understood by Hygiène and Therapeutics.

These are Greek terms, the first comprehending those things which are not part of the body, and yet essential to its existence ; such as food, drink, air, motion and rest, sleep and watching, retentions and secretions, and passions of the mind. The second term comprehended the theory of the treatment of all diseases by certain agents ; and, consequently, a knowledge of these agents, of their physical properties, their actions on the human body, and the manner or forms in which they are to be used. Such, says our author, was what the ancient physicians meant by these words. But equal attention has not been paid to such departments by the moderns ; at least, in England we have not even a name for Hygiène, whilst in our medical schools it is not known as a part of education. As to our province in the present article, we have nothing to do with a very nice definition of both or either of the terms, and our extracts or observations will proceed under the general conception that the work before us treats Hygiène in reference to the healthy man, and the means of preserving him in that state, as well as in its application to invalids. This subject, therefore, embraces the means which will be taken by governments for the public health, as well as those by each individual for his single welfare.

It thus appears at once that the subject is a broad and deeply interesting one ; nor has it passed under the hands of Dr. Kilgour without eliciting most striking and valuable elucidation. And well may he say, that now-a-days people trust to powerful medicines, to the neglect of the agencies of food, drink, the materials of the couch, the moisture or dryness of the atmosphere, baths and exercises. The importance of these is a piece of knowledge, which the young practitioner only acquires, in general, by some sad experience and bitter disappointment. But botany and chemistry have usurped the place of such a science. The discovery of every country has led to new medicines, so that mountains of them now fill the apothecary's shop, where many are ever resorting in search of health ; and where many poison themselves to death, or at least are rendered hypochondriacal, when a proper acquaintance with the powers of certain elements, cheap as the air, and accessible as ordinary food, clothing, and exercise, would have been a pleasant and infallible cure.

As the science of Hygiène is not only directed to cure the diseased, but to preserve and improve the sound, both as individuals and communities, the author therefore says there are three distinct objects to which his work refers--viz. *curing* the sick, *preserving* the health of the individual, and *protecting* and *improving* the health of the public. On the last head, and what the French call *Public Hygiène*, he gives the most favourable testimony, in his introductory lecture, to our practice and institutions, and attributes

our higher average of life over that of other nations, ancient and modern, to our feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and helping the sick and broken-hearted; to our preventing the intercourse of the contagious with the healthy, and to our providing all the circumstances of cleanliness, warmth, ventilation, &c., by the neglect of which the health of communities always suffers. Besides what hospitals and legislators have done, we can boast of names whose patriotic philanthropy have bequeathed to the nation infinite blessings of a sanatory nature. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, whilst travelling with her husband to his embassy at Constantinople, witnessed inoculation, and, with all a mother's hopes, submitted her children to the operation, and the result, when known in Britain, was the means of saving many lives. Howard, who found our prisons hot-beds of disease, showed that cleanliness was compatible with security and punishment, and also with moral reform. The thirst for gain in pestilential and unhealthy climes brought many to an untimely grave, owing to the ignorance of the principles of naval Hygiène. The early history of the English as well as the Spanish colonies, shows how deadly were the voyages to and from them. But, as our author asks, Who now dreads a voyage to the West Indies? Military Hygiène, too, as he continues to remark, is now well understood; during the last war the British army, under Sir James M'Grigor, being a perfect model with respect to attention to the preservation of the soldiers' health. Among the illustrious benefactors of mankind in the department referred to, is it necessary to mention Jenner? But we like a name which the author has placed next to the discoverer of vaccination, as pointing out one of the best friends to human health—it is that of Watt. For “every stroke of the steam-piston, which is doing the work of ten or forty men, is adding nearly ten or forty times to the common welfare and good; since by how much the more cheaply and plentifully every necessary is procured, by so much is the public health improved.” “Oppressively taxed and over-worked as we are, England is still the healthiest country of the world. The period of human life is greater in the town of Birmingham, with all its smoke and all its noxious vapours, and its close and hot manufactories, than in the city of Paris or Naples itself.” Now these are ascertained facts, and proclaim consolatory conclusions.

The author proceeds to consider the scientific character and powers of individual agents upon the human body. The atmosphere is that which he first takes under discussion; this element possesses the essential properties of matter, and certain accidental qualities which more or less, according to circumstances, affect the human frame. It may be heavy or it may be light, in motion or at rest; warm or cold; dry or moist; it may also possess more or less of light and electricity; and again, it may hold within a certain extent, and arising from local sources, effluvia and emanations. The following extract treats of one of the accidental qualities of the

atmosphere in a manner to give it an importance not generally thought of.

“ Light exercises a very great influence on living animal matter, as well as upon vegetable. The action of the rays of light upon colour is sufficiently well known. The parts exposed to them are always of a deeper tint than those which are covered, and the union of the two is distinct; they never shade into each other. It is the same with vegetables as with animals. A flower will spring from a plant kept in total darkness, but it is perfectly white; whilst, again, the flowers of the tropics are all distinguished by the extreme brilliancy and depth of their colours. By the continued exposure to the light, not only does the skin get darker, but it likewise gets thicker, coarser, and harder. It would seem as if, in warm climates, nature, in some measure, balanced the heat with the light; and that the latter was the preventive of the too great perspiration and relaxation produced by the former. The light increases likewise the solidity and tension of the muscular fibre, and it is owing to these circumstances that one sweats more in the shade than under the direct rays of the sun, and that the labourer is, comparatively with the idler, as hardy in the tropics as in the temperate regions. In no way is the influence of light better distinguished from that of heat, than by what we find in warm countries, where we perceive that the man who lives in the shade, covered with garments, is of a soft and flaccid habit of body, inactive and lazy; whilst he again who is obliged to labour almost entirely unclothed, in the face of the burning sun, is strong, active, and vigorous. Witness the Chinese Mandarin, and the Arab. When light, especially accompanied with heat, is very intense, it excites inflammation under the form of erysipelas; and when it strikes suddenly it occasions inflammation of the brain, and sometimes death, as in the well known instance of the *coup de soleil*. It is frequently, likewise, the exciting cause of mania. Esquirol states, that the greatest number of cases of madness occur in summer, fewer in spring, fewer still in autumn, and the least in winter. Deformity, and more especially that arising from rickets in young children, has been ascribed to the deficiency of light. It is well known to medical men that scrofula, in all its varieties, is most frequently met with amongst the inhabitants of narrow streets and lanes.

“ But light is not solely a stimulant or a tonic in consequence of its rays falling on the body. It acts likewise as such by its application to the eye. This organ is exercised by it, in the same way as the limbs are exercised by walking, and the benefit of this exercise is distributed over the whole body. A person gets as much fatigued, and perhaps more painfully wearied, by too long exercise of light, as by too long walking. The eye too of a person accustomed to examine minute objects becomes stronger from this constant exercise, as the right arm of the blacksmith becomes much more vigorous by the constant use of the sledge hammer. In the cell which, to the man who has just quitted the blaze of heaven's day, appears filled with impenetrable darkness, the wretched and miserable prisoner can distinguish every object, and can watch the labours of the spider, or follow, with his eye, the track of the loathsome worm.

“ After every operation on the eye, or in every case of acute disease of that organ, the light is carefully excluded. And this, it may be said, is right, because the light affects the organ directly. But have we not the darkened chamber, in every acute disease? And what is the reason of

this? It is because the light affecting the eye becomes, indirectly, as much a stimulant, and consequently highly injurious, as heat applied to the body, or brandy taken into the stomach. More deaths take place during the night than during the day. Fourtere says, that nearly two-thirds die during the night. What is the reason of this? but that the weakened body, deprived of every, the slightest, stimulus—of the stimulus conveyed by one of the acutest of the senses, sinks fairly exhausted into everlasting rest!”—pp. 34—37.

On atmospheric effluvia the author asserts that the poet was not so far wrong when he said, in satire, of a fashionable female, that she would

“ Die from a rose in aromatic pain.”

For he adds, that the odours of bouquets of newly pulled flowers, which some hand has placed on the pillow of a helpless sufferer, may act as a stimulant or as a narcotic. He quotes authority even for the bleeding of the nose from the smelling of an apple, and also from the smelling of a rose.

We must pass over the agency of the atmosphere in Therapeutics, as treated by the author, after affording room for one short extract.

“ There is a practical remark here of great importance. Children suffer from a vitiated air, in proportion to their youth. The great mortality amongst the children of the poor has been ascribed not so much to a deficiency of food as to a deficiency of pure air. Sir John Sinclair affirms that one-half of the children born in London die before two years of age, in consequence of the impurity of the air of that city. ‘ In the lying-in hospital of Dublin, the proportion was found still greater; for, in the space of four years, ending anno, 1784, no less a number than 2,944 infants, out of 7,650, died within the first fortnight after their birth.’ It was fortunately discovered that this melancholy circumstance arose from their not having a sufficient quantity of good air to breathe. The hospital, therefore, was completely ventilated, the consequence of which was that the proportion of deaths was reduced to 279. Hence there was reason to suppose that out of 2,944 who had died in the space of four years before, no less a number than 2,655 had perished solely from want of a due supply of fresh air.”—p. 44.

As to the means of correcting the state of the atmosphere, we only quote the following enlightened passage on the effect of cultivation.

“ Vegetation, when assisted by human contrivances, is the best possible means of improving the air, and rendering a country fitter for the abode of mankind. Cultivation removes the corrupting and decaying vegetables; and by turning them under the earth makes them nourish the ground instead of poison the air. Many of our colonies, at one time so deadly, are now healthy, not so much from the care of the new-comer in avoiding the remote causes of disease, as from the greater number of these causes being removed by cultivation. I mean here, by *cultivation*, that treatment of the land by which it will furnish the largest possible quantity of food for man, and the domestic animals he employs. Wherever we find the *cerealia* capable of growing, that country is, or, by human labour, may be made, healthy. Cultivation, likewise, always renders

a country *warmer* ; for a large quantity of vegetable matter is raised on a given space ; and what is vegetable life but the conversion of certain gases, oxygen, hydrogen, azot, and carbonic acid into solid matter, and a change of form—an alteration from a rarer to a denser state—which must be accompanied with the extrication of heat ? What is it that makes living vegetables so difficult of being frozen, compared to dead ones, but this constant formation and existence of caloric in them ? As an example of the evolution of heat, by the process of vegetation, it may be mentioned, that on looking into a wood in spring, we will find the small plants more advanced in size and strength than those of the plains. In the woods of North America small berries are found much sooner ripe than in the cleared lands.”—pp. 54, 55.

On the means of protecting the body against the injurious action of the atmosphere, habitations, towns, and villages, and the management of fires are considered. As to the first, amongst a great deal more of equally judicious matter, he says that a third part of the twenty-four hours at least we spend motionless, and exhaling the rankest and most fetid part of our cutaneous and pulmonary secretions, in perhaps a small and confined bed-room, in order that we may shiver and starve in large dining and drawing-rooms during the rest of the day that we remain in the house. As to towns and villages, he quotes authority for declaring that streets and lanes are their lungs, and ought to be spacious. And on the management of fires he asserts, that the construction of the fireplace, which is the best of all the modes of heating a room as respects ventilation, ought to be such that there will be no smoke thrown into the room; and next, that there be the greatest reflection or radiation of heat. For these purposes oval shapes are better than square, because they send the rays off in more directions.

The author follows up the several branches into which he divided the chapter on the agency of the atmosphere, with certain suggestions, one of which embraces the following sentiments, that are worthy of notice fully as much from a late occurrence of great notoriety in the nation, as from any thing new in their truth.

“If men will breathe, in all defiance of Hygiène, the air of the present House of Commons, how can we expect that their ordinances will be attended to, when their own example is so bad. It is now several years since Sir John Sinclair (I believe) pointed out the deleterious air generated in the present small and confined house ; and yet, the building of a place more suitable for the health of men engaged in the great duties of legislation has been opposed. *Association of ideas* is the ground of opposition ! Destroy the place in which Pym, Vane, Burke, and Pitt thundered forth their eloquence ! Association of ideas will possibly support some men against the pain of certain noxious physical agents for a while ; but *all* the members are not possessed of this mental operation and the emotions consequent on it, to the same extent, whilst all breathe alike the mephitic air ; and therefore many must, and do, suffer severely. Such an air not only eventually undermines the body, but it injures the understanding for the time. We all feel the lassitude and want of attention in an ill-aired and crowded church, or in an assembly, a lecture-room, or even a

theatre, after the place has been heated, and the vital air consumed. To what should men come with their minds in so full strength and vigour as to the business of legislation? Will the mantle of Pitt or of Fox descend only in the old chapel of St. Stephen, or is it of so much value to the public now, that the lives of several representatives should be sacrificed yearly in waiting for its descent to the shoulders of some vain aspirant to the great honour? Hereafter, when posterity reads that our legislators settled the laws of the nation at the dead of night, and in an apartment crammed, in every possible spot, with human bodies, and blazing lights, they will possibly think of the ancient Germans, who first considered their new laws whilst drunk, and then reviewed them when sober; and they will prefer their system of legislation to ours, in so far as they had the excited and sharpened intellect, occasioned by the stimulus of drink, in addition to the cool and dispassionate judgment of sobriety; whilst our legislators have the effects of the soporific and mind-dislocating mephitic air, added to the natural and clamant demand of the mind and body for rest and sleep."—pp. 65, 66.

We must not enter into the lecture on baths,—not because it contains less valuable or new matter than the other parts of the volume, but because the subject has been more hackneyed than some that are taken up afterwards by the author. Indeed, our limits never can allow us to do any thing like conveying an adequate idea of the contents of even a slender volume, provided it be devoted to minute and careful descriptions or discussions either on a variety of scientific or practical topics. If we can present our readers with a short but fair account of the character and merits of a work, and with a few specimens in support of our opinions, as well as to enable them to form a judgment for themselves, and also to know where certain things are to be found, nothing more can be reasonably expected of us. This it is ever our conscientious study to do; accordingly, we proceed to quote a few most important and striking passages from the portion of Dr. Kilgour's volume which we have not yet touched.

On the subject of clothing, the Doctor's humour, taste, sarcasm, and power, may in some measure be discovered in his strictures levelled at the dress of his own sex, that of the fair, and of children.

"Dr. Willich, in his book on 'Diet and Regimen,' is a great enemy to tight dressing, and he ascribes a long list of disorders to this cause. He brings forward, in support of his opinions, a whole regiment of soldiers, who were more cut up by their Colonel's admiration for stocks, tight wais'bands and garters, than by the play of the enemy's batteries. On the subject of breeches, the Doctor is particularly eloquent, and hauls forward a German who appears to have considered this article of clothing as one of supererogation; and, from having perhaps lost his breeches, metaphorically speaking, wrote a whole book to prove that the garment is entirely useless. 'Many of the remarks already suggested,' says Willich, 'respecting the form and substance of other parts of dress are likewise applicable to the article of breeches. Yet the ingenious observations lately published on this subject by Dr. Faust, an eminent physician in

Germany, are by no means so conclusive as to induce us to abandon an article of dress not only rendered necessary by the laws of decorum, but which, when properly constructed, is even of considerable service.' Good heavens, give up our breeches! No, neither for Dr. Faust, nor the still greater Mephistopheles; neither for Faust the disciple of the Devil, nor this Faust, the disciple of Folly. 'Tight and contracting leather breeches, purposely contrived to display an elegant shape of the limbs, are extremely inconvenient, occasion numbness and chilliness all over the hip and thigh, and a painful pressure of the pudenda.' On the subject of shoes, Dr. Willich is equally minute, and here he gets hold of a Low German, the celebrated anatomist Camper, who, admiring the profession of King Crispin, wrote 'a particular book,' as Willich calls it, on the proper form and size of shoes. One improvement which Dr. Willich takes the merit of, is the introducing the shoes made to the shape of each foot—a little bit of mistake, by the bye, this assumption on his part. Yet there can be no doubt that much mischief and disease are occasioned by tight dressing."—pp. 113, 114.

A fine woman, he declares, has no occasion for stays : she is

" Small by degrees, and beautifully less,
From the soft bosom to the slender waist."

And then again, in a greater proportion does she expand, so as to render such an artificial constraint unnecessary.

" Why do so many fashionable ladies 'stand awry?' Why have we so many crooked spines? It comes of wearing stays. The muscles that support the spine are strong and powerful; and the more they are exercised by the frolicking and free motions of growing youth, the stronger they become. When Miss is bound in stays, these muscles, like those of a bandaged leg, are diminished in size and strength; and she certainly has a slimmer body; but no mechanical contrivance of support is equal to God's handiwork; stays are not equal to muscles. Miss's head, though in one sense perhaps light enough, is now too heavy for her vertebral column to bear, and she bends under it. Or, if she will add accomplishments to a slim waist, leaning over the harp or the portfolio, she speedily gives the spine, now composed merely of bones slightly bound together, a hitch to one side.

" There is not one boy in a thousand with crooked spine. Nor is it likely to be so, for other reasons besides exercise of muscles. With man, whose lot is to labour, the broad articulating surfaces of the different bones are kept in their proper places by strong ligaments, and the powerful tendons of muscles. In the girl, again—in the female intended by nature for the most free and beautiful motions—for the agile, flexile, and most lovely bendings and writhings, the articulating surfaces are small, the ligaments lax and supple, but the comparative weakness of joints is compensated for by the fineness of poise given by muscles governed by the most acute and delicate nervous sensibility. Destroy these muscles, (or injure that fine nervous sensibility), which had another use besides giving mere roundness and beauty of mould, and the woman becomes, in reality, an ill-jointed machine; she shakes and falls to this side or that, according to the laws of gravity.

" Much was said lately about the distortions caused in the different manufactories, by men who knew only about the matter from their reveries in their own closets. I have very seldom seen distortions in the mill people,

and these almost invariably belonged to the individual before going to the work; whereas it is now a matter of notoriety, that there is scarcely a young girl in a fashionable boarding-school whose spine is not morbidly crooked. All the girls in the mills are engaged, more or less, in muscular exercise, and most of them are obliged to work with their clothes *free* and *loose* upon them, so as not to impede their exertions. Many of them possess a finer carriage than a young lady who has squandered much of her money, as well as her health, on the posture-master. It is not distortion of the person that is to be dreaded in the mills; it is exhausting labour, and a vitiated atmosphere. Yet I hold a young lady in a boarding-school, as many of these institutions are at present conducted, as in a worse condition than the factory girl; for continued mental irritation (miscalled application), close confinement, tight stays, slops and hashes, are more injurious than even ten hours' labour."—pp. 117—119.

The present fashion of clothing children, founded upon the notion of hardening them, by keeping their arms and chests entirely uncovered, and from the stomach downwards in almost a state of nudity, he ridicules as most preposterous and cruel. Indeed it is clearly according to common knowledge, that if they survive such seasoning, it is because they are naturally strong.

"A chubby child in this dress, in a drawing-room, is no doubt a pretty sight; and the guests tickle the mamma by patting the cheeks and bare necks of the sweet little masters and misses; but there cannot be a more infamous practice than that of sending young children out with their arms, their necks and breasts, and their legs, exposed almost wholly to the influence of a cold and dry, or cold and moist day. Mamma will not budge without her shawl, and furs, and flannels; but as to a piece of flannel about any of the children, unless when they are really sick, she would as soon think of wrapping them in a Cashmere shawl, or a Siberian fur. When the children thus rearing on the hardy system are looked at on the street, their bodies are observed to be blue, from the congestion of the blood by the cold; and when they get within doors again, they rush pell mell to the fire, and heat themselves as rapidly as they can."—p. 128.

The following extract respecting cleanliness shows how clearly our author perceives the tendencies and ramifications of a subject, even in its delicate and remote, but active bearings, where coarser minds and less refined feelings can discover not the semblance of an object.

"Next to a tax upon food, the most injurious to the public health, and impolitic in a financial view, is the tax upon soap. If the evil effects of filth upon health be acknowledged, the pernicious effects of this tax must be evident. The poor are most exposed to filth in the different trades and occupations to which they must submit for a livelihood; and, whilst they require a much larger proportion of this chief agent of cleanliness, they are least able to afford it. The tax, therefore, presses unfairly upon the poor, compared with the rich. Besides, if dirtiness itself do not directly create disease, we know there is nothing so powerful in aggravating and extending it. If typhus fever break out amongst the poor, and if we deprive them of the means of cleaning the infected clothes and apartment, need there be any surprise at the disease extending? When Government

therefore, reduced the duties upon drugs, and made physic cheap to the poor, instead of taking the whole duty off the soap, and giving them the means of cleanliness, it was, what is called in homely phrase, 'putting the cart before the horse.' Some advance, to be sure, is made even in this way, but it is a matter of regret that the financial state of this country is such, that we must throw away so much power in order to make even the smallest progress forwards.

"But this tax, whilst it brings a sum to the public treasury, is still impolitic, in so far as that, if it were removed, the public income from other taxable articles, not at present used but by the rich few, would be much increased. There is a luxury of the external person as well as of the internal stomach. Give a man the luxury (since it seems to be so) of a clean shirt, and he will likewise desire a new coat, and perhaps a gold pin and a watch, in order to give him a finish. Let a man have a free command of necessaries, and he will soon find out and covet luxuries. When he is clean, the object which he will next strive for, will be to be gaudy: or, at any rate, if he has the strong sense not to mind fashion, if he does not consume exciseable luxuries, the cleanliness of person gives a corresponding purity to his moral faculties. He is not only a healthy, but a good man. What prisoner was ever reformed by the *squalor carceris*? In the dirt and filth of a jail he loses first all respect for himself, and then for his fellow men. He becomes callous and hardened. Two of the most useful additions, in modern jails, are the scissors and the pump. They are far superior, in reforming the prisoner, to fetters, filth, and vermin. Let the prisoner have also good, but plain, and rather spare food, and let him have plenty of hard labour. Let his punishment not be at the expense of his own health, and probably at that of others. Lay the punishment not on his body, but on his mind. Keep him clean, spare, and exercised, but inflict upon him that pain which can affect him only—that punishment which is more unbearable than the deprivation of any bodily necessary, though not so injurious to the health—deprive his mind of the necessary of social intercourse. Keep him in solitary confinement, or without the power of interchanging sentiment or idea with his fellows."—pp. 143—5.

The lecture on climate we must not meddle with, for our limits are nearly outrun. That on exercise presents the most benevolent and ardent sentiments in behalf of the young, from which we select a paragraph. Motion, as a healthful agent, is the point referred to in the extract.

"The importance of motion to health is shewn in the very construction of the body. When the brain is not receiving the motion of the blood, the lungs, that of the heart and diaphragm, then there is an end of thinking and living. Lorry has therefore properly said, that exercise is not advised by nature, but commanded; she has given almost the whole mass which covers the bones for motion, and made it capable of much more powerful motion than that which she herself keeps a-going. Her's are the finer and steadier movements, but she demands in us an accompaniment of the coarser and stronger ones. Broussais, after alluding to instinct, as leading imperiously to motion amongst all animals, places exercise as a passion affecting the young of the human race. Cheyne, speaking of the exercise of the young, gives us a good remark when he says: 'Tis beautiful to observe that earnest *desire* planted by nature in the

young persons, to *romp, jump, wrestle*, and *run*, and constantly to be pursuing *exercises* and *bodily diversions* that require labour, even till they are ready to drop down, especially the healthier sort of them, so that sitting or being *confined* seems to be the greatest *punishment* they can suffer; and imprisoning them for some time will much more readily correct them than *whipping*. This is a wise contrivance of nature, for thereby their joints are rendered *pliable* and *strong*, their blood continues sweet and proper for a full circulation; their perspiration is free, and their organs stretched out by due degrees to their proper extension.' Meditate on this, ye mothers, whose poor girls can scarcely walk; much less run and romp; and who procure for them crooked backs and pale cheeks. Meditate on it, ye parents who send your daughters to fashionable boarding-schools, in order that, in acquiring art, they may lose nature; and ye who are looking out for wives, say, will you take this deceptive creature with her pale cheeks, and fetid breath, and distorted body—the victim of her mother and fashion—or her who comes bounding down the hill-side to your arms, with her ringlets streaming in the wind, her face with the freshness and glow of health, her body in the luxuriance and freedom of unchecked and uncontrolled nature, and her kiss sweeter than

'Sabeau odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest.'—pp. 200—202.

The remaining lectures are on digestion, foods, drinks, and the secretions. For the author states, that although the secretions are not the agents of health, but the effects of it, yet they are likewise the signs of health or disease, and as some of them can be acted upon so as to cause or remove disease, he has thought it proper to add a lecture on the subject. But we must return to one or two points discussed previous to those embraced in the last lecture; and as we have in our lifetime listened to a good deal of mawkish sentiment on the question whether man is a *herbivorous* or *carnivorous* animal, we shall quote Dr. Kilgour's decision regarding the dispute, which is certainly consonant with common sense. If man were denied the use of all animal food, on the supposed ground that it was a cruel and sinful usurpation of power over the inferior animals, never permitted us by the authority of our Creator, we do not see where the consequences would end. For we learn that every vegetable we devour, and even every drop of water we drink, teem with animal life. But listen to the author on the question, and also respecting the comparative value of animal and vegetable food.

“The dispute has been settled by shewing that he is neither one nor other exclusively, but that his proper food is a mixture of both. One author thinks he has discovered the proportion, which, according to him, is twenty parts of the one to twelve of the other. The dispute has been settled by anatomists shewing that the teeth and the motions of the lower jaw of the human species resemble in part those of the herbivorous and those of the carnivorous animals; and that his intestinal canal is in length between that of those two classes.

“Not a little has been likewise said on the comparative value of animal and vegetable food. It has been affirmed, that the former being

nearest in composition to our own bodies, ought to be the best adapted to us. Disputants in this matter, as well as on the former, would have saved much trouble to themselves, if they had merely stated the fact as they saw it. They would have seen that the Hindoo cannot, and does not, eat flesh, because it is to him stimulating and heating, and of stimulus and heat he gets enough from his warm sun. They would have seen, again, that the watery cooling vegetables are not adapted for northern nations, because they are already leucopblegmic, and cool enough. They would have lastly seen, that nations in the temperate zones take both in a proportion according to the climate and season of the year."—p. 230.

Speaking of drinks, the author's doctrine accords with well known facts, that liquids are more necessary to the system than food; which is to be expected from the circumstance that there is no store for the fluids in the system, whilst there is a large consumpt by the different secretions. But we have the fat in the cellular membrane to supply food for a time. Here is something worthy the attention of thirsty souls.

"Water is the only proper diluent, and the only liquid proper to appease thirst. It should contain as few foreign matters as possible. Distilled water is the purest, but it has a faded and vapid taste, from not containing air. By exposure to the atmosphere it absorbs air, and more especially fixed air or carbonic acid gas, and loses the vapid taste. Boiled water has the same taste as distilled water. The hard waters, or those containing some of the earthy salts, are by no means injurious to the health, unless these exist in them to a very large extent, when they are supposed by some to lay the foundation for stone in the bladder. Water containing any animal or vegetable substances in a state of decomposition, is unfit for drink. *Rain water* is very pure, at any rate, such of it as is collected in an open country, and after the rain has poured down for some hours—the first fall of rain containing any impurities that may have collected in the air. *Spring water* is by far the best for drink, when not containing much earthy salts; then *well water* which is raised from a silicious stratum; and lastly, *river water* which runs over a rocky bed. Water when cold, or when warm, removes thirst better than when merely tepid, and water which is only slightly or sensibly cold, refreshes much better than water which has been cooled very far down. Water drinkers are, in general, long lives, are less subject to decay of the faculties, have better teeth, more regular appetites, and less acrid evacuations, than those who indulge in a more stimulating diluent for their common drink."—p. 326.

"The mere satisfying of the thirst should be allowed to every patient, and for that purpose water will be the best adapted in almost all cases. Practitioners are much questioned by friends as to the drink to be given; and these friends have a great unwillingness to allow *cold drinks*, especially *cold water*, to patients. This is a great mistake. Where cold water is desired, let the patient have it, for cold water is as good a refrigerant as can be given. The juices are sometimes added to water. They make the drink more agreeable to the palate, but as to the temperature it is the same as cold water. The friends give this drink to the patient because they consider it medicated. Dr. Saunders states it as corresponding with his experience, that tepid water is often of great advantage in weak and delicate stomachs that are unable to digest the food properly, and especially in those subject to heartburn."—pp. 332, 333.

We here close Dr. Kilgour's able and useful volume, persuaded that every one, be he a professional or unprofessional person, will derive important instruction from its perusal, and entertainment at the same time. For had this latter feature been that which we were most studious to exhibit, we could easily have extracted sufficient to amuse our readers for one full hour. We consider this cheerful style a great recommendation to a work for general readers; nor do we doubt that this which is now before us will become a family as well as a professional standard authority. Its moderate size and price are also fair themes of praise and recommendation, in those days, when knowledge is sought after by cheap means and short cuts.

ART. III.—*Trout and Salmon Fishing in Wales.* By GEORGE AGAR HANSARD. 12mo. pp. 223. London: Longman & Co. 1834.

THERE is not a more distinct and characteristic class of men in the nation, than that of anglers; they are, excepting in external garb, as much so as quakers. We mean not every one that wields a rod, but such as can for days together, without satiety, far from the busy haunts of men, pursue this pastime with eagerness, discernment, and joy; who thinks the "longest summer day too, too much in haste," whether he has filled his pannier or not, whilst with all the fancy of an erratic spirit, he follows the meandering or mountain stream, cultivating acquaintance with the finny tribes, and all the silent monitors of the valley or uplands. Such a man is not only an artist, a naturalist, and a poet, but enthusiastically in love with simplicity, purity, and peace. His very acquaintance with the element in which he finds his pastime, and his intimacy with the adjacent perfect beauties of unsullied nature, cannot exist without a corresponding character being established in his heart. Nay, he who has not first a taste and love for these objects, can never become what we understand by the designation, *angler*. It cannot therefore seem strange that the class should be so distinct and characteristically delineated as we have declared. Accordingly, it is the fact, that brothers of the rod and line never meet, but, though formerly perfect strangers to each other, in five minutes they are acquainted, and up to the elbows in friendship; their kindred tastes have met in one close embrace, and though seated in the dingy nook of some noisy city, they are in spirit off and away among the wild paradises of nature. It matters not what theme occupy their converse; the same sympathies and fraternal virtues distinguish them, whilst their sympathies are all of the gentlest but intensest kind, and their virtues of the noiseless order. Show us a brawler, a misanthrope, or a puppy, and we show you where an angler is not to be found. But tell us of one whose temper is warm or amiable, and whose manners are unsophisticated or un-

obtrusive, and there is a presumption that he either does or would belong to the gentle art.

We have not a better way of proving all this, than by the publications that are devoted to angling, of which there has been a number within these few months. Were we to go back some centuries and collect every such treatise, we should find the same prevailing features in the sentiments of them all—great earnestness, ardour, simplicity, and purity. Many of the lessons attempted to be taught, are for practical purposes in the “silent trade,” good for nothing; because it is more a fine, than a mechanical art. But wherever the writer shows himself a true man of the rod, which is at once easily detected, his whole heart and character seem to be before the reader, and the book becomes delightful on account of its clearly defined character, independent of the value of that character.

The little volume before us is the production of a true artist, and for practical instruction surpasses most of those which we have lately perused. The truth is, he is an experienced angler, which is often not the case with those who possess all the natural requisites of the characteristic order. His history of the salmon, the monarch of the flood, and of the other species of fresh water fish, is clear, succinct, and correct, as to all the ascertained points of their nature. The seasons to be chosen by the sportsman, the manner in which they are to be wiled and caught, and the form of the tackle, are shortly and well detailed. The kind of flies that ought to be imitated, the manner of imitating them by artificial dressing, are also as simply, shortly, and intelligibly described, as we have ever found in any book, although there is very little originality in the matter. But what to us would be the most useful part of the volume is the description of the most celebrated angling stations in North and South Wales. Another strong recommendation of Mr. George Agar Hansard’s manual is to be found in the copious extracts introduced from an old quaint writer, so far back as 1656, who from every sentence he utters must have come up to our *beau ideal* of a true man of the rod, whether his genius or his experience be considered. Old Francks’ work is exceedingly scarce; we shall therefore avail ourselves of several parts of it, as quoted by our author. He has indeed made use of the said ancient authority to furnish a motto to his Trout and Salmon Fishing, which we will also employ, to bespeak and engender a proper relish in each of our readers, for what follows:—“I call,” says old Francks, “a river enriched with inhabitants, where rocks are landlords, and trouts tenants. For here’s not a stream, but is furnished with trouts; I have angled them from stem to stern; and dragged them forth, brace after brace, with nothing but a hackle, or an artificial fly adapted to the season, and proportioned to the life. Humour but the fish, and you have his life, and that’s as much as you can promise yourself. Oh! the diversion I have had in these solitary streams! believe me,

Theophilus, it surpasses report. I remember on a time, when the clouds let fall some extravagant drops, which in a manner discoloured the face of the water; then it was among these stony cisterns, a little above that trembling stream, I have struck and killed many a brace of brave trouts; a reward beyond my labour and expense!"

But to begin with the salmon which affect rather a cold climate, and are particularly abundant on the shores and in the rivers of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, it may be said that their instincts are the most wonderful of all the migratory species known to us. For instance, some time before they shed their spawn they betake themselves, about the month of August, to the rivers, and thence to the tributary small streams, where they often remain in such shallows, as hardly to have their upper dorsal fin covered with water. By this time their appearance has become bad, and their flesh is exceedingly unwholesome. Their next process we shall now give in the words of Francks, who must have been a good naturalist as well as angler.

" ' One time on a sunshiny day, in these limpid and transparent streams of Ilay, I was constrained, in regard of the excessive heat, to relinquish her inflamed sandy shores, and seek umbrage (where I could get it) from some shady trees, but none I found there to harbour and relieve me. However, by this time I recovered a meadow which generously commoded me with a hawthorn bush, that nature had planted by the river side, which served me for a sanctuary, whose dilating boughs, spreading as an umbrella, defended me from the scorching rays of the sun; where also I lay close concealed, the better to inspect nature's curiosities. For whilst reposing myself under this tiffany shade of diversified leaves and flourishing twigs that hovered over the banks of this amorous Ilay, on a sudden I discovered a very large salmon leisurely swimming towards the leeward shore; and having considered the sun at his meridian, I thought it needless to provoke her with a fly, or any thing else, more especially at such a time when I knew her indisposed to divert herself either with food or frolic. When, note, the more circumspectly I traced her with my eye to pursue her, the more and greater still was my admiration, because to mark her from place to place, till at last I saw her arrive on a bed of sand, which scarcely, to my apprehension, covered her with water; for I am confident it exceeded not the depth of one foot; where with her tail she wriggled to and fro, so long and oft, till I visibly discovered a flat slaty bluish stone, over which she oft-times contracted her body; nature provoking her to eject her belly, which at last she accomplished, to my surprising amazement: but this was not all; for as soon as that project was performed by the female with most accurate swiftness, she launched herself forth into the more solid deeps; which was no sooner performed, when as suddenly I recovered the view of another, as afterwards will appear by the following circumstances: for out of that solitary and profound depth of water, wherein the female had concealed herself, there sprung up a male, or something like him, that swam directly, as if haled with a cord, to that very place where that former fish had ejected her belly (but some call it spawn), and there performed such an admirable office as you will hardly

believe, though I tell you the truth. The female, as I told you, has shot her belly upon a large and slaty bluish stone; and the male, as if by instinct to perform his office, dilates his fins and flutters about, till at last he directs himself over the ejected matter; where, with his nose, as I then apprehended (though I will not warrant fish to have a scent), rooted as a swine, or something like it, yet were the waters at that time undisturbed; when on a sudden, and with a violent motion of body, he throws himself about, invading the calms with a strong ebullition, as if some ponderous stone had struck the surface: but it was not long ere I saw him again, though, for the present, he seemed to me invisible. And then my observation led me curiously to observe him direct his head to the former place, and contract himself after the same manner which the other fish had formerly done. This I visibly and plainly saw; which together with his active and exerting motion, a spermatic whiteness of a milky substance issued from him, not unlike to jellied cream; all which remarks I signally notified, and by all the circumstances my judgment could direct to, I concluded him the milter, because there to shed and scatter his milt upon the ejected forementioned belly. Having thus discharged himself with some little labour, and as little trouble, he suddenly recovers again the depth of the water with most accurate swiftness; nor have I often seen a more violent motion, whose absence in a trice invites the female fish, and she no sooner returns to the place, dictated beyond doubt by the mediums of nature, works a trough like a cistern in sand or gravel, and as near as I could guess of her own proportion; into which trough with nothing save the spring of her tail, she jumbles and tumbles in the *prima materia*: so gently she covered it over with sand, and then left it to the great luminaries for vivification and the seminals, because having a prolific virtue and life quality innated in them. Life inevitably shines forth after certain days, accidents omitted; because the lustre of life is a thing so sacred, that the Lubeck of conspiracy strikes to blot it out. Thus much, therefore, as relates to the progeny of salmon, I, being an eye-witness, do boldly testify and as boldly divulge, if seeing be a good basis for any man's belief."—pp. 3—6.

About the month of April immediately following, the sun vivifies the spawn, and the young fry grow surprisingly fast. They next hurry with the floods of May to the sea, but continue on its confines as soon as they reach brackish water, for some time, probably to prepare themselves for the new element they are about to inhabit, and it is generally believed by experienced anglers that the same fish return at the close of the summer, as gilses, to the same rivers which they left in May, and that upon their next return at the same period, after having a second time migrated to the sea, they are perfect salmon. Salmon have been taken in Scotland of fifty, sixty, and even nearly seventy pounds' weight. Salmon delight in rivers chiefly that have a pebbly bottom, where there are large stones or slight excavations beneath protruding rocks, clear from every kind of slime. They dislike however to be shaded, unless in the height of summer heat. They perceive the approach of a change of weather with amazing acuteness, and seem to be affected by every concussion of the air. But the most striking of their

habits is their mode of ascending rivers, and when they are intercepted by rocks; for they resort most to such as have alpine sources. Their mode of vaulting over bold obstacles is particularly curious. Take for example a fall of the Keith in Perthshire.

“That rock is about 13 feet high, and the whole river, which is a very considerable one, bursts through a cleft of only a few feet in breadth. From a long continuance of dry weather, and consequently when there is little water in the river, these fish lie in the pools and holes immediately below this cascade. It is at that time an amusing sight to survey them from the banks above, all regularly disposed tire above tire, resting upon their fins, and waiting with anxious and eager expectation for a coming flood, to assist them in their passage upwards. When this happens, they then all prepare to take the leap. In their first efforts they sometimes fail, and tumble down stupified; but undismayed, and with an unremitting ardour, renew their attempts, until they prevail in gaining the summit of this fearful gap. On the river Liffy, in Ireland, there is a cataract about 19 feet high; here, in the salmon season, many of the inhabitants amuse themselves in observing the fish spring up the torrent. They frequently fall back many times before they surmount it; and baskets made of twigs are placed near the edge of the stream to catch them in their fall. At the falls of Kilmorack in Scotland, where the salmon are very numerous, it is a common practice with the country people to lay branches of trees on the edges of the rocks: by this means they sometimes catch such of the fish as miss their leap, which the foaming of the torrent not unfrequently causes them to do: and the late Lord Lovat, who often visited these falls, taking the hint from this circumstance, formed a determination to try a whimsical experiment on the same principle. Alongside one of the falls he ordered a kettle full of water to be placed over a fire; and many minutes had not elapsed before a large salmon, making a false leap, fell into it. This may seem incredible to persons who never saw one of those rude salmon leaps: but surely there is as great a chance of a fish falling into a kettle as on any given part of the adjacent rock, and it is a circumstance that would certainly take place many times in the course of a season, were but the experiment tried.”—pp. 12, 13.

It is a vulgar error long in vogue to say that in the leap the salmon has its tail in its teeth, although it is much curved;

“And bending like a bow,

That's to the compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw.”

We, as anglers, wonder what our author was thinking of, when he says, “salmon fry may be caught by the same means as samlets.” Whoever wilfully destroys such trifling fish, that otherwise would become lordly salmon, belongs not to our craft, because he has something of the greed of a robber, and the bloodthirstiness of a murderer.

Concerning the princely trout our author communicates a number of well considered facts, which proves him to be versant with its habits, its varieties, and abodes. He justly coincides with the general opinion, that it is fat when other fish are thin, and *vice versa*, so that in winter, the flesh is white and of a bad flavour, but

in summer red and good. He properly adds that this difference in colour does not entirely depend on the seasons, having himself taken trout both of the red and white kind, in the same month in two contiguous streams, one of which invariably produces the red, the other the white; these two streams are the Rheidol, and the Istwith in Cardiganshire. But let us hear what the ancient Francks has to say of this beautiful fish.

“ ‘ But as I intend not to burden you with circumlocutions, for brevity’s sake I shall range the trout under the consideration of the first classes of fish. For that end, I must signalise his vivacity and vigour, his activity and courage, how natural they spring from the nature of this fish, till age or accident indispose and deprive him, not only of activity but of natural ability, who struggles with himself to outdo motion, and outlive if possible the law of his life. So that to prohibit him travel, you totally destroy him; since he is a fish that cannot live under confinement, and thus it happens to the race of salmon, for nature’s laws are alike to both. In the summer’s solstice he accosts the fords, making inspection and inquisition, after the variety of emmets and insects; hovering his fins in every murmuring purling stream, in river, and rivulets, which not only puts a spur to the angler’s exercise, but his expectations also: and this, if any thing, is the angler’s Elysium, which I shall not insist upon here, because having enlarged upon it sufficiently already. In this place I shall only treat of the ground bait, which most commonly is a knotted or budded dew worm, much of the nature and kind of the former, but not usually so large as we procure for the salmon.

“ ‘ Now, as every angler concludes the trout to be a delicate fish for diversion, so others, as artists, consult him as a delicious entertainment. But the trout to entertain himself, as eagerly sucks in a well scoured red worm, as the wide mouthed Humber swallows up a full spring tide. For that end, grudge him not what he loves, and give him time to digest it. Your business is only to stand sentinel, and to keep a vigilant eye and a diligent hand over him; for patience is not only an exercise, but an excellence in anglers, provided they fall not asleep at their vocation, especially when angling or trolling with the ground bait; which, upon brobate, proves most profitable, after gluts of rain and discoloured waters; nor is this ground bait, otherwise than a worm, variously discoursed by me at several times, and in sundry places. For that end (to avoid repetitions) where the worm fails of success, make trial of the minnow, in sharps and scours, by dragging at the bottom or in mid water; which, if performed (with the swivel), by the hand of an artist, he shall seldom, or rarely fail of success.

“ ‘ But for the fly fishing, if that be the artists’s intention, let me soberly advise him to solicit moderate winds, rather than intemperate and violent gusts. Rally my reasons and sum them up; you will find them more copious in my former conference, where at large I discourse and decipher both the shape, colour, and the proportion of flies; for I hate tautologies, because hateful in themselves, and there is nothing more troublesome to an ingenious artist, than to be glutted by telling a story twice: the trout therefore, judiciously considered, his mouth is not by much so large as the salmon’s, nor requires he so copious nor so large a hook, nor need his tackle be so robust or strong. But for the rod and

line, take care that they in all respects be exactly tapered; and to hit the mark as near as may be, let care be taken that the line in every part be equally stretched, and the steel of your hook of an even temper; nor matters it how light you are armed at the hook, so that, when you flourish your fly on the surface, be sure that you gain the head of the stream, and, if possible, the wind to facilitate your cast. But if the ground bait be your exercise, then let the length of your line seldom or rarely exceed the rule of your rod, whilst the fly diversion grants a larger charter. Distance and dimension also come under the consideration of every artist that is mindful to measure exact proportion, by concealing himself from the streams he sports in; so that, if at any time the fly fails of success, as frequently it has happened to myself and others, let the angler then have recourse to the ash-tree grub, the palmer worm, caterpillar, green or gray drake, the depinged grasshopper, or that truculent insect, the green munket of the owlder tree. But if none of these baits presented succeed to profit, and the water, as we apprehend, remain discoloured, let him then assault the trout at the bottom, with that mutual allurements which I call the gilt tail; for that of all worms allures him ashore.

“ ‘ The generous trout, to make the angler sport,
In deep and rapid streams will oft resort,
Where if you flourish but a fly, from thence
You hail a captive, but of fish the prince.’ ”—pp. 227—230.

The grayling is not a plentiful fish in England, though it breeds in such waters as the trout affects. In Switzerland it is accounted the choicest of all fish. The curious Francks tells us:—

“ ‘ Smooth and swift streams, more than any thing, enamour him, notwithstanding he declines the force of a torrent: nor shall you persuade him to quarrel with the gliding streams, provided they be sweet, clear, and shining. It is from these clear translucent waters that the hackle and the artificial fly court him ashore. But of all natural insects which accommodate the art, the green drake is that sovereign opthalmic that opens his eyes, and shuts them again, with the hazard of his life, and loss of his element. Yet for this fly admirer, there is another bait, and that is the munket, or a sea-green grub, generated, as I take it, amongst owlder trees. The like product issues from the willows, so does it from the sallow, nor is the primp fence denied this vegetable animal, save only they are different in splendour and colour, as also as different in shape and proportion. Take then this insect from the alder tree, to refute the hypothesis of the incredulous angler; which, if ingeniously cultivated by the art of angling, will upon proof of a well managed examination, invite umber or grayling from the top, or mid water, to kiss your hand, or I’ll break my rod and disclaim the art. Well then, as we consider the umber not over curious of deeps, we must consider him also, not over curious of shallows, contenting himself with a middle fate that directs him to the smoothest and stiffest streams, dedicating and devoting himself to motion, because a great admirer of peregrination; and though not so generally understood as the trout is, yet, give me leave to tell you, if you fish him finely, he will keep you company either in *Clwyd* or *Conway*, or in the glittering silver streams of *Wye*. Pray, therefore, when you fish, fish him finely, for he loves curiosity, neat and slender tackle; and, lady-like, you must touch him gently,—for to speak plain English, he is tender about the chops,—

otherwise perchance you defeat yourself, and so lose your design. A brandlin, if any thing, will entice him from the bottom; but the gilt tail, of all worms, if upon change of water, will invite him ashore, though it cost him his life!

“ ‘Umber or grayling in the streams he’ll lie,
 Hovering his fins at every silly fly;
 Fond of a feather; you shall see him rise
 At emmets, insets, hackles, drakes, and flies.’ ”—pp. 32, 33.

After another long extract from the same quaint and observant writer on the rules for trout-fishing, we must at present take leave of the gentle art.

“ ‘And now, Theophilus, I must reprove your precipitancy, because a great error in young anglers. Be mindful, therefore, to observe directions in handling and managing your rod and line, and cautiously keeping yourself out of sight: all which precautions are requisite accomplishments, which, of necessity, ought to be understood by every ingenious angler; and so is that secret of striking, which should never be used with violence; because, by a moderate touch, and a slender proportion of strength, the artist, for the most part, has best success. Another caution you must take along with you; I mean, when you observe your game to make an out,—that is, when he bolts, or when he launcheth himself to the utmost extent of your rod and line—which a well-fed fish at all times frequently attempts upon the least advantage he gains of the angler; be mindful, therefore, to throw him line enough, if provided you purpose to see his destruction; yet with this caution, that you be not too liberal. On the other hand, too straight a line brings equal hazard; so that to poise your fish and your foresight together, is by keeping one eye at the point of your rod, and the other be sure you direct on your game; which comes nearest the mediums of art, and the rules and rudiments of your precedent directions. But this great round may be easily solved; for if, when you discover your fish fag his fins, you may rationally conclude he then struggles with death: and then is your time to trifle him ashore on some smooth shelf of sand, where you may boldly land him, before his scales encounter the soil.

“ ‘Lest precipitancy spoil sport, I’ll preponder my rudiments; and they prognosticate here’s a fish, or something like it, a fair hansel for a foolish fisher. This capering, for aught I know, may cost him his life, for I resolve to hold his nose to the grindstone: dance on and die, that is the way to your silent sepulchre; for upon that silty, gravelly shelf of sand I resolve to land him, or lose all I have. And now I fancy him weary of life, as aged people that are burdened with infirmities; yet I want courage to encounter him, lest fearing to lose him, which if I do, I impair my reputation. However, here is nobody but trees to reprove me, except these rocks, and they will tell no tales. Well, then, as he wants no agility to evade me, I’ll endeavour with activity to approach him: so that the difference between us will be only this—he covets acquaintance with but one element, and I would compel him to examine another. Now he runs, to divert me, or himself; but I must invite him nearer home, for I fancy no such distance. Though his fins fag, his tail riggles, his strength declines, his gills look languid, and his mettle decreaseth,—all which interpret tokens of submission; still the best news I bring him is summons of death. Yet let not my rashness pre-engage me to the loss of my game; for to

neglect my rudiments is to ruin my design, which, in plain terms, is the destruction of this resolute fish ; who seemingly now measures and mingles his proportion with more than one element, and, doomed to a trance, he prostrates himself on the surface of the calms, dead to apprehension, save only I want credit to believe him dead, when calling to mind my former precipitancy, that invited me to a loss : and so may this adventure prove, if I look not well about me, to land and strand him on that shelf of sand, where I resolve with my rod to survey his dimensions. Welcome ashore, my languishing combatant, if only to entertain my friend Arnoldus.'"—pp. 42—44.

We are aware it may be objected to our favourite pastime, that, palliate, polish, and throw around it the attractions of taste and imagination as you will, still it is a cruel occupation. We fear, if every employment or pastime in which cruelty may be brought home to us were banished, few should be our occupations and fewer still our earthly enjoyments. Nay, so habituated are we to many actions in which the destruction of animal life takes place, that we have lost all sensibility of the fact, and overlook the truth, which surely can never be urged as an excuse, or as any tenderness to the suffering creatures. We therefore take a different method of defending our favourite pastime, than that of comparison with other modes of destroying and tormenting, and advance as a fact, which cannot be controverted, that angling has quite an opposite tendency than that of hardening or blunting the moral sensibilities. This is partly no doubt owing to the rural accompaniments alluded to at the beginning of this article ; but we think independently there are mental processes called into action by the practice of the gentle art, not a little conducive to the culture of our minds. The very word *gentle* has been given from the cause we allude to ; for angling requires a delicacy of action, and a precision of observation, that cannot but affect other habits, and that cannot but be carried into higher exercise.

To those who may ask, How can such a monotonous and senseless occupation, as Dr. Johnson represented angling to be, have such mighty consequences ? we answer, that it is not monotonous, as is proved by those who eagerly pursue it for days and weeks together, and always with increasing ardour ; and as to its unmeaning character, let it be remembered that dexterity is amply called for in angling, and that it matters not wherein we are engaged, so far as ardour is concerned, provided there be an absolute call for ingenuity, nicety, studious observation, and the most delicate dexterity.

ART. IV.—*Narrative of an Expedition through the Upper Mississippi to Itasca Lake, the actual source of this River.* By HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT. 8vo. pp. 307. O. Rich, New York : 1834.

THE mind feels an interest in the rise and progress of a mighty river, in some sort analogous to that entertained respecting the

history of an ancient and renowned family. The tributary streams that assiduously supply the main channel which conveys them to the ocean, suggest ideas akin to the fidelity and support shown by collateral though distant relatives. Or the expansive lake which is fed by the many and wonderfully diversified forms and characters of those tributary branches, meandering in every direction through the adjacent parts, affords another order of resemblances with the conditions of human history, which the mind not unpleasantly contemplates—that lake which sends forth from its capacious bosom a never-ceasing flood on which navies may ride, and by which they may penetrate into the heart of a country. Again, the desire to discover the main or highest source of such a river, as if it were the fountain and beginning of its being, strongly engages the sort of sympathetic interest which must be familiar to most people. What Englishman is there who could look tamely, and without some degree of emotion at the source of old Father Thames? What American who, when he gazes on any one of the majestic rivers of that continent, that does not wander in imagination to its infant form and situation? Above all, the conjectures or the knowledge respecting the tribes of the human family that dwell on its banks, may well lead the fancy to expatiate over a wide field abounding with affecting and instructive matter.

Accordingly, we find that the exploratory journeys towards the sources of such blood-vessels of the earth, so to speak, have ever engaged adventurous spirits, and been a theme for a nation's anxiety. It is with a view of gratifying our readers respecting the discovery of the Mississippi, that we now notice the work before us. We do not find in it much to engage us, beyond the sort of interest which such sympathies as have been above alluded to, necessarily confer on facts connected with them. But a short abridgement of the author's narrative, together with several extracts, must furnish these facts to some extent.

American geography, as is properly stated by the author, may be said to have had three important problems to solve in modern times. The first and second of these related to the source of the Missouri, and to the course and termination of the Columbia. Both were substantially resolved by the expedition of Lewis and Clark, under the administration of Mr. Jefferson. The true source of the Mississippi was brought under discussion at the same period. In 1805, Lieutenant Pike, and still farther in 1820, Governor Cass, made considerable progress in this inquiry. The actual source of the river was however not discovered. But in 1830, the author was directed to proceed into the Chippewa country, north-west of Lake Superior, in the execution of duties connected with Indian affairs. His instructions were received at a period of the year, however, too late to do more than provide means for extensive observation. A physician and botanist were provided, and a small detachment of troops were also ordered to form part of the expedition.

This expedition, numbering twenty-seven persons, exclusive of guides and Indian auxiliaries, employed on the portages, left St. Mary's at the foot of Lake Superior, late in June, 1831; but the low state of the water on the Upper Mississippi, prevented their reaching the bands at its sources during the drought of summer. And as public reasons were at the same time urgent for visiting the interior tribes, located between the group of islands at the head of Lake Superior and the Mississippi, where a useless and harassing conflict was kept up between the Sioux and Chippewa nations, the expedition did not resume the plan of visiting the source of the river till early in 1832. The party was now organised with still more care, and was more numerous than that of the preceding year. On the 13th of July, they reached Itasca Lake, the source of the Mississippi, which is from the Gulf of Mexico 3,160 miles, and its elevation above that level 1,500 feet.

The expedition was therefore traversing parts that may emphatically be called the Lake Country, the number and not unfrequently the magnitude of these inland seas, setting all our insular and even European notions at defiance, whether we take them in respect of their expanse, of the islands that are found within them, or according to the rivers they feed. The following is part of the author's account of Lake Superior.

"Of a body of water so irregular in its shape and imperfectly defined, it may be vague to speak of its superficial area, but this may be assumed to cover 30,000 square miles. It embraces numerous islands, the largest of which are Grand, Royal, and Magdalen islands. It has several small harbours, bays, and inlets, and receives numerous rivers. It abounds with fish, the most noted of which are white-fish, sturgeon, and salmon trout. But by far the most valuable product of its present commerce is its furs and peltries. The Indian population of its immediate shores is not great. Exclusive of bands located on the heads of its rivers, it does not exceed 1,006 souls, to which may be added 436 for the American side of the St. Mary's river. Their trade is conducted by fifteen clerks, licensed by the Indian department, employing seventy boatmen, interpreters, and runners. Recently, a mission has been established on Magdalen Island (*La Pointe* of the traders), by the American Board of Foreign Missions, and the gospel began to be preached to the natives. The estimated population which, in a comprehensive view, should be added for the south shores, extending to the borders of the Winnebago and Monomonee lands, and running west to the Sioux line, is, for the northern curve of Green Bay, 210; heads of the Monomonee and Wisconsin rivers, 342; the Chippewa river and its tributaries, 1,376; the St. Croix and its tributaries, 895; Grand Portage and Rainy Lake, 476; to which latter perhaps may be added, 249, making, with the former estimates, 5,000 souls."—pp. 17, 18.

The dawning of the gospel at a spot which the author says has been long noted as a scene of Indian trade, and the rallying point of Indian war parties, is a cheering event. It is at this place that tradition places the ancient council fire of the Chippewa nation. But he says that the tribe offer no prominent obstacles to the in-

roduction of Christianity, the frame-work of their religion being so slender as to be made up primarily of certain superstitious ceremonies winding themselves about the subject of medicine.

The last lake which was reached by Governor Cass in 1820, is called after him; and was therefore the *ultima thule* of previous discovery. The narrative in the present volume assumes a more novel character from that point. It is to be remembered that the expedition proceeded up the river in canoes in the best way they could, and not unfrequently were surprised with Indian welcome. Their reception on an island in Cass Lake is thus described.

"On approaching it, a number of Indians were observed running across an elevation, and pointing, with wild gestures, to a bay beyond. It was the best place of landing. They were assiduous in directing the men to the spot. They ranged themselves along the shore, fired a salute, and then came eagerly to the water's edge, giving each one a hand, as he alighted from the canoe. He, who has formed his estimate of an Indian from the reading of books, in which he is depicted as cruel and morose, without any insight into his social character, need only to be ushered into a scene like this, to be convinced that he has contemplated an overshadowed picture. We found these Indians to be frank, cheerful, and confiding.

"On ascending the elevation before referred to, it was found to be the site of an abandoned village, now covered partially with corn-fields, and overgrown, in other parts, with sumac and other shrubbery. The cutting down too much of the forest, and the consequent exposure to winds, had probably been their reason for removing the village to a more southerly and sheltered part of the island. An Indian town, all America over, is nothing but an assemblage of wigwams, built exclusively to suit the particular convenience of the occupant, without right angled streets, for which (as they have no carts or waggons) they have no occasion, and they get thereby the additional advantage of having no clouds of dust blown up from the denuded surface. There is (as we should say) a public square, or rather, an open grassy spot, where councils and dances are held, and the ceremonies of the wabeno and medicine society performed. Hillocks and elevated grounds are selected for erecting their lodges on; and clumps of small trees and shrubs are sought. Large trees are avoided, for the simple reason, that they often lose a limb during windy weather, and are liable to be blown down by tempests. But the whole circular opening, constituting a town plat, is surrounded with forest to shelter them in summer and winter. Gardens are variously located, and generally without fences, as there are no domesticated cattle."—pp. 33, 34.

At this friendly station, to which, through the kind offices of their guide Oza Windib, the expedition had been conducted, and where they organized a select party to explain the source of the river, the progress of their arrangements were for a time interrupted by a scene in no slight degree dramatic.

"A mixed group of men, women, and children, from the Indian village, thronged our encampment. Among them I observed the widow of a Chippewa warrior, who had been killed some three or four weeks pre-

vions, in the foray of the Leech Lake war party, in the Sioux country. She was accompanied by her children, and appeared dejected. I asked one of the Indians the place of her residence. He replied, here; that her husband was a brave warrior, and went, on the call of the Leech Lake chief, with a number of volunteers, to join the party. I asked him of what number the party consisted? He replied, about one hundred. Who had led them? The Gouille Platte. Where they had met the enemy? South of the head of Leaf river. What had been the result of the action? They were victorious, having taken three scalps on the field, and lost but one, being the husband of the widow referred to. The action had, however, been at long shots, with frequent changes of position, and the enemy had finally fled to a village for reinforcement. The Chippewas took this opportunity to retreat, and, after consultation, returned, bringing back the three scalps, as memorials of their prowess. These trophies had, we learned, been exhibited in the customary dances at Leech Lake, after which one of them was forwarded to Oza Windib's band, to undergo a like ceremony. And it was finally presented to the widow.

"It was now exhibited by the young men in her behalf, for a purpose which was certainly new to me. Although I knew that this people were ingenious in converting most circumstances, connected with both fortune and misfortune, into a means of soliciting alms, I had never before seen the scalp of an enemy employed as a means of levelling contributions. Such, however, was the purpose for which it was now brought forward. It was exhibited with all the circumstances of barbarian triumph. Shouts and dancing, intermingled with the sound of the rattle and Indian drum, form the conspicuous traits of such a scene. Short harangues, terminated by a general shout, fill up the pauses of the dance, and at this moment the drums cease. It was an outcry of this kind that first drew my attention to a neighbouring eminence. I observed some of the simple bark enclosures, which mark the locality of a Chippewa burial ground. Near them was erected a sort of triumphal arch, consisting of bent and tied saplings, from the arc formed by which, depended an object, which was said to be the remains of decaying scalps. Around this, was gathered a crowd of dancers, moving in a circle. The fresh scalp was suspended from a rod. Every time it waved, a new impulse seemed to be given to the shouting. The widow and her children were present. And the whole group of spectators, Canadians as well as Indians, appeared to regard the ceremony with an absorbing interest. In the brief pause which separated each dance, presents were thrown in, and all that was given was deemed the property of the widow.—This was the scalp dance."—pp. 41, 42.

By this expedition it has been ascertained that none of the maps were correct as to the forks of the Mississippi above Cass Lake. The inaccuracy was so great as to place, the actual source of the river an entire degree south of the supposed point; whilst above the lake just now named in consequence of being Governor Cass's most advanced discovery, two forks are the fashion of its branches. We go forward with the discoveries to nearly the point to which the expedition bent their way, where we give the particulars in the author's own words.

"In crossing this highland, our Indian guide, Oza Windib led the way, carrying one of the canoes, as his portion of the burden. The others followed, some bearing canoes, and others baggage. The whole party were arranged in Indian file, and marched rapidly a distance—then put down their burthens a few moments, and again pressed forward. Each of these stops is called a *posé* by the voyageurs, and is denominated Opugidjiwunon, or a place of putting down the burthens, by the Indians. Thirteen of these rests are deemed the length of the portage. The path is rather blind, and requires the precision of an Indian eye to detect it. Even the guide was sometimes at a loss, and went forward to explore. We passed a small lake occupying a vale, about midway of the portage, in canoes. The route beyond it was more obstructed with underbush. To avoid this, we waded through the margins of a couple of ponds, near which we observed old camp poles, indicating former journies by the Indians.

"The weather was warm and not favourable to much activity in bird or beast. We saw one or two species of the falco, and the common pigeon, which extends its migrations over the continent. Tracks of deer were numerous, but traveling without the precaution required in hunting, we had no opportunity of seeing this animal on the high grounds. It was observed in the valleys of the river, on both branches. Ripe straw berries were brought to me, by the men, at one of the resting places. I observed a very diminutive species of the raspberry, with fruit, on the moist grounds. Botanists would probably deem the plants few, and destitute of much interest. Parasitic moss is very common to the forest trees, and it communicates a peculiar aspect to the grey pine, which is the prevailing growth on all the elevations.

"Every step we made in treading these sandy elevations, seemed to increase the ardour with which we were carried forward. The desire of reaching the actual source of a stream so celebrated as the Mississippi—a stream which La Salle had reached the mouth of, a century and a half (lacking a year) before, was perhaps predominant; and we followed our guide down the sides of the last elevation, with the expectation of momentarily reaching the goal of our journey. What had been long sought at last appeared suddenly. On turning out of a thicket, into a small weedy opening, the cheering sight of a transparent body of water burst upon our view. It was Itasca Lake—the source of the Mississippi."—pp. 54—56.

Itasca Lake, the Lac la Biche of the French, we are told is in every respect a beautiful sheet of water, seven or eight miles in extent, lying among hills of diluvial formation, surrounded with pines, which fringe the distant horizon, and form an agreeable contrast with the greener foliage of its immediate shores. The waters are transparent and bright, reflecting the elm, lynn, maple, and cherry. The lake has a single island; and here they found the forest trees above named, growing promiscuously with the betula and spruce. The bones of fish and of tortoise, found where Indian camp fires had been, intimated the existence of these in the lake. Other parts yield small species of the unio, that were found strewing the bed of

the outlet, which is about ten or twelve feet broad, with a depth of twelve to eighteen inches.

“The Mississippi river traverses more degrees of latitude than any other river in America, and the remark might, perhaps, be extended to the habitable globe. The extremes of its changes in climate and vegetable productions, are, consequently, very great. It occupies more than three thousand miles of the distance between the arctic circle and the equator. Long as it is, however, it has a tributary longer than itself, (the Missouri.) Like the Niger, its mouth was discovered by expeditions down its current, but unlike that stream, which has so long held the geographical world in suspense, its sources have been also sought from its central parts. Its entire course is at length known. And we may now appeal with full certainty to the Balize and to Itasca Lake, as its most extreme points. At the latter, it is a placid basin of transparent spring water. At the former, it is as turbid as earth in suspension can make it, and carries a forest of floating trees on its bosom. Below the junction of its primary forks, it expands at very unequal distances, into eight sheets of clear water, each of which has features worthy of admiration. Four of these, Lac Travers, Cass Lake, Winnepec, and Lake Pepin, are lakes of handsome magnitude, and striking scenery. The number of its tributaries of the first, and the second and the third class, is so large, that it would furnish a labour of some research to determine it. The Missouri, the Ohio, and the Arkansas, are of the noblest class. Whoever has stood at the junction of these streams, as the writer has done, must have been impressed with an idea of magnitude and power, which words are incapable of conveying. The broadest parts of its channel lie in the central portions of its valley. Its depth is great in all its lower parts, and increases as it flows on to the Gulf, and its general descent and velocity are such as to appear very striking characteristics. Noble views arrest the eye of the observer, in every part of its diversified course. Originating in a heavy and extensive bed of diluvial soil, superimposed upon primitive strata, it soon wears its channel down to the latter, and after running over them for several hundred miles, plunges at length, at the Falls of St. Anthony, over the carboniferous limestone formation, which is so prevalent and so valuable for its mineral deposits, below that point. This is finally succeeded by diluvial and alluvial banks, the latter of which are semi-annually enriched by fresh deposits, and exhibit a delta as broad, and as exuberant as the Nile. Like the latter, it has its cataracts in the Falls of St. Anthony and Pukiaagama, and in numerous lesser leaps and cascades, where its current is tossed into foam, and threatens destruction to the navigation. Such are its physical traits, and these enough in their character, magnitude, and variety, to lead our contemplations irresistibly through nature up to nature's God.”—pp, 59, 60.

Ere leaving the lake that is the source of this mighty river, the explorers testified the gratification of their curiosity by leaving a memorial of their visit. This was a small flag erected at the head of the island already spoken of. They also took some specimens of the objects they there found of natural productions, and thence descended in their canoes hurled frequently along by a series of rapids that were dangerous. They at length regained

Cass Lake, which is estimated by the author to be one hundred and eighty miles below the Itasca. Here they spent a Sabbath; and the following interesting paragraphs make us feel deeply in behalf of the poor Indians of that island, who were such ardent dancers in celebration of the triumph connected with the scalp, as before described. It is gratifying to find the author taking such a concern in the progress of missions as those pages testify. Our readers will be pleased to see that the chaplain of the expedition may probably add his observations on the same subject.

"The day being the Sabbath, the Reverend Mr. Boutwell devoted a part of it, as he had done on the previous Sabbaths of our route, in giving religious instruction. As three of the soldiers of the party were Christians, and two of our canoemen could sing Indian hymns, singing both in English and in Indian became practicable. Mr. Johnson's readiness in Scripture translation, put it in the power of Mr. B. to address them on the leading doctrines of the Gospel. With what effects these exhortations were listened to, on this, as on other occasions, cannot be fully stated. Strict attention appeared to be paid by the Indians, during these little forest meetings, which were generally held under some spreading tree, or on the grassy area of some sheltered glade, contiguous to the camp. Incredulity and bold cavilings, were more observable, I think, at the most remote points of our route, and most interest manifested in the subject, in the villages situated nearest the frontier posts. Whatever were the results, it is to be hoped that no circumstances will prevent Mr. B. from communicating his observations to the Christian public, at an early period.

"The field for missionary labour, in all the region north-west of St. Mary's and Michilimackinac, is certainly a very extensive and important one. And the incitements to its occupancy, at the present era, may be said to be decidedly greater than they have been at any time since the discovery of the country. No very strong barriers appear to stand in the way of the introduction of Christianity among the northern tribes. Their institutions, moral and political, are so fragile, as to be ready to tumble on the application of the slightest power. They are not worshippers of the sun or the moon. They have no list of imaginary gods, of the horrid character which belong to the idolatrous nations of Asia and Africa. A Hindoo worshipper would hardly be able to impose his tale of multiform incarnations, and transmigratory existence, upon their belief. And a votary of Jugger-naut would verily be looked on by them as little better than a madman. It is not, however to be inferred, that because these gross forms of idolatry do not exist, they have no idolatry at all. Their *medicines* is nothing more or less than a species of idolatry. They impute supernatural powers to certain material substances, which are preserved and guarded with religious care. These objects, which are often taken from the mineral kingdom, are carried about in sacks, and are appealed to under every form of solemnity, to perform cures, and to grant deliverances, which would require a miracle. Their lesser *monedos*, of which the number is endless, are expected to operate through these idol-medicines. And although they do not bow down to them, nor appear to place an implicit confidence in them, they remain in a state of mental alarm, which often impels them to resort to their influence. Nothing is more common, however, on conversing with them, than to find individuals, who are ready to acknowledge

the insufficiency of these means, and who appear to be prepared to abandon them, and embrace the doctrine of the Saviour, the moment the fear of popular opinion among *their own people* can be removed. No dead man has been deified by them; and they have not a name or word in their language, so far as known, which represents a god, but that of "Monedo." This word, I am inclined to think, is itself a derivative from one of the forms of the active verb, Momo, to take. But, like other Chippewa verbs, it is so buried and clogged with adjuncts, in the nature of prefix and suffix, that it might often require a Champollion to decipher it."—pp. 67—69.

We here close our notice of this volume and our extracts from it. The author, besides his narrative, appends lectures on some of the principles and peculiarities of the Chippewa language, which are not the least valuable pages of the work; but we cannot more particularly refer to them. The lists of specimens belonging to natural history, discovered in the course of the expedition, and the official reports also appended, fall not under our present purpose, though we doubt not these portions of the volume add much to the character of the work in the eyes of his own countrymen and government.

ART. V.

I.—*The Atlantic Club-book.* By Various Authors. Two Vols. am. 8vo. London: O. Rich, 1834.

II.—*Tales and Sketches—such as they are.* By WILLIAM L. STONE. Two Vols. am. 8vo. London: O. Rich, 1834.

THE Club-book is a compilation of prose and poetic pieces from the New York Mirror, a periodical said to be very popular in America. Besides a number of native writers, we find that Fanny Kemble has been an occasional contributor to that journal, for several of her poems are inserted in this collection. This circumstance lends it, in our eye, an additional interest, and indeed intimates that the journal in which they first appeared is worthy of her countenance. But the object we have particularly in view is to ascertain what may be the rank which our transatlantic brethren are entitled to claim in the lighter departments of literature.

The compiler declares, that so numerous and so excellent were the contributions from which he had to choose, that he experienced the greatest difficulty in making a selection which should combine literary merit with the variety necessary to sustain a due interest throughout. He, therefore, evidently entertains a very high opinion of this collection. Indeed, he says it may be followed by another from a similar source. We must also presume that he has extracted the best specimens to be found in the New York Mirror, which he says contains so many excellent pieces. Are we not, then, entitled to consider this compilation as presenting a favourable specimen of American literature in that department, where popular authors, as it were, disport themselves, by throwing off,

without fear, and in their happier moments, the feelings and fancies that please themselves particularly? If, then, this be a fair mode of measuring such works, we must say, that however much the Club-book may be admired in America, it stands a poor chance of being thought of in England, especially during our harvest of Annuals. The pieces, taken individually, are not above mediocrity, whilst, as respects variety, there is a remarkable deficiency, when the number of contributors are considered, and the field which the new world presents for descriptions and tales. Indeed, the many writers whose names are here introduced along with their papers, and who are declared by the compiler to be popular in his country, show themselves unequal to what thousands of unnamed scribblers can do in England in the small way, as may be proved by our periodical and cheap publications, in numberless instances.

But the standard by which we are inclined chiefly to estimate the merits of the Atlantic Club-book is, not by taking it comparatively, but as that which we are entitled to expect from the field open to writers in that country. Not to speak of scenery, we should have most striking delineations of character, as it is there exhibiting itself, influenced by a new order of things in a young world. We do not hope to find so much of the softening, rounding, and polish which the efforts of somewhat worn-out communities present, but we look for original and characteristic pictures and sentiments, racy, fresh, bold and descriptive. We look not for copies of what is passable or good in Old England, but for what is great and new in mighty America. It is possible, however, that those who can handle heavy metal cannot dexterously take hold of limber weapons—that when they wish to be playful, they trifle, and to be simple, that they are tame. At the same time, though, as compared with similar collections in this country, or with what we should have expected from a young nation, in which there are not only immense mines of rich ore to be explored and appropriated, but able miners, the Club-book presents nothing particularly valuable, yet we find no difficulty in laying our finger upon pieces possessed of considerable merit, and some characteristic features. The following extracts present favourable specimens; and yet the very first we notice is by Miss Kemble. It is on autumn, written after a ride by the Schnylkill, in October. The contrast between the appearance of the country in which she sojourned and her native land, has the pensive loveliness of the season she addresses.

“Thou comest not in sober guise,
In mellow cloak of russet clad—
Thine are no melancholy skies,
Nor hueless flowers, pale and sad;
But, like an emperor, triumphing,
With gorgeous robes of Tyrian dyes,

Full flush of fragrant blossoming,
And glowing purple canopies.
Oh! not upon thy fading fields and fells
In such rich garb doth autumn come to thee,
My home! but o'er thy mountains and thy dells
His footsteps fall slowly and solemnly.
Nor flower nor bud remaineth there to him,
Save the faint breathing rose, that, round the year,
In crimson buds and pale soft blossoms dim,
In lowly beauty constantly doth wear.
O'er yellow stubble lands in mantle brown
He wanders through the wan October light:
Still as he goeth, slowly stripping down
The garlands green that were the spring's delight.
At morn and eve thin silver vapours rise
Around his path: but sometimes at mid-day
He looks along the hills with gentle eyes,
That make the fallow woods and fields seem gay.
Yet something of sad sov'reignty he hath—
A sceptre crown'd with berries ruby red,
And the cold sobbing wind bestrews his path
With wither'd leaves, that rustle 'neath his tread;
And round him still, in melancholy state,
Sweet solemn thoughts of death and of decay,
In slow and hush'd attendance ever wait,
Telling how all things fair must pass away."—vol. i. pp. 66, 67.

In *Sketches from the Springs*, by George P. Morris, we have sentiments connected with the pride of ancestry, which are interesting to us as coming from that quarter of the globe.

"That 'no American would wish to trace his ancestry further back than the revolutionary war,' is a good sentiment. I admire and will stand by it. Yet, while I disapprove, most heartily, of the conceited airs and flimsy pretensions which certain little people arrogate to themselves on account of their birth-right, I cannot subscribe to one particle of the cant I am in the habit of hearing expressed on these subjects. It is *not* 'the same thing,' to *me*, at least, whether my father was a count or a coal-heaver, a prince or a pickpocket. I would have all my relations, past, present, and to come, good and respectable people, and should prefer the blood of the Howards to that of the convicts of Botany-bay—nor do I believe I am at all singular in these particulars. It is nothing more than a natural feeling. Still I would not think ill of a man on account of any misfortune that may have attended his birth, nor well of a man simply because he happened to be cradled in the lap of affluence and power. The first may be one of nature's noblemen, and the other a poor dog, notwithstanding all his splendour; and that this frequently happens, every day's experience affords us abundant testimony. That the claims of all to distinction should rest upon one's own individual talents, deportment, and character, is also sound doctrine, and cannot be disputed: yet this is no reason why we should not have an honest and becoming pride in the genius, integrity, or gallant bearing of those from whom we sprung. Now, yonder stands a gentleman, who, in my humble judgment, cannot

but indulge a secret flow of satisfaction, while contemplating the roots of his family tree. He came from a good stock—The old Dutch settlers of New-Amsterdam—than which no blood that flows in the human veins is either purer, better or braver. His forefathers were eminently conspicuous as Christians, soldiers, and sages; they occupied the high places of honour and authority—were the ornaments of their day and generation, and notwithstanding the shade of ridicule which a popular writer has cast around and interwoven with their history, their memories will ever be cherished until virtue ceases to be an attribute of the human mind. The public spirit of this gentleman and his liberal views have long been the theme of universal praise; and although I do not enjoy the privilege of his personal acquaintance, I know he *must* be a gentleman—the mild and benignant expression of his face—his unassuming habits—his bland and courteous demeanour, all bespeak it; and, to use the language of Queen Elizabeth, *see unto him letters of recommendation throughout the world.*”—vol. ii. pp. 160, 161.

Does not Mr. Morris here, notwithstanding the excellence of many of his sentiments, labour somewhat in vain to make them coincide with the declaration, that “no American should wish to trace his ancestry further back than the revolutionary war?” If we could believe any man when he said he felt not a feather’s weight of concern whether he was the descendant of the hangman or the martyr, whom we could name to have been celebrated characters long before the independence of the American states—we only repeat, what every honest heart will utter, when we assert, that the want of that one simple and intelligible sympathy argued the destruction of such a delicate and natural feeling, as must have carried down in its devastating torrent very many other features of the most lovely and virtuous principles of humanity. “Still,” says Mr. Morris, “I would not think ill of a man on account of any misfortune that may have attended his birth, nor well of a man simply because he happened to be cradled in the lap of affluence and power.” This is not human nature, nay, nor a praiseworthy exhibition of feeling. The descendant of such a man as the murderer Burke; the moment he was pointed out to us, however innocent of his father’s crimes, would suggest thoughts that caused us pain—it might be involuntary repugnance: and such a state of feeling, if not carried to an extent to endanger the ordinary links of society, operates wholesomely. We hold wealth to be a general ground of estimation, on the other hand. Nine cases out of ten, riches are the reward of prudence; and he who respects not the son of a prudent man, supposing nothing else to be known for or against him, violates the very same order of natural sympathies and good-working principles which we have alluded to. But these are such plain and common-place statements as carry conviction the moment they are broached, and recognize what every man’s experience of his own and the world’s conduct proves. Nor need we go farther than to the pages of these volumes, where we observe

the tendency in some of the writers to transport themselves to lands, or deal with incidents, in which a titled and ennobled character can be introduced. Indeed, we find fault with the work because it does not keep more at home.

In *Pencillings by the Way*, written by Nathaniel P. Willis, the following is part of a description of New York, which may very properly be taken to balance the flippancies of certain European writers who have lately employed themselves in ridiculing all that is American.

"Nature designed New York for the greatest commercial emporium in the world, and it fulfils its destinies. Its situation is one of those wonderful accidents, if such it may be called without profanity, which startle and delight the observer of natural wonders. It is a nucleus of access. It seems to me, whenever I approach it by any of its avenues, that the original discoverer must have held his breath while he contemplated it as the site of a future city. There is the Sound, sweeping up to it with its majestic channel, from the sea, and giving a protected passage for its shore navigation to the east—the ocean itself swelling in from another quarter to the very feet of its 'merchant princes'—the Hudson opening two hundred miles into the heart of the most magnificent and productive state in the Union, threading valleys of such beauty as the world flocks to see, and washing the bases of noble mountains, and the feet of other cities, populous and prosperous—and, to the south, channels for its smaller navigation running parallel with the sea, and yet protected from its violence—and the city itself, rising by a gentle ascent from the bay on one side, and sinking as gently to the river on the other, leading off its refuse waters by natural drains, and washing its streets with every shower—what could the hand of nature have done more? Add to this the enterprise of the people, which has so seconded nature—beginning their canals where she stopped her rivers, and opening waters three hundred miles to her inland seas—and you have a picture of facility and prosperity, which, for the brief period it has existed, is unequalled in the history of the world."—vol. ii. pp. 42, 43.

We like this hearty strain of description; it has the power of patriotism about it. The following tale, too, is such as we wish had been more frequently met with in these volumes; we mean, it belongs to the great original elements with which America abounds in endless variety. It is called a Kentuckian's account of a panther-fight.

"I never was down-hearted but once in my life, and that was on seeing the death of a faithful friend, who lost his life in trying to save mine. The fact is, I was one day making tracks homeward, after a long tramp through one of our forests, my rifle carelessly resting on my shoulder, when my favourite dog Sport, who was trotting quietly ahead of me, suddenly stopped stock still, gazed into a big oak tree, bristled up his back, and fetched a loud growl. I looked up and saw, upon a quivering limb, a half-grown panther, crouching down close, and in the very act of springing upon him. With a motion quicker than chain-lightning I levelled my rifle, blazed away, and shot him clean through and through the heart. The varmint, with teeth all set, and claws spread, pitched sprawling head foremost to the ground, as dead as *Julius Caesar*! That was all fair enough; but

mark! afore I had hardly dropped my rifle, I found myself thrown down flat on my profile by the old she-panther, who that minute sprung from an opposite tree, and lit upon my shoulders, heavier than all creation! I feel the print of her devilish teeth and nails there now! My dog grew mighty loving—he jumped a-top and seized *her* by the neck; so we all rolled and clawed, and a pretty considerable tight scratch we had of it. I began to think my right arm was about *chawed up*; when the varmint, finding the dog's teeth *rayther* hurt her feelings, let *me* go altogether, and clenched *him*. Seeing at once that the dog was undermost, and there was no two ways about a chance of a choke-off or let up about *her*, I just out jack-knife, and with one slash, *prehaps* I didn't cut the panther's throat deep enough for her to breathe the rest of her life without nostrils! I did feel *mighty savagerous*, and, big as she was, I laid hold of her hide by the back with an alligator-grip, and slung her against the nearest tree hard enough to make every bone in her flash fire. 'There,' says I, 'you infernal varmint, root and branch, you are what I call *used up*!'

"But I turned around to look for my dog, and—and—tears gushed smack into my eyes, as I see the poor affectionate cretur—all of a gore of blood—half raised on his fore legs, and trying to drag his mangled body toward me; down he dropped—I run up to him, whistled loud, and gave him a friendly shake of the paws—for I loved my dog!—but he was too far gone; he had just strength enough to wag his tail feebly—fixed his closing eyes upon me wishfully—then gave a gasp or two, and—*all was over*!"—vol. ii. pp. 180—182.

Such are some of the shorter pieces, or distinct pictures, in the Atlantic Club-book. We have sought for what seemed to us the most striking portions, as suited to our limits, from which our readers, however, may be enabled to form some idea how our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic manage the crow-quill, in the light literature of their ephemeral publications.

The second work at the head of this article, called *Tales and Sketches—such as they are*, is the production of one writer, and we should suppose him to be a young man. His attempt particularly respects the traits of character of the earlier New-Englanders, and of the American aboriginals. Several of the tales, we are informed, have appeared in the Annuals, either on this or the other side of the Atlantic. But though such a circumstance be, to a certain degree, a testimony in favour of the author, it will not be sufficient to obtain for his pieces, in a collected form, a passport to immortality. One fault very prominent in these volumes, and which would not be much felt by a sight of any single instance of its occurrence, attaches to the class of the scenes he almost uniformly sketches. These scenes are not only dark, but horrible; his minute description of savage butchery, for example, is in bad taste—so that a perusal of the work left upon our minds a repugnance to re-open it. There are passages of considerable descriptive powers to be met with here and there; but even in the longest and most laboured tale there is abundant evidence that the writer is not a good story-teller; the feeling of the mind after

reaching the end of the sketch is quite different from what was intended to be conveyed. Strong, sounding, and superlative words, strung laboriously together, unless supported by corresponding vigour of sentiment, defeat their own purpose. We open the first volume at random for a specimen, and fall upon the following reference to female suffering and endurance, in a tale called *The Dead of the Wreck*.

“Additional poignancy and bitterness were imparted to our sufferings by the presence of the females under our charge, draining with us the cup of misery to its very dregs. The pleadings, the imploring looks, the eloquent silence of woman in distress, who, unmoved, can behold! But, never were the divine attributes of the sex more conspicuously displayed. For fortitude in the midst of danger; resolution in the hour of peril; patient endurance of the most exquisite suffering, and uncomplaining submission in the moment of utter and hopeless despair; it was woman,—noble, generous, glorious woman,—who, throughout this long period of incessant and aggravated disaster, amid scenes of suffering and woe, which would require the glowing pen of a Maturin, and the tender pathos of a Mackenzie, to describe, set us the highest, the noblest, the brightest examples.”—vol. i. p. 190.

We do not think it necessary to go more minutely into a review of the bulk of the work, but shall confine ourselves to the only paper which has at all engaged our interest; not only because it is an exception to the revolting accounts of cruelty that prevail in these *Such as they are Tales*, but because it details facts that introduce to our notice illustrious individuals, and peculiar national features. The paper referred to is named *Setting the Wheels in Motion*—a title, no doubt, thought by the author to be very happy, and which he says comprises a faithful historical record, political, festive, and fashionable, of the observances in the city of New York on the occasion of the adoption of the Federal Constitution. We see nothing to make us doubt the fidelity of the record, which, it is added, has been collected with much care and labour from such printed accounts as could be found in the scattered remnants of the little dingy newspapers of that day, and also from such facts as are yet to be learned from some surviving actors in the scenes described.

The adoption of the Federal Constitution was one of the most important events that the citizens of New York had ever been called on to celebrate—and this was done by rejoicings, processions, feasting, and other tokens of triumph. We must here extract at considerable length from the author's narrative. After informing us that all the trades and professions in the city came forth in their entire numbers, the following more particular account of their progress is given.

“After a brilliant military escort came Captain Moore, in the character and ancient costume of Christopher Columbus, preceded and followed by a band of foresters, with axes, suitably apparelled. The next division

consisted of a large number of farmers, among whom were Nicholas Cruger, driving a six-ox team, and the present venerable John Watts, holding a plough. All the implements of husbandry and gardening were borne in the procession, and the Baron Poelnitz attended a threshing machine. Their horses were handsomely caparisoned, and led by boys in white uniforms. The tailors made a very brilliant display of numbers, uniforms, and decorations, of various descriptions. In the procession of the bakers, were boys in beautiful dresses, representing the several States, with roses in their hands. There were likewise an equal number of journeymen in appropriate uniforms, with the implements of their calling, and a loaf of bread was borne in the procession, ten feet long and three wide, on which were inscribed the names of the several States. The display of the brewers was happily conceived, and appropriate. In addition to their banners fluttering gaily in the air, they paraded cars with hogsheads and tuns, decorated with festoons of hop vines, intertwined with handsfull of barley. Seated on the top of a tun was a living Bacchus—a beautiful boy of eight years old, dressed in flesh-coloured silk, fitted snugly to the limbs, and thus disclosing all the fine symmetrical proportions of his body. In his hand he held a silver goblet, with which he quaffed the nut-brown, and on his head was a garland of hops and barley ears. The coopers appeared in great numbers. Their emblem of the States was thirteen boys, each thirteen years of age, dressed in white, with green ribands at their ankles, a keg under their left arms, and a bough of white oak in their right hands. Upon an immensely large car, drawn by horses appropriately adorned, the coopers were at work. They had a broken cask, representing the old confederacy, the staves of which all their skill could not keep together. In despair at the repeated nullification which their work experienced, they all at once betook themselves to the construction of an entirely new piece of work. Their success was complete, and a fine, tight, iron-bound keg arose from their hand, bearing the name of the New Constitution. The procession of butchers was long, and their appearance highly respectable. Upon the car in their procession was a roasted ox, of a thousand pounds, which was given as a sweet morsel to the hungry multitude, at the close of the day. The car of the sons of St. Crispin was drawn by four milk-white steeds, beautifully caparisoned. The tanners, curriers, and peruke-makers, followed next in order, each with various banners and significant emblems. The furriers, from the novelty of their display, attracted great attention. It was truly picturesque. Their marshal was followed by an Indian, in his native costume and armour, as though coming wild from the wilderness, laden with raw furs for the market. A procession of journeymen furriers followed, each bearing some dressed or manufactured article. These were succeeded by a horse, bearing two packs of furs, and a huge bear sitting upon each. The horse was led by an Indian, in a beaver blanket, and black plumes waving upon his head. In the rear came one of their principal men, dressed in a superb scarlet blanket, wearing an elegant cap and plumes, and smoking a tomahawk pipe. After these, in order, marched the stone mason, bricklayers, painters and glaziers, cabinet and chair-makers, musical instrument makers, and the upholsterers. The decorations of the societies vied with each other in taste and variety, but that of the upholsterers excelled. The federal chair of state was borne upon a car superbly carpeted, and above which was a rich canopy, nineteen feet high,

overlaid with deep blue satin, hung with festoons and fringes, and glittering in the sun as with 'barbaric pearl and gold.' It was sufficiently gorgeous to have filled the eye of a Persian emperor, in the height of splendour and magnificence. Twelve subdivisions of various trades succeeded in the prescribed order, after which came the most imposing part of the pageant. It was the federal ship *Hamilton*, a perfectly constructed frigate of thirty-two guns, twenty-seven feet keel, and ten feet beam, with galleries and every thing complete, and in proportion, both hull and rigging. She was manned by thirty seamen and marines, with officers, all in uniform, and commanded by that distinguished revolutionary veteran, Commodore Nicholson. The ship was drawn by ten horses, and in the progress of the procession went through every nautical preparation and movement, for storms, calms, and squalls, and for the sudden shifting of winds. In passing Liberty-street, she made signal for a pilot, and a boat came off and put one on board."—vol. ii. pp. 175—178.

Such is part of his history of the 23d of July, 1788. The winter festivities that commenced in the same year were succeeded by matters of a public nature, of mighty national concern. The elections, under the new constitution, had been carried through. Washington was created president; and now a question of great delicacy, on which democratic jealousy of titles and power was strikingly illustrated, occupied the Senate and House of Representatives. The question at issue was upon the adoption of some respectful title by which the President of the United States should be addressed in an official intercourse with him. The author tells us that the first proposition in the senate was, that it should be "*His Excellency*," but this not being considered sufficiently elevated, it was at length determined to have it "*His Highness, the President of the United States, and the Protector of their Liberties*." But the House of Representatives obstinately refused to sanction any title, and declared that the constitutional address, "*To the President*," was that alone which they could sanction. Committees of conference were appointed, but to no purpose; and although the Senate finally resolved, that it would be proper to address the President by some respectful title, yet, for the sake of harmony, they acted in conformity with the other house, and thus the matter has rested ever since.

Washington was summoned from the shades of Vernon to New York, to assume the high trust reposed in him; and his progress was like a triumphal procession along the whole distance. The chieftain's landing was at stairs that had been prepared for the occasion, and the barge that carried him from Elizabeth Town to New York was rowed by thirteen masters of vessels. On the morning of the day appointed for the august ceremony of inducting him into his exalted station, all the churches in the city were opened, and their respective congregations repaired to them, to unite in imploring the blessing of Heaven on the new government. The president during the ceremony was clad in a plain suit of brown

cloth and white silk stockings. His head was uncovered, and his hair powdered.

“John Adams, the Vice-President, who had a few days previously been inducted into office without parade in the Senate, a short, athletic figure, in a somewhat similar garb, but with the old-fashioned Massachusetts wig, dressed and powdered, stood upon the right of the chieftain. Roger Sherman was seen in the group, a little behind, standing with Hamilton, and many other sages and warriors, among whom was the American artilleryman, Knox, and the accomplished Baron Stuben.

“Opposite to the President elect stood Chancellor Livingston, in a full suit of black, ready to administer the oath of office. Between them the Secretary of the Senate, a small short man, held the open Bible upon a rich crimson cushion. The man, on whom all eyes were fixed, stretched forth his hand with simplicity and dignity. The oath of office was administered. The Bible was raised, and his head bowed upon it to kiss the sacred volume. The Chancellor then proclaimed it was done, in a full distinct voice, and in the following words:—‘LONG LIVE GEORGE WASHINGTON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!’ The silence of thousands was at an end—the air was rent with acclamations, dictated by reason, and bursting from the hearts and tongues of men who felt that the happiness of themselves, their prosperity, and their country, was secured.”—vol. ii, pp. 198, 199.

The dignified simplicity of the whole scene certainly contrasts strongly with the gaudy pageantry that has often engaged the crowned heads of Europe. For several days succeeding the president's inauguration, a round of *fetes* of various descriptions occupied the people, whilst his time was of course much occupied in receiving the visits of private and official individuals as well as public bodies. But as to the gayer attentions shown him, the author gives a particular account of a ball to which Washington was invited. The following passages refer to points that must have supplied a fruitful field for female interpretation in New York at the period spoken of.

“There was more of etiquette in the arrangements for this complimentary ball, than was thought by some to be exactly consistent with our republican institutions, and more, in fact, than was altogether agreeable to the feelings of him in whose honour it was observed. In connexion with the managers of the assemblies, Colonel Humphries and Colonel William S. Smith were selected to adjust the ceremonies, and their arrangements were reported to have been as follows:—At the head of the room, upon a platform, handsomely carpeted, and beneath a rich drapery of curtains and banners, was placed a damask-covered sofa, upon which the President and Lady Washington were to be seated. The platform was ascended by a flight of three or four steps. The costume of the gentlemen was prescribed; their hair was to be dressed in bags, with two long curls on the sides, with powder, of course, and all were to appear and dance with small swords. Each gentleman, on taking a partner to dance, was to lead her to the foot of the sofa, and make a low obeisance to the President and his lady, and repeat the ceremony of respect before taking their seats after the figure was concluded. The

decorations of the assembly room were truly splendid, and very tastefully disposed.

“The president and his lady were introduced and conducted through the saloon to the seat provided for them by Colonel Humphries, a man of fine accomplishments and manners. General Knox had just been appointed Secretary of War, and his lady has been charged with so far resembling Cæsar, as to have been somewhat ‘ambitious.’ Be that as it may, it was said, in those days, that she so arranged her own movements as to enter the saloon with the president and his lady, following them to their station, and ascending the steps, with the evident design of obtaining an invitation from the President to a seat upon the honoured sofa. Unluckily, however, the seat was too narrow for the accommodation of three persons, and the lady of the war minister, with deep and apparent mortification, was compelled to descend to the level of those who had shown themselves to be less openly aspiring. No other incident worthy of especial note occurred during the evening, or none which attracted particular attention.

“The illustrious chieftain himself did not hesitate to countenance the elegant amusement by participation, as the heroes and statesmen of antiquity—the demigods of the Greeks and Romans—had done before him. Mrs. Peter Van Brook Livingston and Mrs. Hamilton, were successively honoured by the chieftain’s hand in a cotillion. He afterwards danced a minuet with Miss Van Zandt, subsequently the lady of William Maxwell, Esq., Vice President of the Bank. There was dignity and grace in every movement of this incomparable man. But in the minuet, which is held to be the perfection of all dancing, he appeared to more than his wonted advantage. The minuet contains in itself a compound variety of as many movements in the serpentine, which is the line of beauty, as can well be put together in distinct quantities, and is, withal, an exceedingly fine composition of movements. It is, therefore, the best of all descriptions of dancing, to display the graces of person and attitude; and never did the majestic form of Washington appear to greater advantage than on the present occasion of elegant trifling. There was, moreover, youth and beauty in the countenance—grace in the step, and heaven in the eye of his fair partner.”—vol. ii. pp. 206—209, 211.

The author enters at some length into an account of the *levees* of President Washington, which he says were far more select than those of the same functionary at the present day. It appears, according to the statements before us, that formality and etiquette have been gradually wearing out of fashion since the first President’s time. Down to the close of Mr. Madison’s administration, some show, if not of state, at least of respect for the high officer visited on *levee* days was exacted. Mr. Monroe required less formality in dress; and the second President Adams less again. But reverence for the office still kept the multitude away, who had no business there, until the year 1829. This is not saying much for the march of courtesy and politeness on the part of brother Jonathan. But Mrs. Washington was particularly careful and jealous of the honours due to her husband. Her character, conduct, and manners are thus given by the author.

"Mrs. Washington was a pleasing and agreeable, rather than a splendid woman. Her figure was not commanding, but her manners were easy, conciliatory, and attractive. Her domestic arrangements were always concerted under her own eye, and every thing within her household moved forward with the regularity of machinery. No daughter of Eve ever worshipped her lord with more sincere and affectionate veneration; and none had ever cause to render greater or more deserved homage. When absent, he was ever in her thoughts; and her mild eyes kindled at his presence. She was well educated, and possessed strong native sense, guided by all necessary prudence and discretion. She rarely conversed upon political subjects, and when the most expert diplomatists would attempt to draw her out, she had the faculty of turning the course of conversation with equal dexterity and politeness. At all the President's entertainments, whether at the table or in the drawing-room, notwithstanding the regard to *etiquette* heretofore adverted to, there was nevertheless so much kindness of feeling displayed, and such an unaffected degree of genuine hospitality, that golden opinions were won alike from the foreign and domestic visitors."—vol. ii. pp. 213, 214.

We learn that she established, on the occasion of holding her first *levee*, which took place on the first of January, 1790, the rule that all such should close at nine o'clock. Tea, coffee, plain and plumb cake had been handed round. Familiar and friendly conversation ensued. Amid the social chit-chat, whilst she sat by the side of the General, the hall clock struck the above-mentioned hour. Thereupon she rose with dignity, and looking round the circle with a complacent smile, observed, "The General always retires at nine, and I usually precede him." At this hint the ladies adjusted their dresses, made their salutations, and retired.

"General Washington had, on that day, been waited upon by the principal gentlemen of the city, according to the ancient New York custom of social and convivial visiting on that day. 'After being severally introduced, and paying the usual compliments of the season,' says Mrs. Pintard, 'the citizens mutually interchanged their kind greetings, and withdrew highly gratified by the friendly notice of the President, to most of whom he was personally a stranger.' In the course of the evening, while speaking of the occurrences of the day, Mrs. Washington remarked—'Of all the incidents of the day, none so pleased the General,' by which title she always designated him, 'as the friendly greetings of the gentlemen who visited him at noon.' To the inquiry of the President, whether it was casual or customary, he was answered that it was an annual custom, derived from our Dutch forefathers, which had always been commemorated. After a short pause, he observed—'*The highly-favoured situation of New York will, in the process of years, attract numerous emigrants, who will gradually change its ancient customs and manners; but, let whatever changes take place, NEVER FORGET THE CORDIAL, CHEERFUL OBSERVANCE OF NEW-YEAR'S DAY.*' The words made an indelible impression on the mind of the writer, and, at this distance of time, are here recorded, to preserve them, if possible, from total oblivion."—vol. ii. pp. 215, 216.

These are really interesting and pleasant particulars, for which we feel obliged and kindly towards the author. But after what we

said at the commencement of our notice of his work, it is unnecessary for us to do more, in closing this article, than to add, that he must keep to a narrative of facts, and not, till otherwise provided than shown in these volumes, lose himself in the land of fiction.

ART. VI.—*Elements of Practical Agriculture*. By DAVID LOW, Esq. F.R.S.E.

London: Ridgway and Sons. Edinburgh: Bell and Bradfute. 1834.

No one can deny that the art of Agriculture is of the first importance to the welfare of a nation: but at a period such as the present, when so many bold and sweeping speculations are abroad, and such a rash desire on the part of many, to overturn everything that is established, because it is old, agriculture itself escapes not the devastating tempest. We believe there are many citizens in London who will tell us, that agriculture is only of secondary moment; that Britain depends chiefly now upon her commerce and manufactures; or at least, the measures that such men propose, would leave the "Mother of Arts" unprotected or unassisted, thereby showing the estimation in which she is held by them. We do not at present attempt convincing these persons of their error, but only to make a few observations of a plain nature, before coming to the work on our table, as to the extensive and paramount importance of agriculture, to the very existence of the empire. The subject is eminently of a popular character, and can easily be made interesting. It has, indeed, such a claim upon the study of mankind, that the father of history made the following observation: "In a highly polished community, the generality of persons should in some degree be acquainted with so common a subject of discussion as that of husbandry." And with equal propriety it has more lately been asserted, that agriculture is the great art, which every government ought to protect—every proprietor of land to practise—and every inquirer into nature to improve and encourage.

We think all this becomes manifest by a simple statement of what agriculture embraces. We may define it to be the art of improving and cultivating the soil, so as to produce the greatest quantity, and to the highest possible perfection of which it is capable, those vegetables that are necessary to the subsistence, or useful for the accommodation of man. Agriculture, in a wide sense, therefore, embraces gardening, although the latter refers chiefly to the rearing in small quantities, such articles as are valued as objects of luxury. But the vegetables that are calculated, directly as they come from the earth, to afford subsistence to man, are few in number: neither can even these to the utmost advantage be sown and reproduced upon the same spot of ground without intermission. Human ingenuity overcomes both the deficiency and the difficulty, by indirect means, that yet fall entirely under the art of improving and cultivating the soil. Grass is a prevalent vegetable, and man cannot eat it; but he can give it to cattle, thus convert-

ing it for his own use into flesh or milk, which he can eat. To rear or to feed such animals then, as he can use as even more nutritive food than the original vegetables these creatures live upon, becomes a branch of the agricultural art.

— But besides, the husbandman cannot conduct the above mentioned branches of his business to any advantage, without the aid of animals that are not reared for subsistence, but for their services. To the cultivators of the soil, Providence has presented such animals, which, from their strength and patience, are of wonderful benefit; and these must be fed and tenderly cared for. But we have not yet done: it is immediately and absolutely necessary to the utmost advantage of the agricultural art, that artificial agents or instruments be used; these must be fabricated by the husbandman, or those whom he employs; so that food for such artificers must be provided, and therefore his art embraces indirectly every trade that is absolutely necessary to the existence of the community.

We have only been speaking of the production of such food as mankind cannot to the greatest advantage live without. But in cold climates clothing is as necessary as food; and this alone can be to any great extent furnished in consequence of the skilful cultivation of the soil. Who does not see the breadth to which the art spreads, on the simple announcement of these truths? They are such as must crowd into every mind, the moment its attention is directed to the subject, in a manner far more forcible, refined, ramified and extensive, than we can describe. But for the consideration of the reasoning mind, we shall just mention some other points belonging to agriculture, that are of no less magnitude than any that have been named, and by no means foreign to its nature, although belonging to another order of things—being rather an inevitable association, than an integral part of the art; we mean the physical and moral advantages it confers on those that practise it. Does the farmer's business not conduce to health of body?—by the variety of its branches and operations, does it not lead to the employment of mental reflection on the part of all engaged in it? Nay, does it not hold true, that rural occupations are not so destructive to moral purity, as those which are pursued in the midst of cities, where the contagion of vice is so easily imbibed, where the craft and deceit of commercial employment is so grossly obtruded? Every reflecting person beholds here a wide and splendid field of gratification, as well as the ground for declaring that the art we speak of is by far the most important of any to which human skill can be directed. In truth, it is only as agriculture has flourished, that nations ever have been permanently prosperous.

The prosperity of a nation must ever chiefly depend on agriculture, if it possesses an extent of territory sufficient for maintaining its inhabitants; for, if it relies upon means foreign to itself, it must be liable to the denial or deficiency of those means. The principal support of the territorial nation, must first be the surplus pro-

duce arising from that quality in the soil, which, as Sir John Sinclair clearly lays it down, enables the soil, in proportion as it is skilfully managed, to furnish maintenance for a greater number of persons than are required for its cultivation. Thence proceeds the profits of the farmers—the rents of the landlord—and the greater proportion of the income of the state. But, secondly, the prosperity of a nation depends not only on having a great marketable surplus, but also on its disposable produce fetching such a price as to encourage reproduction. And thirdly, the cultivator should have such a command of capital as may enable him to carry on his business with energy. The importance of agriculture to our national welfare, not only thus may be made to appear, especially were the various heads which we have merely named carried to their utmost bearing, but also the absolute necessity, as regards the continued prosperity of this country, that the agricultural interest should be fostered adequately. We could easily bring from the past and recent government returns, incontrovertible evidence of the paramount importance of the art, by referring merely to the test furnished by the income tax. Not only did the agricultural classes contribute more than double of the tax to the exigencies of the state, compared with the commercial and professional; but it must ever be that the land produces the raw materials of the greater part of our manufactures.

It is high time, however, that we proceed to notice the volume which has been the occasion of these plain and oft-repeated sentiments. And our opinion is, that Professor Low's *Elements* are a sound, laborious, and instructive digest of the great and extensive art which we have been speaking of, both in its scientific and practical character. That, as it seems to us, there is nothing new in the volume, is in favour of its practical usefulness, though it is a wonder that the Professor of agriculture in the University of Edinburgh should not sometimes go out or rather beyond the beaten track of former writers. Still, in such a practical art, a clear statement and condensation of all that has been done and said heretofore, is a desideratum, which the author has in a great measure supplied. The view he takes of the present state of agricultural knowledge, and of the way in which the art is to be studied, we conceive is perfectly sound. He says, though it be founded upon principles, the nature of the subject, or rather the state of our knowledge, requires that we lay the foundation of our study of it on our acquaintance with practice. For though the science be incomplete, the art has been in many things rendered very perfect by experience only.

Various things stand greatly in the way of allowing the theory of agriculture to be so perfect as that of many other sciences. For instance, an experiment cannot be made in it in the course of a short time. The inquirer, during the lapse of the season which his crop takes to grow, may be misled by some unobserved circum-

stance; and where are there so many subtle agents continually at work, such as those of climate and soil, in all their ever changeable varieties? Man's life is too short for many repetitions of an experiment; and till lately, few agriculturists ever thought of recording their experience, so that the theory is very incomplete. We therefore highly approve of the manner in which the author proceeds, in a work designed in an especial manner for those who are to engage in the study of agriculture for the first time, viz. to lay the foundation of that study on a knowledge of practice; even then, he will be best enabled to extend the range of his observations to the relations of science with the art.

We now present some extracts, that will prove how clearly the author makes things to appear, in consequence of the thorough knowledge which he himself possesses of his subject, and the talent for lucid description. The first chapter treats of soils, their varieties, properties, and means of increasing their productive powers. Under this last head, we do not find that he has arranged cleaning as one of those means, which is certainly as much entitled to be so ranked, as drying by drains.

Manures, animal and vegetable, mineral and mixed, form the subject of the second chapter. As respects animal and vegetable manures, there is an opinion, that before they can be rendered available as nutriment to plants, they must be rendered soluble in water:—

“Of the means which Nature employs for this purpose, fermentation appears to be the chief. By this process, the elementary parts of the substance fermented assume new forms of combination, and become fitted to supply the matter of nutrition to plants in that form, in which it can be received by the pores of the roots. The fermentative process is completed after the substance to be used as a manure is mixed with the matter of the soil; but it is common also to cause it to undergo a certain degree of fermentation before it is mixed with the earth. This is the method of preparing this class of manures for use, which is employed in the practice of the farmer.

“Animal matters decompose with facility when acted upon by moisture and the air, the greater proportion of their elementary parts making their escape in various forms of gaseous combination, and leaving the earths, alkalies, and carbonaceous matter remaining.

“When this decomposition takes place beneath the surface of the ground, these gaseous compounds, as well as the carbon, (which there is reason to believe assumes also the gaseous state by combining with oxygen), may be supposed to be partially or wholly retained in the earth, to afford the matter of nutrition to the plants.

“Purely animal substances, therefore, which thus readily decompose, do not absolutely require fermentation before they are mixed with the soil. Yet even in the case of purely animal substances, certain beneficial consequences result from subjecting them to a previous state of fermentation. Thus, the urine of animals, when applied in its recent state to the soil, is not found to act so beneficially as a manure, as when a certain degree of previous fermentation has been produced.

“ And there is another purpose promoted by causing even pure animal matter to undergo fermentation, and this is, that, being mixed with vegetable matter, it promotes the more speedy decomposition of vegetable fibre.”—pp. 40, 41.

In the next chapter, devoted to the implements of the farm, these general rules as to the construction of a harrow, embrace all the important points for consideration:—

“ With regard to the distribution of the teeth in the frame of the harrow, they should not be placed too closely together, for then they would be too much impeded by the obstacles opposed to them: further, they should be so disposed with relation to each other, as that one part of the instrument shall not be more interrupted than another: again, their number should not be too great, because then their power to penetrate into the ground will be diminished, unless the weight of the whole instrument shall be increased in a corresponding degree: and lastly, their length should not be greater than is necessary, because they will not on that account penetrate more deeply into the ground, unless the whole weight is also increased, and because this increase of length will give a greater power to the teeth, when encountered by obstacles, to split the frame in which they are fixed.”—pp. 89.

Most verbal descriptions of machinery are far from intelligible. The following of the thrashing machine is not so:—

“ The separation of the grain of corn from the straw, has been effected by various means. That which is the most familiar, and which has been derived from the earliest times, is by the flail, a simple instrument, which consists of two staves bound together by tough thongs. One of these staves is held in the hands of the workman, and with the other the unthrashed corn is beaten with force. By this means, the grain and husks are separated from the straw, and those again, by the further action of winnowing, from each other.

“ The flail, although efficient in the hands of an expert workman, is but a rude instrument. The operation performed by it is laborious, and the separation of the grain from the stems is often imperfectly executed. As agriculture has advanced, attempts have been naturally made to substitute machinery which might perform the operation required with more facility and greater despatch. These attempts were but partially successful, until the invention of Andrew Meikle, an ingenious mechanic of Scotland, to whom, beyond a question, belongs the honour of having perfected the thrashing-machine. Changes and improvements have indeed been made on certain parts of the original machine; but, in all its essential parts, and in the principle of its construction, it remains as it came from the hands of its inventor.

“ In this machine, the unthrashed corn is made to pass between two revolving rollers. It is held firmly by these, which are of small diameter, and revolve with comparative slowness, while it is acted upon by a set of beaters, as they may be called, placed upon a cylinder, and revolving with great rapidity. The cylinder revolves upon a horizontal axle, while the beaters, consisting of bars covered with iron, are fixed lengthwise upon it, that is, parallel to its axis. The action of these beaters detaches the corn and chaff from the straw, and then, by means of revolving rakes, the straw is shaken, and the corn and chaff are allowed to separate from it.

These fall through spars or wire-meshes into another machine, where they undergo the process of winnowing, while the straw itself is carried forward and thrown out of the machine by the action of the revolving rakes."—pp. 116, 117.

The notice of this implement might very well lead us to recollect the ignorance and infatuation of those who run down machinery as being injurious to society at large. We have room only to assert, that thrashing machines have created at least double of the labour of that which they have superseded. We pass on to wheel carriages; and wish that English farmers and carters, could be persuaded to attend to the following observations: The clumsy, heavy, and expensive construction of both carts and waggons, in the neighbourhood of London, for example, gives pain to every man who turns his attention to the subject, and who has witnessed those in many parts of the north:—

"Although the waggon, under certain given circumstances, possesses advantages of its own, it is yet inferior to the single-horse cart, for the more common purposes of the farm.

"In the single-horse cart, the horse partly bears the load and partly drags it. In this manner, it is believed that it can be shown that the horse can move a greater weight, at least for moderate distances, than when he exerts his force solely in pulling. The single-horse cart, therefore, in this excels the waggon, that, for moderate distances, a greater comparative weight can be drawn by an equal exertion of animal force. And it possesses this further advantage over the waggon, that it is more readily turned, backed, and otherwise managed, so that a considerable saving of time is effected by employing it in most of the common operations of the farm.

"The objections to the use of the cart for the carriage of loads exist when the roads are very bad, and the carriages very distant: in either case the horse is distressed by the pressure of the load, and his own confined position in the shafts. But, where the roads are good, this objection does not apply; and experience shows that a greater weight can be drawn for an equal distance by the same number of horses in carts than in waggons.

"But two horses may be employed to draw the cart, one being yoked before the other. In this case, however, a considerable loss of power results from the manner in which the fore-horse is necessarily attached to the carriage: for, by ceasing to exert his force even for the shortest time, he throws the whole burden upon the shaft-horse; and when, after a temporary relaxation of draught, he makes an exertion, it is effected by means of a start or jerk, which distresses himself as well as the shaft-horse; and as he frequently pulls in a line of direction somewhat different from that of the shaft-horse, a part of the force exerted is lost, and becomes a pressure upon the back of the latter. Hence, although the fore-horse frequently throws the whole labour of draught upon the horse behind, yet, by exerting his force solely in pulling, without bearing any portion of the weight, and by the starts and jerks to which he is subject, he is almost always found to be more distressed on a journey, or by any continued work, than the horse on which the burden falls more constantly and equally."—pp. 132, 133.

On the implements of manual labour, the author has given every thing that could be desired by a young farmer about to furnish himself with a complete assortment of such articles. We have only to remark here, that a few simple efficient instruments are of much more use than a number of complicated ones, the pretensions of which may be great. This truth may be illustrated by a corkscrew, which is familiar enough to most men. We ourselves have paid a guinea for one, but from its complexity, it is only useful as a specimen of misapplied ingenuity.

It never was our purpose, in reference to this volume, which contains nearly 700 pages of matter, to give anything like a review of its leading contents. We accordingly pass over the great body of the work, and come to the two last chapters or sections of it. We however name the intermediate branches, that our readers may see the scope and comprehensive nature of the book. After the three first chapters, which we have already spoken of, there follows:—The simple operation of tillage—preparation of land for crops—succession of crops—cultivation of plants—weeds of agriculture—and management of grass lands. The last chapter but one is on the rearing and feeding of animals. Under these various heads, there are long lists of particular divisions, entering very minutely into the practice of the farmer; indeed, so as with a little previous experience, may be turned to much practical use. As to the rearing and feeding of animals, we quote an account of the Scottish method of feeding the farm horse:—

“ When the pastures, or other green food, fail in autumn, which will generally be by the beginning of October, the horses are to be put on hard food. They should receive at this period an allowance of hay at the rate of twenty pounds in the day, with two gallons of oats; or, in place of a portion of the oats, they may receive at night a feed of steamed food, consisting of potatoes, or any other roots, mixed with a little corn, and seasoned with salt. The whole quantity may be a peck weighing about twelve pounds. The quantity of potatoes that corresponds in nourishment with oats, is in the proportion of about fifteen pounds of raw potatoes to one gallon of oats.

“ In the months of November, December, and January, when the days and the time of labour are short, the hay may be withdrawn, and the horses, in place of it, fed on straw, of which the best, when it can be obtained, is that of beans or pease. Next to these in quality is that of oats. The straw of wheat and barley is in this country only used as litter, though, were it be cut into chaff, it could be advantageously used as fodder.

“ At this time the horses should receive two gallons of oats in the day; or the quantity of oats may be diminished, and a portion of steamed food given at night. They should receive, as before, two feeds, one in the morning before going to work, and one at mid-day, and their steamed food at night. By the beginning of February, they should again be put on hay, in preparation for their harder work in spring. At or before the time of sowing the oats, that being the commencement of the season of active

labour, the horses should receive their full allowance of three gallons of oats in the day, or, in place of a portion of their dry oats, a corresponding allowance of steamed food. They should be fed three times in the day, a feed of oats being given in the morning, a feed at mid-day between the intervals of work, and at night they may either receive their third feed of dry oats, or a corresponding quantity of steamed food mixed with their oats.

“ They are to receive this full allowance of hay and corn until about the beginning of June, when they may receive green food, on which they are fed during the remainder of the season, their daily allowance of oats being reduced to one gallon.

“ Three methods of feeding them on green food may be adopted :—they may be turned out to pasture in the fields; they may have green forage cut and brought home to them in the yards or stalls; or they may be fed in the intervals of work on green food, and turned out in the evening to the fields to pasture.

“ When the first of these methods is adopted, that is, when the horses are simply pastured, they are merely turned out to the field at night after work; they are caught again, or driven home to the stables, in the morning, and then again turned out after the morning's work, which may be about ten o'clock, and allowed to feed till the afternoon's work, which may begin about one o'clock; they are then caught and again set to work.

“ The defects of this mode of management are apparent. Time is lost in taking the animals to and from the field during the intervals of work, and then, having to gather their own food, they have too short a time for rest and feeding during the interval.

“ The second practice mentioned is, to turn the horses out to pasture at night after work, but in the interval in the middle of the day, to give them cut green forage, which is brought home, and given to them in the stall or stable. In this manner they feed at leisure, undisturbed by insects, and, having their food collected to them, waste no time in gathering it in those hours which are suffered to elapse between the labour of the morning and that of the afternoon. This is an approved method of managing the horses of the farm. Their health is the better for their being kept out at night, while the advantage of this is combined with the economical practice of soiling.

“ The other method of feeding is, to keep the horses constantly in the stable, or in a yard with covered sheds, and to feed them entirely on green forage. There is economy with respect to feeding in this system, but it is scarcely so conducive to the permanent health of horses, as to give them a run out in the fields in the summer nights. The system of constant soiling, however, is in many cases necessary, from the want of pastures. Where it is practised, it is better to keep the horses in yards with open sheds, than to confine them entirely to the stables. To carry on a system of soiling where clover and rye-grass are the forage plants employed, a quantity of tares, equal to a quarter of an acre for each horse, should be sown, to be given to the horses in the intervals between the first and second cutting of clover, or when they are engaged at hard work in harvest, or at other times.

“ In the northern parts of this country, farmers cannot generally begin to cut clover till the 1st of June; but in the southern part of the country,

the soiling can be commenced much earlier. When there are many horses, one man may be employed to do the work of cutting and putting the cut forage in bunches, and it should be led home by a spare horse, so as to be ready when the horses return from work. One man will put into bunches a quantity sufficient for twenty horses, and each horse will consume upon an average about two hundred pounds in a day.

“When the horses are turned out to the fields at night, and kept on cut forage during the day, they should be put into their stables by the beginning of September, and kept in the house during the night, receiving green forage if it is yet upon the farm, or else receiving hay. By the 1st of October they should generally be put on hay and corn.”—pp. 482—484.

When speaking of sheep, the author gives this distinct and interesting though by no means original account of wool. The manner of the description, however, we think pleasing:—

“Hair is an appendage of the skin of the mammalia. It consists of fine filaments growing from the inner part of the skin, to which it serves as a covering; it is nearly the same in its chemical composition as horn and feathers; it is kept flexible and moist by an oily secretion from the skin; it is furnished with blood-vessels, like all the other organs of animals, and in certain cases, with nerves. Being intended chiefly as a covering to the animal, it abounds the most under those circumstances where it is most required: Quadrupeds are more or less covered with it, and for the most part in the greatest degree where the cold is the greatest. Man is slightly supplied with this universal defence; but he is enabled, by his reason, to adapt the hair of other animals to his use.

“When the hair of animals is very thick and strong, it forms spines and bristles; when very fine it forms the down or fur of animals; when it is fine, and at the same time curled, it is termed wool. It is this curling property of the wool which renders it more suitable than any other species of hair, for being woven into cloth.

“The wool principally used for the purpose of forming cloths, is that of the domestic sheep; and we know that this substance has been so employed from the earliest records of the human race.

“Wool frequently loses its curling property, and passes into hair. In the warmer regions the fur of sheep is more hairy than in the colder, apparently because a less thick and matted covering is required for the protection of the animals. Hair also is found, and sometimes in large quantity, intermixed with the wool of sheep, in cold and temperate countries. This intermixture of hair unfits the wool for many manufactures, and it is a process of art to separate it from the wool. By neglect in the treatment of the animal, the proportion of hair increases; by care and more complete domestication, the quantity of hair diminishes.

“The wool of sheep, like the hair of other animals, is periodically renewed, the older hair falling off, and a new growth taking its place. In the case of the sheep this renewal of the wool occurs once in the year, and at the beginning of the warm season. It is at this period that we anticipate the natural process by shearing or cutting off the external part of the fleece. In some countries the fleece is not shorn, but is pulled off. The manner in which the wool is renewed seems to be by a fresh growth from the same roots, and by the old portion breaking off.

“Wool, like every kind of hair, grows quickly when cut. We may

shear our sheep, therefore, more than once in the year, and the wool will grow again. But, in this country, it is never thought expedient to shear the wool more than once in the year, and the proper period is always when the old fleece is about to fall off, that is, at the beginning of summer. The precise time is very much dependent on the condition of the animal. When fat, the wool tends to fall off more early than when the animal is lean. Frequently disease, and especially disease of the skin, causes the animal to lose its fleece.

"The wool of lambs is sometimes shorn, but this is a practice not to be followed in a cold climate. The sheep of this country ought never to be shorn until the second year of their age.

"The wool of sheep is sometimes black, and it is probable that the wool of all the less cultivated kinds tends more or less to black. Some of our sheep, even of superior breeds, have black faces and legs, as the South Down; and, in all these breeds, there is a tendency to a mixture of black wool with the white. This is an imperfection in the wool, the black piles not being fitted to receive the dyeing colours.

"From some notices in ancient writers, there is reason to believe that the former colour of sheep was often black. But if the least attention were paid to the choice of rams, it is easy to suppose that the white colour would ultimately prevail in the domestic sheep of almost all countries; and, from the earliest times, it would be known that black wool was not fitted to receive those beautiful colours which so much please the taste even of the rudest nations. But in this country, although we have frequently sheep bearing black wool, there is no inducement to propagate the peculiarity in the race, and hence black rams are never used."—pp. 569—571.

Of the rabbit:—

"It is generally found that the rabbit-warren in this country is a very unproductive species of property. At the present price of the animals, there is scarce an inducement to preserve existing warrens, and none to form new ones.

"If the rabbit, then, is to be cultivated in this country as an object of profit, he must be reared in the house or yard, and then the variety to be selected is the tame or domestic rabbit.

"The domestic rabbit is larger than the wild, and is greatly diversified in size and colour. His flesh is more white and delicate than that of the wild rabbit, but generally less valued, because possessing less of the game flavour.

"The variety chosen for breeding should be of the larger kinds. Those termed the French and Turkish rabbits are much esteemed. The rabbit selected for breeding, we are informed by poulterers, should be wide in the loin and short-legged. It thus appears that the same external characters which indicate a disposition to feed in the other domestic animals, indicate the same property in the rabbit.

"In the management of the rabbit, the utmost attention must be paid to ventilation, cleanliness, and food. The animals are most conveniently kept in boxes, or compartments termed hutches, one above the other round the room. Each hutch intended for the does should have two divisions, one for feeding and the other for sleeping. These are single which are intended for the use of the weaned rabbits, or for the bucks, which are always removed from the females after copulation.

" There should be little troughs in the hutches for the food, which consists of corn, hay, roots, and green plants, or any farinaceous substance. Steamed potatoes are an excellent food for the rabbit, as for every kind of herbivorous animal.

" The female, when the time of parturition approaches, makes her nest, for which hay is to be furnished her. She bites it with her teeth into the requisite size. She generally produces from five to ten young. At the end of six weeks, the male is again admitted to her, and the young ones weaned, or she is allowed to suckle them for two weeks more.

" They are either sold from the teat, when they are extremely delicate, or they are kept on for a certain period and fattened. Good and nourishing food is to be supplied to them, and three months' feeding is generally considered necessary to feed them properly.

" From the statement given, it will appear that the rearing and feeding of the domestic rabbit is extremely easy, and that there is no class of animals so prolific. The cultivation of the animal, however, can only be carried on successfully where there is a demand for the produce. But if it were the habit of the people, the rearing of the domestic rabbit by various classes in this country would furnish, at little expense, a grateful change of wholesome and nourishing food."—pp. 587, 588.

The last chapter regards the general economy of the farm. Here we must stop, after introducing one extract, the import of which it would be well were every person about to undertake the important and multifarious duties of a farmer, fully and steadily to weigh:—

" The capital necessary for a farm is the sum which a farmer must possess, in order that he may carry on his business. This partly depends on the customary degree of credit in a country. The farmer does not usually pay ready money for all the commodities he requires, but trusts to that degree of credit which is common in his business. And the same remark applies to almost every class of traders in this country. A merchant rarely limits his trade to the extent of his ready money, but trusts to that degree of confidence which exists; and in this way the greater part of the trade of this country is carried on.

" In like manner, the person who enters to a farm may not find it necessary to possess all the capital which would be required were he to pay for every thing; yet the nearer his funds approach to this condition, the greater will be his security. Too many engage in extensive farming on a loose and imperfect estimate of the funds required, and find, when too late, that they have miscalculated their means.

" A want of the necessary funds is often more injurious to a farmer, than even an obligation to pay a high rent. With an inadequate capital, he is impeded at every step. He cannot render justice to his farm; he must often bring his goods prematurely to market to supply his wants, and he will pay largely for the credit which he is compelled to seek. The farmer who has ready money at his command has, like every other trader, a great advantage over one who is forced to seek credit, and will be enabled to make a profit on many transactions on which the other would sustain a loss.

" While, therefore, it cannot be contended that a farmer, who lives in a country where credit is the soul of commerce, is not to avail himself of this

benefit, yet he must be careful not to miscalculate its effects; and, at all events, and like every prudent man, he must make himself acquainted with the real amount of his pecuniary obligations. This is the true principle on which the capital required for a farm should be computed. The sum to be determined is that which the farmer has to advance, before a quantity of produce is raised upon the farm sufficient to replace the advance, and supposing all payments to be in money."—pp. 631, 632.

The amount of necessary advances differs, of course greatly, according to the nature of the farm, the mode of management to be pursued on it, and a multitude of other circumstances. Enough however has been said and extracted by us, to satisfy any one that the agriculturist's business is of the first importance to the welfare of a nation; that it has all the variety and excitement of a fine, nay, noble profession; but that it is neither child's-play, nor a safe pursuit for any one whose knowledge or whose finances are slight. A perusal of Professor Low's Elements, must also, whilst calculated to instruct the ignorant in the most valuable lessons of agriculture, shew that much may yet be done for its advancement, and that therefore it is worthy of the study and services of the most enlightened.

ART. VII.—*A Journey throughout Ireland during the Spring, Summer, and Autumn of 1834.* By HENRY D. INGLIS. Two Vols. London: Whittaker & Co. 1834.

THE appearance of a new work by a well-known author sets in motion certain anticipations within us, which may be favourable or unfavourable, but which no doubt silently operate, to a certain extent, in guiding our judgment of its merits. For we profess not to be beyond the power of such sympathies as may sometimes betray the delicacies rather than the weaknesses of humanity. It is this very sensitive part of our nature that enables us to appreciate nicely the character of a work, where beauties or defects may decidedly, yet unobtrusively, prevail. For example, the moment we saw *Ireland in 1834*, by Henry D. Inglis, upon our table, a spiritless and faulty volume, which had been previously engaging and provoking us; was laid aside, good nature recovered its wonted sway, and now, said we, a pleasureable duty is before us.

Mr. Inglis is one of our favourites. We do not think that he is oppressed with diffidence of his own talents, neither that he is always careful to withhold a decided opinion where wiser men would halt. But he is eminently well calculated to write such works as the one now to be considered, for he is forward, shrewd, clever, and talkative; above all, he is honest, serious, and instructive. His knowledge is varied, his discrimination of character nice, his liberality exemplary; yet his regard for moral and religious truths unflinching—so that, take him altogether, he is a delightful and valuable writer. His liveliness, activity, and purity are such,

if we may judge from his works, that he must be the most entertaining of companions—a treasure as a fellow-traveller.

Of all that he has published we like the present work most. This may arise from the peculiar interest naturally excited by the field of his labour; imparting both to the writer and the reader a sort of patriotic zeal—a familiar partiality. What Briton is there who feels not for Ireland as for a dear sister, whose trials in life have been singularly severe and protracted, whose cup of affliction and anguish still continues to run over? The author is deeply imbued with the sentiments of affection and commiseration. Fain would he do good for poor Ireland. Nor will his ardent desire fail; for, of all the accounts given of that unhappy country, which have come to our knowledge, this is by far the most honest. The author not merely is honest, but he has been at the utmost pains to arrive at the truth; and what greater good can any one man confer on Ireland than to let England know the truth concerning her? From the very first step which Mr. Inglis takes in the country, the reader feels that nothing is told but what has the irresistible force of fidelity stamped upon it. His own assertion might have been sufficient in testimony of his honesty; but a man may be blind to his strongest partialities. Here, however, we see no tendency but that uniform one, of carefully and anxiously searching for facts.

It is a field eminently worthy of a philanthropic and an enlightened mind, which the author undertook to traverse and describe. England's ignorance of Ireland is, in the work before us, proved to be most gross. This is owing to the unhappy spirit of party, which so broadly and deeply envelopes the truth, colouring, and falsifying every partizan's testimony; and to the difficulty which an unbiassed inquirer thence encounters, when in search of data to go by, of arriving at the real facts. The author was accordingly everywhere told, that in case of attempting to glean opinions on all hands, their contrariety would bewilder him. An eminent and talented judge in Dublin said, that he could easily imagine two well educated persons, and both equally free from prejudice, returning from a journey through Ireland, with views and impressions directly opposed to each other, according as the letters of introduction which they carried chanced to be to men of one party or to men of another.

As the author well expresses himself, this shoal, upon which he fears many who have written upon Ireland have made shipwreck of truth, he endeavoured to avoid, by obtaining letters to men of all parties, ranks, and religions; trusting to be able to correct by minute personal observation, diversities of opinions, which resolution it is evident, he faithfully and industriously followed out. He carried from Dublin upwards of 130 letters of introduction to persons, from the peer to the farmer, (to the peasant he introduced himself); and of all opinions, these letters again were most prolific, begetting in the course of the tour at least three times the above number. From the first letters, and other circumstances, a general

impression was conveyed that he meant to tell the truth, without having any party to serve, and this encouraged men of all opinions to put him in the way of finding it. So that the author was singularly well equipped for his journey, whether we consider the aids he received, or his own faithful eagerness in research.

The very first paragraph of the work contains observations worthy of the reader's attention and confidence. The author says it might be an impertinence were he to begin by any general assertion of the ignorance of the British public respecting Ireland; but that there can be no impertinence in acknowledging his own; that during his tour he found more to correct in his previous impressions and opinions than in any journey he ever made through any country; that were he to exclude from this acknowledgment the social condition of the inhabitants, and apply it but to what is visible to the eye, the declaration would hold true. How profound then must have been, as he adds, his ignorance of all beneath the surface! We wish we could transfer into our pages the entire spirit and information contained in these neat volumes; there would be no lack of entertainment for our readers; for who can faithfully describe Irish character and scenery, and not be entertaining? But we have a higher object in view than any that is not of paramount magnitude; and therefore proceed to do our best, considering our limits, to make Ireland in 1834 be seen and known.

The author arrived in Dublin in spring, and was much struck by the splendour, architectural and otherwise, of the city. Many apparent proofs of wealth are thrust upon the eye, in certain parts of the metropolis, but a closer observation brings to the mind the proverb, "that it is not all gold that glitters." He remarks, that if caution be necessary in drawing conclusions respecting the wealth of Dublin from what meets the eye in certain streets, tenfold caution is required in drawing any conclusions respecting the condition of Ireland, from even the *real* state of Dublin. That Dublin prosperity is somewhat deceptive, he shows by stating for example, that a tradesman there sets up his car and his country-house, with a capital that a London tradesman would look upon but as a beginning for industry to work upon. We have often heard of the affecting contrasts presented in that city between grandeur and poverty; and we are told by the author, that the pauper population resembled strongly that of the Spanish towns, supposing the potato to be converted into a melon. In London, every fifth and sixth shop contains bacon and cheese, in the meaner parts of the city; but a corresponding department of Dublin presents a very different scene; for what would be the use of a bacon shop, where the lower orders cannot afford to eat bacon? Of the author's mode of gathering facts and making up his opinions, the following is a striking example.

"As I have mentioned the lower orders in Dublin, I may add, that the house in which I lived in Kildare-street, being exactly opposite to the Royal Dublin Society, which was then exhibiting a cattle-show, I was

very favourably situated for observing among the crowd collected, some of those little traits which throw light upon character and condition. I remarked in particular, the great eagerness of every one to get a little employment, and earn a penny or two. I observed another less equivocal proof of low condition. After the cattle had been fed, the half-eaten turnips became the perquisite of the crowd of ragged boys and girls without. Many and fierce were the scrambles for these precious relics; and a half-gnawed turnip, when once secured, was guarded with the most vigilant jealousy, and was lent for a mouthful to another longing tatterdemalion, as much apparently as an act of extraordinary favour, as if the root had been a pine-apple. Yet these mouthfuls were freely given; and I have seen, that where two boys contended who should take charge of a gentleman's horse, the boy who obtained the preference and got the penny or twopence, divided it with his rival. These were pleasing traits; and were indicative of that generosity of character which displays itself in so many kindly shapes; but which is perhaps also in some degree the parent of that improvidence, to which the evils of absenteeism are partly to be ascribed."—vol. i. pp. 12, 13.

Upon these facts he detects a national trait—improvidence, allied with a love of ostentation, which has greatly swelled the lists of absentees. Among our own friends from the Emerald isle, some of whom adorn and enrich London, we think that a tendency to the trait detected by the author may be discovered; at least when they are contrasted with the calculating Caledonian, the feature is prominent. Mr. Inglis has counted twenty-seven hackney coaches and sixteen cars, in the funeral procession of a person in the humblest walks of life, with other circumstances of needless display. He bears hearty testimony to the fascination of Dublin society, to the hospitality that characterises the inhabitants, and to the beauty of the city. But as it was his object rather to search for deeper and wider grounds as respects the real condition of the country, it will be ours to fix upon those parts of the work that seem most distinctly to elucidate this design. Before leaving Dublin, however, we must quote part of what is said concerning the Mendicity Society, which we with him trust is not to be a permanent one; though, whilst there is no legal provision for even the aged and infirm, something of the kind is no doubt praiseworthy.

"When I visited the Dublin Mendicity Society, there were 2,145 persons on the charity, of whom 200 were Protestants. The finances were then at a very low ebb; and the directors of the institution were threatening a procession of the mendicants through the streets, by way of warming the charity of the spectators. This, I understood, has once or twice been resorted to; and I confess, I cannot conceive any thing more disgraceful to a civilised community. The English reader, who has never visited Ireland, can have no conception of a spectacle such as this. What a contrast to the gaiety of Grafton-street, would be the filth, and rags, and absolute nakedness, which I saw concentrated in the court of the institution! The support of this charity is a heavy tax upon the benevolent feelings of the Protestant population: 50% is subscribed by the Protestant, for 1% that is subscribed by the Catholic population. I was

sorry to learn this ; for although it be true that wealth lies chiefly amongst the Protestants, yet it is the middle classes, rather than the wealthy, who supports this institution ; and 50*l.* for 1*l.* is surely out of proportion."—vol. i. pp. 16, 17.

He saw some of these poor people at work for a few pence per week ; but hundreds for whom no employment could be found, were lying and sitting in the court, waiting for the mess which had tempted them from their hovels.

After leaving Dublin the author proceeds towards Wicklow, where he expected, from what had been told him in the metropolis, that the labourers were all employed and tolerably comfortable.

"I am only beginning my journey : this is but the county of Wicklow ; and I was told that I should find all so comfortable in Wicklow, that from the comparatively happy condition of the peasantry there, I must be cautious in forming my opinion of the peasantry generally. While I write this sentence, I write in utter ignorance of what I may yet see : for I write this work almost in the manner of a diary—noting down my observations from week to week : but from what I have already seen, I am entitled to fling back with indignation the assertion, that all the Irish industrious poor may find employment. But what employment ? employment which affords one stone of dry potatoes a day for a woman and her four children.

"A labourer in this county considers himself fortunate in having daily employment at sixpence throughout the year ; and many are not so fortunate. I found some who received only fivepence ; but there are many who cannot obtain constant employment, and these have occasional labour at tenpence or one shilling ; but this only for a few weeks at a time. I found the small farmers living very little more comfortable than the labourers. A little buttermilk added to the potatoes, made the chief difference."—vol. i. pp. 32, 33.

Many of the cabins he visited boasted a pig, which sometimes dwelt with the family, where, as Paddy says, "he has the best right to be, since it's he that pays the rent." High rent is the universal complaint, and this is fully borne out by the manner in which the people, both Catholic and Protestant were found living. When asked, why they take land at a rate which they cannot pay, the reply is, "How were they to live ? what could they do ?" So that Mr. Inglis declares, competition for land in Ireland is but the outbiddings of desperate circumstances.

We know not what others may argue from the following expressions of the author's opinion regarding a Catholic institution in Waterford. We, who are not of that communion, may be too partial to the views of one of our own creed, and prepossessed when we think he is singularly impartial in his statements on such delicate ground as is uniformly introduced by religious opinions. It is fair, however, that the reader may have a specimen of what is here set down on a point where no doubt there is much difference of sentiment.

"There are in Waterford several large public institutions ; particularly, an House of Industry, which appear to be under good management, though

the want of a separate place for lunatics is very objectionable; and a mendicity society, the same in principle as that in Dublin, but exhibiting rather less filth and wretchedness. But the most important institution which I visited, was a Catholic school, at which upwards of seven hundred children were instructed. This is a new establishment, called by some, monk-houses; and is an association of young men, who dedicate their lives to the instruction of youth, and who call themselves 'Brothers of the Christian Schools.' It is, in fact, a monastic institution, bound by vows, like other orders: and although I am far from questioning the motives, either of the founder, Mr. Rice, or of the young men who thus make a sacrifice of themselves; yet I cannot regard favourably an institution under such tuition. I know too much of Catholicism, in other countries, to doubt that intellectual education will be made very secondary to theological instruction; and although I am very far from ascribing all, or any large portion of the evils of Ireland to the prevalence of the Roman Catholic faith, yet I would rather not see a system of education extensively pursued, in which the inculcation of Popish tenets form the chief feature. These schools are established in many other towns besides Waterford; and where I meet with them, I shall not fail to notice them. There are at present, ninety members of the order of 'Brothers of the Christian Schools;' and their number is rapidly increasing."—vol. i. pp. 65, 66.

We are informed that whiskey-drinking prevails to a dreadful extent in Waterford; that out of 30,000 inhabitants, 25,000 are Catholics; that the blind policy of Irish landlords is in many instances hostile to the establishment of manufactories, although such must tend to keep up their rents. Near the village of Mayfield, Mr. Malcomson has established a cotton manufactory, which proves a blessing of the most signal kind to the neighbourhood. No fewer than 900 persons are employed in it, whose lodging, food, and morals have been wonderfully improved. Yet—

"I regretted deeply to learn, not from the proprietor of the mill only, but from other sources, that Lord Waterford's family have thrown every obstacle in the way of this establishment; and that, only the other day, an attempt had been made to take advantage of some manorial rights, and to demolish the mill dams. Pity it is, that the aristocracy should, even by open acts, separate themselves from the interests of the people around them. The enterprising Quaker who has established this factory, has done more for the neighbourhood, than Lord Waterford and all the Beresfords have ever done; and his lordship's pride ought to be, less in his magnificent domain, and fine stud, than in the comfortable condition of the surrounding peasantry, and in the establishment which has produced it."—vol. i. p. 70.

We know not what a change of ministry may bring about; but the defeat of the Waterford family in the election for the county has operated wholesomely for some time. The author says that they felt it severely, and that more attention has since been paid to the interests of the tenantry.

In Kilkenny the author found the most wide-spread and most aggravated misery. Out of a population of about 25,000, he was

enabled to know that upwards of 2,000 were totally without employment.

“ It chanced that I was at Kilkenny just after the debate on the Repeal question ; in which the prosperity of Ireland was illustrated, by reference to that of Kilkenny, of whose prosperous manufactures honourable mention was made, condescending even upon the number of water wheels at work, which were said to be eleven in number ; and the carpet manufactory too, was spoken of in such terms, that it was said to be owing to its success that the weavers of Kidderminster had petitioned for repeal. I visited these prosperous factories, immediately after the account I have mentioned was received : the principal of these factories used to support two hundred men with their families : it was at eleven o'clock, a fair working hour, that I visited these mills, and how many men did I find at work ? **ONE MAN !** And how many of the eleven wheels did I find going ?—**ONE** ; and that one, not for the purpose of driving machinery, but to prevent it from rotting.” —vol. i. pp. 91, 92.

We find the number of disheartening pictures so great that we cannot afford many more in this part of the author's journey. What sort of landlord should we think him to be, who is enriched as here described, were he found to act so in England ?

“ I had heard, even in England, of the wretched condition of a town in the county of Kilkenny, called Callen ; and finding that this town was but eight miles from Kilkenny, I devoted a day to Callen. I never travelled through a more pleasing and smiling country, than that which lies between Kilkenny and Callen ; and I never entered a town reflecting so much disgrace upon the owner of it, as this. In so execrable a condition are the streets of this town, that the mail coach, in passing through it, is allowed twelve minutes extra : an indulgence which can surprise no one who drives, or rather attempts to drive through the street ; for no one who has the use of his limbs, would consent to be driven. And yet, will it be credited, that a toll is levied on the entrance into the town, of every article of consumption ; and that not one shilling of the money so received is laid out for the benefit of the town. The potatoes, coal, butter-milk, with which the poor wretches who inhabit this place supply their necessities, are subject to a toll, which used to produce 250*l.* per annum ; but which, having been resisted by some spirited and prying person, who questioned the right of toll, the receipts have been since considerably diminished. It was with some difficulty that I obtained a sight of the table of tolls ; but I insisted on my right to see it, and satisfied myself, that potatoes and butter-milk, the food of the poor, pay a toll to Lord Clifton, who, out of the revenue of about 20,000*l.* per annum, which he draws from this neighbourhood, lays out not one farthing for the benefit of his people.” —vol. i. pp. 97, 98.

The following passage may in some respects be taken as a companion to the former extract ; whilst pointing towards another curse of Ireland besides that of hard-hearted landlords, it goes to establish the author's impartiality.

“ Cashel is rather a pretty town : the principal street is wide and well built ; but the place is far from being in a flourishing condition. It was formerly a place of much resort, and consequent prosperity ; but it is now

almost entirely an absentee town; and I found every thing extremely dull, and things getting daily worse. Wages were here only eight-pence a day without diet, and numbers were altogether without employment. The population of Cashel is, at present, about 7,000; and the number of Protestant communicants about 150. I was sorry to hear bad accounts of the Protestant archbishop. I found him universally disliked, even by those dependent upon him, and of the same religious persuasion. He does no good; and by all accounts, is a close hard man, in every sense far overpaid by the 10 or 12,000*l.* a year which he enjoys. He has the disadvantage, indeed, of being compared with his predecessor, whom all, Protestant and Catholic, unite in praising."—vol. i. pp. 110, 111.

Here is another important statement.

"I heard but one opinion as to the necessity of a Coercion Bill. Almost every outrage and murder that has disgraced Ireland, has arisen out of one of two causes—either competition for land, or tithes; and, until means be found for reducing the former, and till the latter be finally and justly settled, it will be in the power of a restless, wrongheaded, or interested man to agitate Ireland. Competition for land can only be diminished by employing the people; but I greatly fear, that no scrutiny, however strict and impartial, into the revenues of the Protestant church, and that even no application of the surplus, will be satisfactory to the land occupiers of Ireland. Here, as every where else, in the south, I heard the strongest objections to tithes in any shape; and a curious instance came to my knowledge, of the determination of farmers to get rid of tithe. A farmer agreed to pay 30*s.* an acre for a certain quantity of land, the landlord being bound to pay tithe and all other dues. On rent day the tenant arrives, and, before paying his rent, asks what tithe the landlord pays? 'Why do you wish to know that?' says the landlord; 'what is it to you what tithe I pay? you pay me 30*s.*, and I take tithe and every burden off your hand.' 'I know that,' says the farmer; 'but I'll not only not pay tithe myself, but your honour shan't pay it either.' The tenant offered the landlord his rent, deducting whatever tithe he, the landlord, paid; and the rent is, at this moment, unpaid."—vol. i. pp. 116—118.

The absentee landlords are not all bad; neither can we properly call him an absentee whose principal property lays out of Ireland. Of this honourable number, it is with pleasure we find Mr. Stanley figuring, whose estates in Tipperary the author declares are well managed, the rents are moderate, the tenantry well treated, and a library has been formed for their benefit. We hope that the following piece of tyranny witnessed at Cahir is not of frequent occurrence.

"I am sorry to be obliged, in this place, to record a fact, to which I could not have given credit on any evidence less conclusive than that of my own eyes. The Roman Catholic chapel is newly erected, and is yet unfinished; and I was told, that the anxiety to obtain funds for its completion, gave rise to the enaction of some curious scenes at the door. I went there about ten o'clock; and I certainly did witness a scene of a most singular kind. The gates were shut, and four men stood by. One had a silver salver to receive the larger contributions: two were provided with wooden ladles, for the copper offerings; and these they

shook in the ears of every one who approached: and one man, the priest, stood, just within the gate, armed with a shillelah. *No one was admitted who did not contribute!* I saw a man attempt to pass without contributing; and I saw the priest push and buffet the man, and, at length, strike him several times with his stick, and knock his hat off his head! This is no matter of hearsay. I saw it; and I saw from thirty to forty persons kneeling outside of the gate, on the high road—poor persons, who had not a halfpenny to spare. To be more and more sure, that this was the cause of their remaining without, I gave some halfpence amongst them, and saw them admitted.”—vol. i. pp. 125, 126.

Before laying aside the first volume, which our limits advertise us immediately to do, (for we cannot do more than put our finger on some of the landmark evils and characteristics of Ireland as noted by Mr. Inglis), we must let our readers see what is said of the mighty *Dan*.

“I was now in O’Connell’s country: here was the property of Daniel O’Connell Esq., or the Liberator, as the people called him; there, the property of Charles O’Connell, Esq.; and there again, the property of another O’Connell: but the greater part of the O’Connell property—almost all that of *the* O’Connell, is held under head landlords; and he is only an extensive middle-man. Near to Cahir-siveen, is the birth-place of the great agitator. It is a ruined house, situated in a hollow near to the road; and when I reached the spot, the driver of the car pulled up, and inquired whether I would like to visit the house. But the driver of my car was not a native of these parts; for be it known to the reader, that O’Connell is less popular in his own country than he is elsewhere. If you ask an inkeeper, or an inkeeper’s wife, any where in O’Connell’s district, what sort of a man their landlord is? ‘Och, and sure he’s the best of landlords—he takes the childer by the hand, and he would’nt be over proud to dthrink tay with the landlady.’ But if you step into a cabin, the holder of which owns Daniel O’Connell, Esq., as his landlord, and if you ask the same question, he’ll scratch his head, and say little any way. Shortly before I visited Cahir-siveen, there was a road-presentation in that neighbourhood, and the rate payers, who have now a vote in these matters, refused at first to pass it, unless the O’Connells would pay two-thirds of the expense; because, said they, ‘the O’Connells have lived long enough out of road presentations!’”—vol. i. pp. 235—237.

It would be wrong to pass over three passages at the close of the volume; Longford is the county spoken of.

“From time to time, considerable emigration has taken place from this part of Ireland to America; and it is not unusual for remittances to be sent home from the colonies, by those who have emigrated, for the use of their poor relatives. Now it is a curious fact, and a fact that consists with my knowledge, that Catholic emigrants send their remittances to the care, not of the Catholic priest, but of the Protestant clergyman, to be distributed by him among those pointed out. The same respect for, and reliance on, the Protestant clergyman, is evinced in other ways. It is not at all unusual for Catholics possessed of a little money, to leave the Protestant clergyman their executor, in preference to their own priest, or to any other individual.”—vol. i. p. 347.

Mr. Inglis considers it to be most important to the civilization of Ireland, that a better order of Catholic priesthood should be raised. At present he says they are reared at Maynooth in monkish bigotry. But he does not spare the establishment when occasion calls.

"I found in one part of this county, great want of accommodation for the Protestant congregation. I allude to the parish 'of the Union of Kilglass.' There is monstrous abuse here. The bishop is rector, and draws from four to five hundred pounds per annum; and yet there is no church, or Protestant service in the parish. His lordship, on being respectfully written to on the subject, replied, that there was service in the next parish!"—vol. i. p. 349.

How can crime be repressed so long as such a state of things exists, as is thus described?

"Trading magistrates are not yet extinct in the county Longford: value is still occasionally received for magisterial protection, in the shape of labour—such as, a winter-cutting of turf being brought to a man's door. Neither is there much co-operation among the magistracy. They take pleasure in thwarting each other; and it is not unusual for persons imprisoned by the warrant of one magistrate, to be forthwith liberated by the warrant of another."—vol. i. pp. 349, 350.

As the author, near the beginning of the second volume, approaches Galway, he takes occasion to mention, that in Ireland men of moderate views, between the extremes of high Catholic and high Conservative, are on the increase; not men of an imbecile policy, but who reprobate all preferences of any party. This opinion suggests to us, what indeed is enforced by every thing contained in these volumes, that it is not any one single evil that can be named which frets and poisons Ireland, but the whole frame is in disorder; which the Legislature cannot cure by any fiat it may put forth. Could the whole body of the people be convinced that their regeneration must chiefly depend on themselves, on their own earnest exertions to do away with the factions among them, health would recover part of its sway, coercive measures would be slackened, private morals would gain a firm footing, and respect for the laws make the country a safe habitation for the great proprietors. But this home-wrought regeneration is not likely to be of sudden operation, and we fear a distant day must be looked to for Ireland's prosperity.

On leaving Galway, the author for a while leaves the more civilised part of Ireland behind him, to travel through Cunnemara and Joyce's country, without any such incumbrances as might impede a pedestrian's journey. In these wild regions he was present, where a *pattern* was held, high up amongst the mountains. It was originally a religious ceremony, but it is chiefly now resorted to for recreation, which generally ends in drunkenness and fighting.

"Everybody in this part of the country is called Joyce; and the spot where the pattern is held, is claimed by the Joyces, to be in Joyce's coun-

try: but this is not admitted by the Cunnamara boys; and accordingly, two factions—the Joyces and their opponents—usually hold patterns near the same ground, though not close together; but yet so near as to make it impossible that the meetings should break up without a *scrimmage*. The Joyces are a magnificent race of men: the biggest, and stoutest, and tallest I have seen in Ireland, eclipsing even the peasantry of the Tyrol; and I believe, indeed, their claims on this head are universally admitted. I shall, by and by, have an opportunity of introducing the reader to *big Jack Joyce*, when I visit him in his own house.”—vol ii. pp. 48, 49.

The author was warmly welcomed by many. There might be a score of tents, and hundreds of persons were seated on the grass or stones, whilst some of the older people were on their knees, beside the holy well. By and by symptoms of a quarrel arose, and our author stepped aside, that he might witness a regular faction fight.

“Any one, to see an Irish fight for the first time, would conclude that a score or two must inevitably be put *hors-de-combat*. The very flourish of a regular shillelah, and the shout that accompanies it, seem to be the immediate precursors of a fractured skull; but the affair, though bad enough, is not so fatal as it appears to be: the shillelahs, no doubt, do sometimes descend upon a head, which is forthwith a broken head; but they oftener descend upon each other; and the fight soon becomes one of personal strength. The parties close and grapple; and the most powerful man throws his adversary: fair play is but little attended to: two or three often attack a single man; nor is there a cessation of blows, even when a man is on the ground. On the present occasion five or six were disabled, but there was no homicide; and after a *scrimmage*, which lasted perhaps ten minutes, the Joyces remained masters of the field. The women took no part in the fight, but they are not always so backward; it is chiefly, however, when stones are the weapons, that women take a part, by supplying the combatants with missiles. When the fight ended there were not many remaining, excepting those who were still in the tents, and who chanced to be of neither faction. Most of the women had left the place when the quarrel began, and some of the men too. I noticed, after the fight, that some who had been opposed to each other shook hands and kissed, and appeared as good friends as before.”—vol. ii. pp. 51, 52.

It would appear that in this hill country the small land owners are in much more comfortable circumstances than those of the flat and the fertile districts. “Neither here nor in any part of Ireland,” says the author, “need a stranger be afraid to travel. Potheen is very generally distilled illicitly throughout Ireland, and among the mountains there are plenty of places where the *still* is a point of concentration for gossip and drinking, and no reckoning to pay, as almost every landholder there distils for himself. It is easy to see what influence such an abundance of poison to the morals must have over old and young; so that this evil must carry with it the most disastrous effects in a national point of view. Indeed, every chapter of the work before us presents more that is to be blamed than praised; and whilst so many evils unite, will Ireland be wretched.

We must commend the author not only for telling truths, but for telling them in the way he does; not even avoiding to give the landlords by name, whom he praises or blames; for this may produce good, as he says. General statements carry little weight with them; and why should he confound the good with the bad?

"The chief proprietors of the town of Sligo are Lord Palmerston and Mr. Wynn. The land in the barony, especially Mr. Wynn's, is let extremely high. Mr. Wynn's tenants are, with very few exceptions, in arrear; but he is one of those short-sighted landlords, who is resolved at all costs to keep up the nominal amount of his rent-roll. His rents are taken in dribbles—in shillings and copper; and agents have been known to accompany tenants to market with their produce, lest any part of its value should escape the landlord's pocket. This gentleman has been at great pains to establish a Protestant tenantry on his estate; and in the appearance of their houses, &c., there is some neatness, and some shew of comfort; but these are not in reality in any better condition than the other tenantry. None of them are able to do more than barely to subsist; and they, as well as the Catholic tenantry, are generally in arrear; indeed, I found no one exception. The whole land in this barony averages 2*l.* 5*s.* per acre. In the county, it is supposed, that excluding bog and mountain land, it averages 26*s.*; and good cultivated land may average 2*l.* There is no living, and paying such rents.

"Lord Palmerston's property is an honourable exception. On an estate between Sligo and Ballyshannon, his Lordship expends more in improvements—in roads, drains, piers, corn stores, &c. than the amount of the whole revenue of the estate. In every way improvements, and an improving tenantry are encouraged; and the people on that estate are in a comparatively comfortable condition. This is one of the few instances I found in which the tenantry on an estate were allowed to benefit by the advantages and improvements of the district."—vol. ii, pp. 125, 126.

Mr. Inglis was impressed repeatedly in his progress through Ireland with another disheartening appearance. Amongst the country people, the affections between man and wife, he considered to be unequal to what adorns domestic life in the humbler spheres in Britain. We were hardly prepared for this statement, and trust that it has been rashly made. The Irish probably exhibit their attachment in different ways to what the author is familiar with; for certainly they have been called a people of ardent, it may be, hasty and unstable affection. Still, Mr. Inglis has had ample opportunities for seeing a good deal of their homely manners; and if he be in the right, there is here to be found not a little which goes to colour the condition of the people of Ireland. His theory as to some of the most effectual means of benefiting that disordered country, may in a great measure be gathered from the following sentences.

"I am not one of those who ascribe *all* the evils of Ireland to Popery; but I am one of those who think Protestantism the better religion for the people, and the safer for the state; and think also, that it ought to have been, and ought still to be, the study of government to encourage the growth of Protestantism by every wise and legitimate means; nor can I

let slip this opportunity of observing, from all I have seen and learned in Ireland, that one of the most certain means of increasing Protestantism in Ireland will be such measures of reform in the Irish church as will encourage and reward the working clergy, at the expense of those who do not or who will not work; as will sweep away pluralities, and forbid non-residence; as will place Protestant education on a better footing; and as will provide for the final and effectual settlement of the tithe question."—vol. ii, pp. 164, 163.

After one long extract, we must close Mr. Inglis' work. It respects a comparison of the northern or Protestant counties of Ireland, with the southern or Catholic counties, in reference to their appearances and conditions. He admits that generally there is a marked difference in the appearance of the Protestant districts over the others, but denies that this is owing in *any great degree* to the people being Protestants. Listen to his reasoning.

"I say in any great degree, because I admit that the Protestant religion being more favourable to the diffusion of knowledge and to intellectual cultivation than the Roman Catholic faith, it will, in some degree, affect favourably the condition of a people. But, I repeat, that Protestantism is not the chief cause of the differences to which I have alluded. 'Look,' says a favourite writer, 'at a church, and a mass congregation, and you will be at no loss to distinguish the one from the other.' Truly no. They are very easily distinguished. But, let me ask, who, throughout every part of Ireland (excepting Ulster), are the individuals composing the church congregation? Are they not the gentry and some few of the more substantial farmers? It is not, therefore, at all difficult to distinguish between the Catholic and Protestant population: for this is but distinguishing between the upper and the lower ranks. But to come more directly to the assertion that a Protestant district has quite another aspect from a Catholic district, which I admit to be a fact, I think it no difficult matter to find reasons for this, more influential in their results than the profession of Protestantism.

"Did it never occur to those who have observed a fact, and instantly seized upon the *least* influential of all its causes, as its *sole* origin, that the rate of wages might make some difference in the condition and aspect of a people? The Catholic peasantry of Clare, Kerry, Galway, Mayo, and of indeed all the south, west, and much of the centre, have not employment at all during half of the year—or, in other words, one half of them have no constant employment; and when they are employed, what is their rate of wages? Eight-pence, and even sixpence, without diet. The Protestant population of Derry, Antrim, Armagh, and Down, have, if not full employment, at least greatly more constant employment than their Catholic brethren of the south; and the rate of wages is from 10*d.* to 1*s.* 4*d.*; the difference is, at the least, 4*d.*; and does 4*d.* per day make no difference in the condition of an Irish labourer? But the most overwhelming argument for those who would ascribe all the difference in condition to Protestantism is, that not the Protestants only, *but the Catholics also*, in these Protestant counties, are in a better condition. How should this be? The mass of the lower classes in the towns, as well as the great majority of the country labourers in the districts called Protestant, are Catholics; but they are not in the condition of their Catholic countrymen of Munster and Connaught.

We do not see them with tattered coats and bare feet ; and why ? Because they are generally in employment, and receive higher wages. I have seen in Catholic districts, Catholic tenantry and Catholic labourers, comfortable where they had the good fortune to be placed in favourable circumstances—as on the estates of Mr. Tighe of Woodstock, Mr. Power of Kilfane, Lord Arden, Mr. Stanley, Lord Palmerston, Lord Lansdowne, &c. ; and I have seen Protestants as miserable as any Catholics could be—as on the estate of Lord Donoughmore and others.”—vol. ii. pp. 213—216.

He goes on at a length which we must not quote ; but another source, according to his views of the superior comfort throughout the north, is the growth and manufacture of flax. And the next cause advanced is, that they are of Scotch descent. Now, we are most unwilling to distrust the author's liberal conclusions ; but still, we think the admissions which he has made respecting the habits and descent of the people in the north of Ireland, might, without much difficulty, be so turned against him, that his opinions would require more substantial props. From these extracts, however, our readers may judge of his performance ; and surely they must say with us, that it is singularly impartial, and calculated to be useful ; it narrates facts, not fictions, truth alone being the author's object. May that truth be the subject of study in England !—still more may it be listened to and understood in Ireland !

ART. VIII.—*The North American Review*. No. 85, Vol. 39. Boston : Charles Lowen.

WE have this month devoted a more than usual share of our Journal to North American books. It would oftener be our practice to take notice of the literature of that country, were not the harvest at home so abundant, (which must have the first claims upon us), that we cannot always gratify our readers with a glance of the rich fields abroad. America, indeed, and all that belongs to her, will ever be dear to us, as a sister, only of younger birth, whose character, as is not unusual with the youngest of a family, presents all the lineaments of the elder members, together with a new feature, broad, blooming, and spirited, that has already not merely given promise of great doings, but achieved beyond her promise : and yet, it is clear she neither knows nor has put forth her full strength. If we look to any one of her powers or accomplishments, we cannot but be satisfied that the fresh untrodden field of exploit before and around her, is to be glorified as a pattern to the world.

The literature of America is healthy and vigorous ; its race is steady and forward ; its bearing assured and bold. We cannot say, nor expect, nor wish, that all the precision of a nation whose etiquette has for centuries been a principal branch of study, does mark its progress, or that all the grace of courtier refinement has yet softened its tone ; but the genius is there, which, when it has

leisure after the daring career of youth to repose, will entertain itself with the gentler offices, and work out the perfect symmetry of all that belongs to a new form—a form which will be surpassed by none that ever breathed. These remarks have often been suggested by the literary works of America; and in an especial manner by the number of the Review before us. For, besides a variety of able and powerful papers which it contains, such as—on the Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States, the Italian Drama, Coleridge's Poems, the Physiology of Man,—its first article is expressly devoted to a history of the Periodical Literature of the United States. To this article we are now to confine ourselves, abridging and extracting as we best can.

It is a striking remark, but one which is as true as striking, "that every political revolution, from the beginning of time down to the moment which subsided into the English commonwealth, was somehow effected without so much as the help of newspapers." After tracing in hasty outline the rise and progress of English and French periodical literature, in which sketch our *Monthly Review* figures at the head of a new form of lucubration, and as appearing so far back as 1749, the writer states, that printing was first introduced, in so far as the continent of America is concerned, into Peru and Mexico, and afterwards into the English colonies, as early as 1639. For a great many years after this introduction, a newspaper was unknown in North America.

"Without any such aid, to keep up the spirit of their own people, or make known their dangers and successes, or put to shame an opposing faction, or demolish heresies, our fathers managed to get through with their disputes with the Indian tribes till far beyond the decisive termination of Philip's war, their controversies with the government at home till long after the provincial charter of William and Mary, and other more verbose disputes till long after the settling of the synodical Confession of Faith.

"How they did it, may be a riddle worth the reading. It is pleasing, however, to reflect, that the very want of this instrument may, in their circumstances, have been a means of more perfectly consolidating the infant state. The absence of those facilities for intelligence, which every man can now command so cheaply in his solitude, favoured their social habits. They sought each other, and resorted more freely to the great centre of information, from the necessity of acquainting themselves thus, if in any way, with whatever was going on in the world. We have not seen it suggested, but it has occurred to us, that here was very probably a leading element in the strong interest attached throughout the seventeenth century to the Boston weekly Thursday lecture; a service so attractive for some cause, that even the schools in different towns on that day dismissed masters and boys from their tasks*. The canvassing of news on Sunday would not have been tolerated, even if, on Sunday, it

* A curious vestige of this practice remains in Salem, where holidays in the schools are still called lecture days; a generalization of the term originally applied to the dispensation given for the purpose of going to hear the lecture at Boston.

did not become every good citizen to be at his home. The Thursday lecture at the capital, in the existing state of things, would naturally become a central exchange, where matters of common interest would be communicated and discussed. It would be a sort of distributing post-office, to circulate into the neighbourhood the knowledge of the latest events, fashions and opinions. And if there be any thing in this view, the multiplication of means for coming at the large and small gossip of the day, may have had as much to do, as the decline of piety, in causing that institution to become, what the few among us, who know any thing of it, know it to be, the wreck and shadow of its former glory."—pp. 280, 281.

The first newspaper in these colonies, we are informed, appeared about the same time with the first Scottish Gazette, in the year 1704. The writer refreshes our memory with one of the etymologies of the word gazette, which refers it to the name of the Venetian Coin Gazetta, for which the first thing of the kind was sold at Venice. The proprietor of the first American newspaper, and which was called the "Boston Letter, published by Authority," was a Scotchman of the name of Campbell, who was postmaster of the town. It fell, at the end of eighteen years, into the hands of the printer, and by him and his successors was continued till the evacuation of Boston by the British troops in 1776, being then the organ of the Tory party.

"William Brooker, being appointed Campbell's successor in the post-office, resolved to turn his official advantage to a similar account, and accordingly, Dec. 21st, 1719, set up the second newspaper in the colonies, called the Boston Gazette, employing James Franklin for his printer. In two or three months after, Brooker, in his turn, was superseded by Philip Musgrave, who accordingly coming into possession of the newspaper, gave the printing of it to Samuel Kneeland, a former apprentice to Green, who issued it for eight years from his printing house at the corner of Prison Lane (now Court Street) and Dorset's Alley, an estate constantly occupied in this manner from the year 1718, till within the life-time of the present generation.

"At the end of this term, a new postmaster, coming into possession of the Gazette, naturally looked to his own line of patronage in the way of printing; and Kneeland, experiencing the common lot of dependants on the great, and thrown again upon his own resources by a like turn in the wheel to that on which he had arisen, indemnified himself by setting up the New England Journal on his private account, with the benefit of his past experience, and the knowledge acquired, in his palmy days, of matters behind the veil of state. This journal was largely aided by such considerable men as Judge Danforth, and Mather Byles the elder, and took a leading part in the religious disputes of the time, on the side of Edwards and Whitefield. Its publication was carried on for fifteen years, at the end of which time it was united with the Gazette, under the name of the Boston Gazette and Weekly Journal, and so continued to be published till 1752, when Kneeland, separating himself from a partner in the printing business, took another departure on the editorial voyage, with the name of the Boston Gazette, or Weekly Advertiser, containing,

as its inscription read, 'the freshest advices, foreign and domestic.' It was published but two years, being one of the victims of the provincial stamp act."—pp. 282, 283.

But there had been, as the writer well says, a great episode previous to these last dates in the newspaper history. The first number of the "New England Courant," was issued August 17, 1721, by James Franklin. He took a course which was necessary, when, without something new, there could not be room for a new paper, and that course was an offensive comment on the respected men and opinions of the day.

"He was aided in his editorial labours by a society called by moderate people the 'Free-thinkers,' and qualified by others with the less euphonious appellation of 'the Hell-fire Club.' But the master-spirit in the Courant's better days was Franklin's brother Benjamin, then a boy, apprenticed in the office. The paper provoked the severe displeasure of the clergy and the government, which the latter did not fail to manifest in the processes of legislative and judicial action. All this it might have continued, with good management and a portion of the popular favour, to brave or evade, and thrive upon, but Franklin was indiscreet enough to quarrel with his brother; and with his elopement to Philadelphia, the glory departed from the Courant, and its weak life soon expired. After Benjamin had abstracted himself, the Courant continued to be published in his name, as it had been for some time before, though he was a minor, in consequence of an order of the General Court, forbidding its publication on the part of James."—p. 283.

The matter now thickens as we proceed, and the interest increases. We cannot abridge such paragraphs as these:—

"Four years after the Courier had come to its end, the Weekly Rehearsal was set on foot by the famous Jeremy Gridley, afterwards attorney-general of Massachusetts Bay, then a young lawyer of brilliant promise. At the end of a year, he wearied of the work, on which he had expended much classical lore, and the labour of weekly essays full of sense and entertainment; and it went into the hands of Thomas Fleet, an Englishman by birth, and a printer by trade, who had brought himself into trouble in London by his antipathy to the high church party, manifested in a studied affront to the procession in honour of Dr. Sacheverel. He then lived, as his posterity do now, at the corner of Washington Street and Water Street, a spot long distinguished by the sign of the Heart and Crown, and afterwards, when crowns went out of credit, by that of the Heart and Bible. Fleet was a humourist, a man of talent and energy, and possessing uncommon resources, in his mind and experience, for his present undertaking. His satire was generally good-natured, and always free and copious. He fully preserved the latter strain, and somewhat abandoned the former, in an attack on Whitefield, then at the height of his popularity. For some unexplained reason, he changed the name of the Rehearsal, after printing it about two years, to that of the Boston Evening Post. This he continued thirteen years longer, to the time of his death, and it was undoubtedly much the best paper of its time. It was brought down by his two sons to the month of the Lexington battle.

“ The two first newspapers in the colonies, out of Boston, were the American Weekly Mercury, printed in Philadelphia by Andrew Bradford, begun Dec. 22d, 1719, and the New York Gazette, by William Bradford, rating from Oct. 16th, 1728. Up to the year 1750, besides the seven Boston papers already spoken of, the whole number undertaken in British America was thirteen, viz.:—the Rhode Island Gazette, begun in Newport in 1732; in New York, the New York Gazette, already mentioned, and three others; in Pennsylvania, the American Weekly Mercury, mentioned before, the Pennsylvania Gazette, purchased by Franklin in 1729, within a year after its establishment, and conducted by him for thirty years, and two others, one in German; the Maryland Gazette, published at Annapolis, and dating from 1728: the Virginia Gazette, from 1736; and two successive South Carolina Gazettes, at Charleston, from 1731 and 1734.”—pp. 284, 285.

The writer, without following the history of the newspapers farther, selects a few facts, illustrative of similarity or difference between their remote and their recent relations to the community which they illuminated, and partially of the taste, resources, manners, and feelings of the times. He tells us that the first papers were commonly printed on a half sheet of pot paper; sometimes a whole sheet was used, sometimes they were printed in folio, no regard being had to binding. The News-Letter introduced itself thus:—

“ This News-letter is to be continued weekly; and all persons who have any houses, lands, tenements, farms, ships, vessels, goods, wares, or merchandizes, &c., to be sold or let, or servants runaway, or goods stole or lost, may have the same inserted at a reasonable rate, from twelve pence to five shillings, and not to exceed, who may agree with Nicholas Boune for the same, at his shop, next door to Major Davis', apothecary, in Boston, near the old Meeting-house. All persons in town and country may have said News-letter weekly upon reasonable terms, agreeing with John Campbell, postmaster of New England, at Boston, for the same.”—p. 285.

Only four or five post offices were at this time in British America. One advertisement was in the first number of the News-letter, two in the second. In the fifth year of Campbell's enterprise, difficulties had grown up.

The *Scotchman* is to be seen throughout every sentence of the following paragraphs:—

“ ‘ All persons in town or country who have not already paid for this fourth year, are hereby desired now to pay or send it in; with their resolution if they would have it continued and proceeded on for a fifth year, life permitted, which is only to be known by the number who take it weekly throughout the year; though there has not as yet a competent number appeared to take it annually, so as to enable the undertaker to carry it on effectually, yet he is willing to proceed with it, if those gentlemen that have this last year lent their helping hand to support it, continue still of the same mind another year, in hopes that those, who have hitherto been backward to promote such a public good, will at last set in with it.’

“ In 1718 he makes public another of his embarrassments.

“ ‘After near upon fourteen years’ experience, the undertaker knows that it is impossible, with half a sheet in the week, to carry on all the public news of Europe. He now intends to make up that deficiency by printing a sheet every other week for trial, by which in a little time all will become new which used formerly to be old.’

“ And some months after, he refers to the gratifying success of this experiment, remarking, that ‘since,’ that is, since his proposal, ‘he has printed every other week a sheet, whereby that which seemed old in the former half-sheets becomes new now by the sheet, which is easy to be seen by any one who will be at the pains to trace back former years, and even this time twelve months; we were then thirteen months behind with our foreign news, beyond Great Britain, now less than five months, so that by the sheet we have retrieved about eight months since January last; and any one that has the News Letter since that time to January next, life permitted, will be accommodated with all the news of Europe that are needful to be known in these parts. And in regard the undertaker had not suitable encouragement, even to print half a sheet weekly, seeing that he cannot vend three hundred at an impression, though some ignorantly concludes he sells upwards of a thousand, far less is he able to print a sheet every other week without an addition of four, six, or eight shillings a-year, as every one thinks fit to give, payable quarterly, which will only help to pay for press and paper, giving his labour for nothing.’

“ A disinterestedness this, how rarely imitated in these iron times! But our admiration of it must be qualified by the fear, that he partly compensated himself by what the postmaster-general at home might have reckoned some official freedoms. ‘The author,’ he says, ‘being still desired and encouraged to carry on the same by the gentlemen, merchants, and others, his usual customers, he intends, life permitted, to answer their expectation, and to forward still as regular account of affairs as our part of the world will admit of, preventing a great many false reports. If he does not print a sheet every other week this winter time, he designs to make it up in the spring, when ships do arrive from Great Britain. And for the advantage of the post-office, an entire sheet of paper, one half with the news, and the other half good writing paper to write their letter on, may also be had there for every one that pleases to have it every Monday.’

“ This latter scheme seems to have been the postmaster’s honorarium to the editor’s patrons, in the way of charging *their letter* with only newspaper postage.”—pp. 286, 287.

Campbell’s first literary skirmish was with the Gazette, but Franklin’s Courant was his sorest foe, saying at the very onset that the News-letter was a “dull vehicle of intelligence.” He retaliated as he best could, declaring among other things that the “Courant’s lucubrations smelt much more of the ale tub than of the lamp.” However, although we learn that this patriarch editor was obliged to keep within his own narrow sphere, he died one of his Majesty’s justices of the peace, having reached the age of seventy-five years. But the Courant’s history is still more piquant. It announced itself to have in view the entertainment of the town,

with the most comical and diverting incidents of life, and with "a grateful interspersion of more serious morals, which may be drawn from the most ludicrous and odd parts of life." Here is one of its flings.

"The most famous politicians in the government, as the infamous Gov. D— (Dummer) and his family, have ever been remarkable for hypocrisy; and it is the general opinion that some of the rulers are raised up and continued as a scourge in the hands of the Almighty, for the sins of the people. Thus much we could not forbear saying, out of compassion to the distressed people of the province, who must now resign all pretences to sense and reason, and submit to the tyranny of priestcraft and hypocrisy. P.S.—By private letters from Boston we are informed that the bakers there are under great apprehensions of being forbid making any more bread, unless they will submit to the secretary as supervisor-general and weigher of the dough, before it is baked into bread and offered for sale.'"
—pp. 288, 289.

How divines deported themselves under the lash of the gentlemen of the press in those simple days, may be hence learned from what Increase Mather, at one time president of the college, said through the Boston Gazette.

"Whereas a wicked libel, called the New England Courant, has represented me as one among the supporters of it, I do hereby declare that, although I had paid for two or three of them, I then, before the last Courant was published, sent him word I was extremely offended with it. In special, because in one of his vile Courants he insinuated, that if the ministers approve of a thing, it is a sign it is of the devil—which is a horrid thing to be related. And he doth frequently abuse the ministers of religion, and many other worthy persons, in a manner which is intolerable. For these and such like reasons, I signified to the printer that I would have no more of their wicked Courants. I can well remember when the civil government would have taken an effectual course to suppress such a cursed libel. Which if it be not done, I am afraid that some awful judgment will come upon this land,' &c. 'I cannot but pity poor Franklin,—and I cannot but advise the supporters of the Courant to consider the consequences, and no more countenance such a wicked paper.'"
—p. 289.

The following is a specimen of the sort of wit that amused the men of those days, which was published in Fleet's Rehearsal, in the shape of mock advertisements.

"To be sold by the printer of this paper, the very best negro in this town; is as hearty as a horse, as brisk as a bird, and will work like a beaver.

"To be sold by the printer of this paper, a negro man about thirty years old, who can do both town and country business very well, but will suit the country best, where they have not so many dram shops as we have in Boston. He has worked at the printing business, can handle an axe, saw, spade, hoe, or other instrument of husbandry as well as most men, and values himself, and is valued by others, for his skill in cookery and making of soap.'"
—p. 290.

Of American periodical literature in its less ephemeral forms, there was very little before the revolution. The writer enumerates

twelve of this sort; none of which, however, survived that great shock, nor do they seem even to have had any more than a very uncertain reign. The remaining quarter after the revolution was not more benign upon such enterprises. The present century opened more auspiciously, the first number of the "Portfolio" having been published on the 3d of January, 1801, set on foot by Joseph Dennie, of whom there is a discriminating sketch given by the writer. It is worth extracting as an example and lesson to many a sensitive and erratic spirit.

"We infer, from the tone of some of the editorials, that it was never any thing like a gainful concern to its author. As early as the end of the first year, there is an out-break of defiance of hostility, and contempt of neglect and desertion, which too clearly manifests the sensibility it disclaims. At the end of the second year, he says plainly, in language, if of exaggeration, of evident feeling too, that 'his sketches have scarcely been lucrative enough to pay for the oil consumed in their composition,' confessing, at the same time, in language implying a strong consciousness that the confession was both true and called for, that his own want of steady purpose and assiduous self-tasking shared largely among other causes of his disappointment. In fact, all accounts agree that he had no habits of application capable of sustaining, if any thing can, the burden of a weekly exhibition of one's self, of a nature to demand that one should be always pointed and brilliant. In respect to natural gifts, he was, possibly, not over-rated; but undoubtedly his reputation in some particulars was factitious. The felicities of his style, for instance, were decidedly ostentatious; and some of his earlier papers have a display of classical learning, such as is only to be made in two ways; either upon drafts upon the memory of a first-rate scholar, such as Bentley and Porson, which, of course, Dennie was not, or else by dogged reference to indices, a kind of work which one, whose taste and whose forte is to be light and sparkling, will not long find patience to sustain. Society solicited him with a dangerously flattering importunity; the irregular habits of application and exasperated sensibility, which in those days more than now, were unhappily thought to belong to genius, naturally, by a constantly reciprocal action, aggravated each other, and he died in 1812, a mortified disappointed man, surviving his highest fame, and leaving no strong claim on the gratitude of posterity, though scarcely surviving a certain enthusiastic and indefinite public admiration, and long survived by friendships which his attractive qualities of mind and heart were always prompt to win."—pp. 294, 295.

Brown, the great novelist, set up, in 1803, the "Literary Magazine and American Register;" and in 1806, the "Annual Register;" the latter, being characterised by the writer as the gravest periodical which had yet appeared.

"He carried it through five volumes, and the former work through eight, conducting the two together, besides occasional contributions to the Portfolio and other works, with most praiseworthy industry, distinguished and various talent, and a very sober, enlightened, and generous spirit. The last volume of the Register was issued but a few weeks before his death. Brown's is a name which ought not to 'be willingly let die.' A

grateful justice has recently been done it, in the biography by our conditor, Mr. William H. Prescott, published in Mr. Spark's collection.

"Salmagundi there is of course no describing. But we, who are old enough, 'cannot but remember such things were, and were most dear to us.' To its contemporaries, its name is its history. To speak it, is to evoke the spirits of the crowd of bright fancies which it stood for, and make them rush again in their motley, if now sad procession, through the mind. Unfortunates, who were not its contemporaries, if they will not read its own five hundred 18mo. pages, may do the next best thing by conning its fifty fruitful pages of index. It began and ended with 1807. Irving, not yet a longed-for exile, Verplanck, not yet a statesman, and Paulding, still in process of breaking for the more regular literary races, made the mysterious trio of Langstaff, Evergreen, and Wizard."—p. 295.

The "Monthly Anthology" was issued in 1803 at Boston, by Phineas Adams, aided, as has been understood, by Dr. Channing. The Rev. Mr. Emerson was the next editor who associated with himself some literary friends, which gave rise to the "Anthology Club." Of this not uncelebrated periodical, which survived till 1811, take the following account.

"Though there was a most honourable uniformity in the principles of criticism maintained in the Anthology, there was, as was to be expected and indeed desired, no great uniformity of matter in its pages, where the talents and tastes of contributors were so various; nor any great uniformity of merit, where all had other objects, which, sometimes more, sometimes less, drew them away from this. But there are jewels of speculation, criticism, and taste, scattered with no grudging hand over its pages. They wrote as convenience allowed, fancy prompted, or some serious occasion dictated, as of course they wrote gratuitously, the income of their work never so much as defraying the charge of their meetings. The literary taste and spirit which they animated in each other, and the feeling for letters which they excited in this community, have produced and are producing very palpable and increasing important results. And they erected one monument to their association, far more durable than their work, or any interest directly attaching to it. The Boston Athenæum was first the Anthology reading room. Mr. Shaw, long afterwards its devoted and indefatigable patron, first proposed the plan. Several members of the club, among whom Rev. Dr. Gardiner is particularly commemorated, gave books; the number was increased by contributions of other public-spirited individuals; and the collection was first deposited in a room on Pemberton's hill. When it became too large to find accommodation there, it was removed, we think about 1812, to a house in Tremont Street, next north of King's Chapel cemetery, and lastly, about ten years ago, to the establishment provided for it in Pearl Street, by the munificence of Mr. Perkins."—p. 297.

Of late works of note belonging to their periodical literature, the writer, for obvious reasons, forbears giving a particular account, contenting himself with a general announcement of their titles, their editors, proprietors, &c. An almost barren catalogue cannot interest our readers. We select the last paragraph of the paper,

containing some brief statements touching the comparative amount of periodical publications at different periods of American history.

"In the year 1750, four newspapers only were issued in New England, all of them in Boston, and seven in the other colonies, viz. two in New York, three in Pennsylvania, one in Virginia, and one in South Carolina. In 1775, there were seven in Massachusetts, one in New Hampshire, two in Rhode Island, and three in Connecticut, (thirteen in all New England,) three in New York, eight in Pennsylvania, two in Maryland, two in Virginia, two in North Carolina, three in South Carolina, and one in Georgia; making twenty-one in all, in the Southern provinces, and thirty-four in the territory of the now United States. Soon after the Revolutionary war, daily papers, instead of weekly as heretofore, were introduced in Philadelphia and New York; but we had none here till so late as 1813. In 1800, according to Thomas, at least one hundred and fifty newspapers were printed in the United States; and in 1810, three hundred and fifty, already nearly half as many again as in the British islands. The same writer computed the number of single papers, then annually issued here, at twenty-two millions and a half. A French document, inserted in the American Almanac of the current year, gives the number of newspapers in the United States at eight hundred and forty, while all Europe has only a little over two thousand, all Asia but twenty-seven, Great Britain four hundred and eighty, Austria and Russia each eighty, and Spain but twelve; making in the United States a newspaper for less than every fourteen thousand souls; in Europe, one for every hundred and six thousand souls; and in Asia, one for every fourteen millions; or a thousand times as many, in proportion to the population in our country, as in the latter continent. The learned editor, however, of the Almanac, reckons the number of our newspapers last year at not less than twelve hundred; the number in Massachusetts alone having reached a hundred, including forty-three in Boston. The other periodical literature in Boston, last year, was diffused through no less than forty-seven publications, viz. three semi-monthly, twenty-two monthly, five two-monthly, seven quarterly, one semi-annual, and nine annual, including six almanacs. We have heard it confidently stated, in a highly trustworthy quarter, that, apart from newspapers and religious magazines, the periodical publications of this city exceed the sum of those of the rest of the country. But we cannot ourselves vouch for the fact."—pp. 300, 301.

Are not these astonishing strides for a new world, and a young nation? The number of newspapers that circulate through the United States, should teach a lesson to people nearer our firesides. And had we not another index to go by, that circumstance alone is sufficient to support many of the greatest, most beautiful, and enduring structures which rational speculation can rear upon any data. America is therefore a noble theme of study, whether we view what she has been and is, or contemplate what she will become, according to the ordinary development of the ways of Almighty wisdom; and proud should England be, and proud she will hence for ever be, of her kinship with such a nation of free, intellectual, enlightened, and moral minds. With them, we at least, ever desire to uphold a community of sentiment, knowledge, and affection.

ART. IX.—*Illustrations of Social Depravity. No. VII.—The Freemasons.* By JOHN REID. Glasgow : John Reid & Co. Edinburgh : William Tait. London : Whittaker & Co., 1834.

FREE Masonry purports to be an ancient and respectable institution, embracing individuals of every nation, and of every condition of life. In order to attain the ends for which it was originally formed, every candidate comes under a solemn engagement never to divulge the mysteries of the order, nor communicate to the uninitiated the secrets with which he may be intrusted, and the proceedings in which the fraternity may be engaged. At regular and appointed seasons convivial meetings are held in lodges constructed for the purpose ; benevolence, temperance, harmony, and joy being their professed objects. Various opinions, and some of those of a very opposite nature, have been held of the practical working of such an institution. One party has maintained that its origin is coeval with the most ancient times, and that it possesses the excellence of almost a divine ordinance. Others say it was the invention of Jesuits to promote their intriguing views ; and treat the whole affair with the greatest obloquy. Not being masons ourselves, we shall not, in the observations we offer before coming to the work on our table, do more than give our opinion of the working of this institution, in a practical view, at home and abroad. And we venture to predict that that opinion will meet with the acquiescence of every one, who is neither a red-hot mason, nor indiscriminate libeller of the order.

In the regular workings of Masonry, let us just note its character ; for, as regards its pretensions, we at present have nothing to say, these being, as we think, worthy of blame, as well as of some praise. Well then, what is Masonry in England and Scotland ? As to the rank, talent, and character of very many of the brethren, it is highly respectable ; and annually the lodges do much good, by the charities they practise in behalf of the destitute and bereaved. But is a Mason Lodge with us not rather considered as a place for passing an hour or two in a sort of decent conviviality, than any thing else ? Is not the occupation of the brethren, under the pretext of being rational, rather frivolities worthy of young or little-minded men, than such as gravity or wisdom can take pleasure in ? And are not the meetings much more apt to lead the young into companionships, any thing but conducive to regular habits and good hours, than to cherish the standard virtues professed to be sought after ? It is all very well to talk of brotherly love, of equality, and other general topics of inoperative benevolence. A garret pamphleteer may enjoy the brief authority, as senior warden, of conducting, with affectionate solemnity, the young nobleman who pants in the days of his giddiness for the honour of mastership, and who praises in return the trusty brother who has guarded him in his perilous journeys round the room. But where

are the daily fruits of all this? Why, nothing as respects the young (who are the only persons that take an interest in this country in such child's-play, unless a few gray-headed fools sometimes join them), but what will always occur when they meet in numbers. We declare, in so far as the testimony and practice of our friends as masons go, that not one of them, after the enthusiasm of youth was over, ever spoke of their lodge-meetings in terms different from what we have now used, unless such ~~an~~ had fallen into dissipated habits, or were fond to hear themselves spout. Who is there who ever witnessed a masonic parade, but unless he were a stripling fit to be taken with such shows, was not ashamed of the grown-up men that were the object of attention? For ourselves, we can say, that the thought ever occurred on such occasions, "What must they think of themselves when they awake in the morning?" We care not, in the view we are taking of the professed doctrines of Masonry, but we unhesitatingly assert, that in this country it does much more harm than good; nor did we ever know a virtuous father, among the working classes, that approved of a son becoming one of the mysterious order.

But it will be said, that Masonry is not such a frivolity on the continent as it is in Britain. Ireland we need not touch, for it is to be presumed that no temperate man can advocate the institution, as it has there worked. We admit what is declared of the continent. German Masonry, for instance, is a very serious concern, and is implicated with other objects than are ever thought of in this country. There, as well as in France and Italy, the Lodges have been the haunts of projectors and fanatics, in science, religion, and politics; where they have availed themselves of the secrecy and the freedom of speech maintained in such meetings, to broach their doctrines, contriving to tag their peculiar nostrums to the mummary of Masonry. It is frivolous, in all that we see or hear of its forms; yet it admits of every fashioning that Gallic refinement or German study can bestow. So that, instead of the homely, free, good-natured and convivial thing it is in Britain, it has in those countries become the occasion and opportunity of the most serious discussions in morals, religion, and politics, maintained in a manner we have no adequate notion of in this country, because we are unacquainted with the restraints which in those countries have been imposed on free conversation. Were there occasion or room for the account, we could show that the Order of Illuminati, had its rise among free-masons—an association which planned a diabolical conspiracy against every religious and political establishment in Europe. But every one in the least acquainted, with German or French history during the last fifty years, must remember how Masonry in these countries has been the handle turned to the most dangerous purposes.

Leaving the practical fruits of this system, if it may be so honoured, let us just glance at one point in its theory, well known to every person, against which we apprehend weighty objections may be brought. Whoever is initiated into the rites and ceremonies of the order, or, in other words, whoever becomes a member of a mason-lodge, is most strictly and solemnly sworn not to betray the secrets of free-masonry : and he who pays no respect to those ties is considered by the brethren neither to fear God nor regard man. Nay, they consider the conduct disingenuous of the uninitiated that would try to find out what is so carefully and solemnly hidden. We do not at present mark the security that is thus obtained for keeping their mysteries secret : and which no doubt has been their great hiding place, viz. that should a member violate his obligations, it can most powerfully be urged by the faithful, that his information is unworthy of credit. For it is rather to be supposed that he will dupe his auditors by false matter, than trample upon an engagement guarded by the most awful sanctions, particularly since it does not appear that a man can have any very tempting cause for such a violation. But the point we refer to requires no reasoning. We say it is a frightful thing for any man to take upon himself such weighty obligations without serious preparation and commensurate occasion ; and that the society or members who encourage a thoughtless young man so to bind himself, incurs an awful responsibility. Who are those in Britain that generally offer themselves to be initiated ? They are the young and the thoughtless ; they proceed, as all in this country must know, to take part in the mysteries, and to engage themselves most solemnly, with all the levity and rashness suited to a sporting field, and too oft they return in no better plight, or, at least, never impressed more deeply than before with any one moral or religious feeling. There is infatuation and wickedness in all these proceedings. An oath is not to be taken on light occasions, and particularly an oath uttered amid such imposing rites as direct the feelings and the soul to the august and awful attributes of celestial life.

The little work before us has suggested an occasion for these remarks ; and if it detail truths, a thing we have no reason to doubt, we have less cause than ever to treat lightly the tendency of Masonry. We cannot go the length to which the author proceeds, of maintaining that every member of the order is, art and part, guilty of the murder that has clearly been made out as committed by a conspiracy in America, in the name, and in the character of masonry. It is true, we believe, that the whole fraternity are fond of using the terms and sentiment, that " free-masonry is the same over the whole world : " and that the lodge whose members murdered one of their number for divulging their secrets, has not been expelled by the higher lodges of America ; whilst the free-masons of this country still keep in union with the establishment of the institution there. But still, the statements in this

work, if correct, present us with a sad picture of masonic unanimity in crime, and which is more than able to outweigh much of the good done by all their charities. Even the murder of a fellow-creature does not seem so frightful and bad as the readiness manifested in the case under review, of free-masons to commit any atrocity in support or for the protection of their secret society.

We cannot follow the narrative given by the author, seemingly from accurate information and authentic documents. But the heads of the story contained in this volume, and which is to be followed by another, amount to this—that William Morgan was understood to be about to publish and divulge the secrets of masonry, he himself being a member, and considerably advanced in a knowledge of the order; that he was abducted and murdered by the enraged brethren of the western part of New York, to which he belonged; and that the union, the rank, and influence of the members that had a hand in the atrocity were such, that the ends of justice have been defeated, and the majesty of the laws outraged, without the perpetrators having been punished. The crimes alluded to were committed in the year 1826, and have been the occasion of the greatest surprise, indignation, and ferment amongst the inhabitants of that country. Many American masons have turned their backs upon an institution that could breed and harbour such criminals, and countenance such depravity; but many have also, both by deed and word, expressed their approbation of the foul conspiracy and murder, many of these being men of consideration in the community; whilst the uninitiated have been driven to an excitement alarming to the tranquillity of the country, loud and long kept up. The number of criminal trials to which the foul dealing with William Morgan gave rise, may be said to be unprecedented; and yet, from the death of certain individuals, the absconding of others, and the wonderful closeness and unanimity of the masons, no one has been brought to condign punishment for the murder, though several have been convicted of the conspiracy as to the abduction. In the mean time, the work purporting to disclose the secrets, and to be an entire revelation of the first three degrees of free-masonry appeared, accompanied with a notice that the illustration of the higher degrees would be forthcoming.

The present work professes not to treat of the secrets, nor to expose the principles of free-masonry, but to show the social depravity engendered by the institution, as illustrated in the abduction and murder of William Morgan. In a future paper we presume that the author will enter farther into the subject. In the meanwhile, he declares that the oaths he quotes are taken by masons, by which they voluntarily outlaw themselves, as he thinks, and as we think, from the civil union.

“ We have been led into these remarks, from having read the oath taken by all Free-Masons at their admission to the masonic body, which oath not only forbids the making known any of the secrets of Free-

Masonry, but binds the person taking it, *to do as he will be instructed by the body, no matter what that instruction may be.* We care not what the Masons themselves may say in denial of this charge; if they say it is not proved here, we will prove it in our future paper on Free-Masonry; and we will not be surprised, that every Mason denies its truth. But it is not to them that we address ourselves; they are not capable of reasoning upon the subject, as they have surrendered their liberty of free debate, when they became Masons, and are bound by their oath to withhold acknowledgment of the truth of our statement. In proof of which, we give one of the Oaths taken by *all* Free-Masons:—

“ ‘ I hereby solemnly vow and swear, in the presence of Almighty God, and this Right Worshipful Assembly, that I will hail and conceal, and never reveal the secrets or secrecy of Masons or Masonry, that shall be revealed unto me, unless to a true and lawful brother after an examination, or in a just and worshipful lodge of brothers and fellows well met. 2d, I furthermore promise and vow, that I will not write them, print them, mark them, carve them, or engrave them, or cause them to be written, printed, marked, carved, or engraved on wood or stone, so as the visible character or impression of a letter may appear, whereby it may be unlawfully obtained. All this under no less penalty, than to have my throat cut, my tongue taken from the roof of my mouth, my heart plucked from under my left breast, then to be buried in the sand of the sea, the length of a *cable-rope* from shore, where the tide ebbs and flows twice in twenty-four hours, my body to be burned to ashes, my ashes to be scattered upon the face of the earth, so that there shall be no resemblance of me among Masons. So help me God.’ ”—pp. 1—3.

Several other oaths are set down, and declared to be those taken by higher degrees in masonry. The following is said by the author to be part of a master mason's oath.

“ ‘ *Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that a Master Mason's secrets given to me in charge as such, and I knowing them to be such, shall remain as secure and inviolable in my breast as in his own, when communicated to me, murder and treason excepted; and they left to my own election.* Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will go on a Master Mason's errand, whenever required, even should I have to go barefoot, and bareheaded, if within the length of my cable-tow. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will be aiding and assisting all poor indigent Master Masons, their wives and orphans, wheresoever dispersed round the globe, as far as in my power, without injuring myself or family materially. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, *that if any part of this my solemn oath or obligation be omitted at this time, that I will hold myself amenable thereto, whenever informed.* To all which I do most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, with a fixed and steady purpose of mind in me, to keep and perform the same, binding myself under no less a penalty than to have my body severed in two in the midst, and divided to the north and south, my bowels burned to ashes in the centre, and the ashes scattered before the four winds of heaven, that there might not the least track or trace of remembrance remain among men or Masons of so vile and perjured a wretch as I should be, were I ever to prove wilfully guilty of violating any part of *this my solemn oath or obligation of a Master Mason.* So help me God, and keep me steadfast in the due performance of the same.’ ”—pp. 6, 7.

Murder and treason are excepted in the above oath, but we are told by the author that the following is part of that which is taken by the royal arch masons.

“ ‘ Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will aid and assist a companion Royal Arch Mason, when engaged in any difficulty, and espouse his cause, so far as to extricate him from the same, if in my power, *whether he be right or wrong*. Also, that I will promote a companion Royal Arch Mason's political preferment in preference to another of equal qualifications. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that a companion Royal Arch Mason's secrets, given me in charge as such, and I knowing them to be such, shall remain as secure and inviolable in my breast as in his own. **MURDER AND TREASON NOT EXCEPTED.** Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will be aiding and assisting all poor and indigent Royal Arch Masons, their widows and orphans, wherever dispersed around the globe, so far as in my power, without material injury to myself or family. All which I most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, with a firm and steadfast resolution to perform the same, without any equivocation, mental reservation, or self-evasion of mind in me whatever; binding myself under no less penalty than that of having my skull smote off, and my brains exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, should I ever knowingly, or willingly, violate or transgress any part of this my solemn oath or obligation, of a Royal Arch Mason. So help me God, and keep me steadfast in the performance of the same.’ ”—pp. 9, 10.

As to the American work which has published the disclosures, we can say nothing, never having seen it. But there is something in the remarks that we now quote from the volume before us, as worthy of credit.

“ It forms no part of the task we have at present assumed, to discuss the claims which these revelations have to entire authenticity. Upon this point the public will be enabled to draw a tolerably correct conclusion, from the unparalleled exertions made by the fraternity, in the first instance, to suppress, and when that end had failed, to discredit them. The distant Masonic associations, moreover, were taught to believe there was danger to be apprehended from these disclosures, by the arrival of confidential messengers from the officers of the Grand Lodge of New York, with an additional check-word, to guard the lodges from the intrusion of ‘ Morgan Masons,’ as the readers of his book were called. This check-word is published, among other precious secrets, in ‘ Allyn's Ritual.’ If these circumstances do not fix the character of the revelations in question, perhaps a still stronger inference may be drawn from the fact, that Morgan, whether dead or living, was everywhere, by the united voice of Masonry, denounced as a **PERJURED TRAITOR** to the institution. He could not have been a **TRAITOR** if his revelations were *fictions*, but only an imposter upon the public, as the world believed the author of ‘ *Jackin and Boaz*’ to have been.’ ”—pp. 61, 62.

The author goes into a circumstantial account of all connected with William Morgan's abduction, tracing the cruelties practised upon him, as disclosed in the course of future investigations and criminal trials, down to a point where the reader feels the next step will be that of murder, and which there is no doubt the poor victim encountered, although the particulars of this last atrocity

are not known. In proof of the public indignation, roused by the series and tissue of crimes practised upon Morgan, Judge Throop's address to one convicted as having had a hand in the abduction, may be quoted.

" ' You have been convicted,' said the judge, ' of a daring, wicked, and presumptuous crime—such an one as we did hope would not, in our day, have polluted this land. You have robbed the state of a citizen, a citizen of his liberty, a wife of a husband, and a family of helpless children of the endearments and protecting care of a parent. And whether the unfortunate victim of your rage has been immolated, or is in the land of the living, we are ignorant, and even you do not pretend to know. It is admitted in this case, and stands proved, that Morgan was, by a hypocritical pretence of friendship and charity, and that too in the imposing shape of pecuniary relief to a distressed and poverty-bound prisoner, beguiled to entrust himself with one of your number, who seized him, as soon as a confederate arrived to his aid, almost at his prison-door, and in the night time hurried him into a carriage, and forcibly transported him out of the state. But great as are the individual wrongs which you have inflicted on these helpless and wretched human beings, they are not the heaviest part of your crime. You have disturbed the public peace—you have dared to raise your parricidal arms against the laws and constitution of your government—you have assumed a power which is incompatible with a due subordination to the laws and public authority of your state. He was a citizen, under the protection of our laws; you were citizens, and owed obedience to them. What hardihood and wickedness then prompted you to steel your hearts against the claims of humanity, and to dare set at defiance those laws to which you owed submission, and which cannot suffer a citizen's liberty to be restrained with impunity, without violating its duties of protection, assured to every individual under the social compact? "

" ' Our laws will resent such attacks as you have made upon their sovereignty. Your conduct has created in the people of this section of the country a strong feeling of virtuous indignation. The court rejoices to witness it—to be made sure that a citizen's person cannot be invaded by lawless violence, without its being felt by every individual in the community. It is a blessed spirit; and we do hope that it will not subside—that it will be accompanied by a ceaseless vigilance, and untiring activity, until every actor in this profligate conspiracy is hunted from his hiding-place, and brought before the tribunals of the country, to receive the punishment merited by his crime. We think that we see in this public sensation, the spirit which brought us into existence as a nation, and a pledge that our rights and liberties are destined to endure. But this is not all; your offence was not the result of passion suddenly excited, nor the deed of one individual. It was preconcerted, deliberated upon, and carried into effect, by the dictates of the secret councils, and conclave of many actors. It takes its deepest hues of guilt from a conspiracy—a crime most dreaded, from the depravity of heart it evinces, the power for unlawful purposes which it combines, and from its ability to defy the power of the law, and its ultimate danger to the public peace. Hence it is, that the crime is considered full, when the wicked purpose is proved to have been formed; and the subsequent carrying into effect

the object of the conspiracy, does not, in the eye of the law, elevate the degree of the crime.'"—pp. 82—84.

The interest excited by William Morgan's case throughout the northern states of America, may be judged of from the third proclamation of Governor Clinton respecting it.

“ ‘Whereas, the measures adopted for the discovery of William Morgan, after his unlawful abduction from Canandaigua in September last, have not been attended with success; and whereas many of the good citizens of this state are under an impression, from the lapse of time and other circumstances, that he has been murdered:—Now, therefore, to the end that, if living, he may be restored to his family, and if murdered, that the perpetrators may be brought to condign punishment, I have thought fit to issue this proclamation, promising a reward of one thousand dollars for the discovery of the offender or offenders, to be paid on conviction and on the certificate of the attorney-general, or officer prosecuting on the part of the state, that the person or persons claiming the said last-mentioned reward, is or are justly entitled to the same under this proclamation. And I further promise a free pardon, so far as I am authorised under the constitution of this state, to any accomplice or co-operator who shall make a full discovery of the offender or offenders. And I do enjoin it upon all officers and ministers of justice, and all other persons, to be vigilant and active in bringing to justice the perpetrators of a crime so abhorrent to humanity, and so derogatory from the ascendancy of law and good order.

“ ‘(L. S.) In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and the privy seal, at the city of Albany, this nineteenth day of March, A.D. 1827.

“ ‘DE WITT CLINTON.’ ”

It was an unprecedented case of conspiracy, were we even to embrace the whole range of modern history; and affords any any thing but a flattering picture of the vigilance of the American magistracy of those parts, or of the predominance of manly virtues amongst the numerous free-masons that distinguish American society. Can any one believe that a similar series of crimes to what this volume unfolds, could be perpetrated in Britain? We do not suppose, were we to select from the men of greatest violence, in every grade of life, not to speak of those belonging to any one order, that we could find in our country the stern calculating unanimity, and consummate steadiness of criminal purpose and deed that has disgraced America through their free-masons. We cannot, at any rate, allow British free-masons to be implicated in Morgan's case, provided they suitably resent the insult, and throw back the stain that has been cast upon their order in America. But if they do not this, they must either deny the account before us, or become, by their countenance, accessories after the act to the atrocities committed. They must, at least declare to their former brethren, “You are no longer of us.” The author sums up one of his chapters thus :

“Such was the melancholy fate of William Morgan—a free American citizen, whose death is unavenged. He was stolen from the bosom of

his family by an infamous perversion of the forms of law—he was thrust into prison for the gratification of private malignity—he was kidnapped under the guise of friendship—transported like a malefactor, one hundred and fifty miles, through a populous country—and executed in cold blood, by a gang of assassins, under circumstances of as damning atrocity as ever stained the annals of human delinquency! Nor was the crime perpetrated by ignorant or hungry banditti, or for the lust of power or of gold. The circle of the conspirators embraced, directly and indirectly, hundreds of intelligent men, acting not on the spur of the occasion, from sudden impulse or anger, but after long consultations, and weeks and even months of preparation. Those immediately engaged in the conspiracy were men of information, and of high standing in their own neighbourhoods and counties—embracing civil officers of almost every grade; sheriffs, legislators, magistrates, lawyers, physicians, and even those whose calling it was to minister at the altar in holy things. Along the route of the captive, the members of the Masonic fraternity left their occupations, however busily or urgently engaged, and flew at a moment's warning to aid in his transportation to the spot where his sufferings were ended. A clergyman preceded him, moreover, heralding his approach from town to town, and announcing his captivity to the assembling brethren, before whom he was simultaneously to deliver a discourse, dedicating a Masonic temple to the service of God and the holy St. John, and enforcing the golden maxims of 'PEACE, HARMONY, AND BROTHERLY LOVE!' Arrived at the end of his journey, the wretched victim was imprisoned in a fortress, over which the banner of freedom was streaming in the breeze. In vain did he plead for his life; and in vain did he implore the privilege of once more beholding his wife and children! And what was the mighty offence of the miserable man, that he must thus be hurried to his final account, without being allowed a last farewell of his wife—without suffering a single ray of divine light to glance across his path, or illumine the dark atmosphere of his dungeon—but sent to his dread abode with all his imperfections on his head? Why, forsooth, he was about to expose the wonderful secrets of Free-Masonry! It was feared he would tell how 'poor blind candidates' are led about a lodge-room by a 'cable tow,' and how they kneel at the altar, at one time on one knee, and at another time upon the other! It was feared he would tell how they stumble over the emblems of 'the rugged path of human life,' or bend with humility beneath 'the living arch!'—pp. 242—244.

The last inquiry in this volume regards the extent to which the American superior lodges have made themselves parties to the crimes previously described. The argument here maintained is strong; with a portion of it we close our paper.

“In the month of February, 1827, five months after the perpetration of the crime, the grand chapter rejected a proposition, offering a reward of 1000 dollars for the discovery and apprehension of the authors of it: while, on the other hand, they appropriated the like sum of 1000 dollars, under the pretext of unspecified charity, but in fact to be used for the aid, comfort, and assistance of the criminals. In the month of March, of the same year, Howard, one of the murderers, by his own confession, was cherished by certain of the masons of New York; he was kept in con-

dealment from the officers of justice; funds were raised for him; and he was finally smuggled across Long Island, and put on board one of the foreign packets off Gravesend or Coney Island. In the month of June, of the same year, the sum of 100 dollars was voted from the funds of the grand lodge to Eli Bruce; and the additional sum for which he had applied, was raised for him by the brethren out of the lodge. In the autumn of the same year, the sum of 500 dollars was appropriated from the funds of the Jerusalem Chapter of New York, for the benefit of "the western sufferers," as the conspirators were called. Money for the same object, was raised by one of the encampments in New York. Other lodges and chapters of the same city, contributed to the same object; and the sum of 500 dollars was subsequently applied to the same charitable purposes by the grand lodge.

"It has been said, however, in extenuation of most of these appropriations of money by the lodges and chapters, that when they were made, those who voted for them did so under a belief that great oppression was experienced by the accused at the west—that in fact, when the appropriations were made, it was not believed that any very considerable crime had been committed;—and, in short, it has been maintained that those voting the money honestly believed the accused, to whom it was going, to be innocent and persecuted men. Such, we are willing to admit, to a certain extent, was the fact; but such, we have the best reason for believing, was, in a very limited degree, the true state of the case. *However, in all instances, the master-spirits knew well enough the true state of the case; and, both in the Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter, at the times of making the appropriations, many of the conspirators were themselves present, wearing the lamb-skin emblems of innocence, and taking part in the proceedings!* Making, however, all possible allowances, will it justify the assisting away of Howard, and the advancing of money to enable Burrage Smith to fly to New-Orleans, and Howard to England. Nor can even this excuse avail to any extent, for more than a very short period. Grant, for the sake of argument, that a majority of the members of the Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter, at the time of making those appropriations, did suppose the accused were innocent, they must have soon been undeceived. Upon what principle, then, are we to account for their subsequent conduct? Trials of the conspirators were occurring every few months, and volumes of appalling testimony were following each other in rapid succession, placing the innocence of the accused, and numerous unknown accomplices, entirely out of the question—but *no example was made of any of these.* In the earlier part of the excitement, several members of the order were tried for the conspiracy, and convicted by their own confessions—but *none of these, even to this day, have been expelled from either lodge or chapter.* Several more have been convicted, after warmly contested trials, who, with the former, have served out their respective terms of imprisonment—but *none of these have been expelled.* Witnesses have stood mute, braving the authority of the civil law, even in the presence of the highest of the criminal tribunals—but *none of these have been expelled.* Other witnesses have refused to testify, expressly upon the ground that in doing so, they must criminate themselves—*neither have these been expelled.* Witnesses have testified falsely, as their subsequent examinations have

fully proved—*neither have these been expelled.* It has been proved in court, over and over again, that the measures for the abduction of Morgan were concerted in the lodges and chapters of the west—but *the warrants for such lodges and chapters have never been recalled.* Indeed, *there has never yet been uttered from the walls of either lodge or chapter, from the highest to the lowest, an expression of real censure, or of honest indignation against any individual, however clearly it may have been known that he was engaged in depriving a free citizen of his liberty, and putting him to death in cold blood!* And, therefore, the SOCIAL DEPRAVITY of the Free-Masons shines forth in all its bloody lustre.”—pp. 252—256.

ART. X.—*Narrative of a Voyage to the Southern Atlantic Ocean, in the years 1828, 29, 30, performed in H. M. Sloop, Chanticleer, under the command of the late Capt. Henry Foster, F.R.S., &c.* By W. H. B. WEBSTER. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1834.

CAPTAIN Foster had served as astronomer with Sir Edward Parry, in the Polar regions; and for the valuable experiments then made by him, obtained the Copley medal of the Royal Society. It was at the suggestion of the council of that learned body, that the present scientific voyage was undertaken, and the care of it entrusted to Captain Foster. The principal object contemplated, was to ascertain the true figure of the earth, by a series of pendulum experiments, at various places in the northern and southern hemispheres. As the author states, this method of solving a problem depends on the force of gravity at different parts of the earth's surface; in producing a greater or less number of vibrations of the pendulum in a certain space of time; which is found to vary, according to the distance of the place of observation from the earth's centre. Another object was, to measure accurately the meridian distances by means of chronometers, between the various places visited by the Chanticleer. Several other inquiries, relating to meteorology, the currents of the ocean, magnetism, &c., were combined with the foregoing objects. In a lengthened appendix, many of the results of Captain Foster's observations are given, extracted from the reports of the men of science appointed by the admiralty to consider these observations, which we do not purpose to enter upon, confining ourselves to the narrative of the author, who, as the title-page of his work informs the reader, was surgeon to the Chanticleer.

Of this narrative there need not be much said. It is certainly pleasant light reading, such as any man who has the use of his pen might write, were he to visit the same places and see the same things that the author did. It is in truth a gossiping book, spun out by telling us very many things which we have heard scores of times before, and plainly showing that the chief consideration was, how two volumes were to be filled. The matter, the printing, the whole appearance of the work, prove that it has come from a book manufactory. As we have already stated, however, the author writes pleasantly—we may add, tastefully; and as he has something to

say of every thing he sees, being clearly at the same time a most indefatigable journalist, it is easy to cull abundance of interesting descriptions and narratives from his pages, which we proceed to do ; for we, at least, never tire of reading accounts of far distant climes, people, and things. Voyages and travels, in our earliest years, vied for supremacy in our liking with novels and romances; but now they hold an undisputed reign. So that, were we to-morrow to meet with another narrative of the voyage here described, by some other one of the Chanticleer's company, we would seize upon it and greedily run over its pages, provided they were written in an easy and clear style.

It is proper, before proceeding with the narrative, to give a round statement of the magnitude of some of Captain Foster's observations regarding points that still occupy the attention of scientific men, as presented in the appendix. The number of places at which he swung the pendulums amounted to fourteen, extending from London in the northern hemisphere to South Shetland in the southern hemisphere. At all these places each of the brass invariable pendulums (Nos. 10 and 11) was swung ; at six places the iron convertible pendulum was swung on both knife-edges, and at eight places the copper convertible pendulum was swung on both knife-edges. The total number of experiments made with these pendulums was 1017 sets ; and as each of the various sets consisted on an average of nearly twenty coincidences, the total number of coincidences taken at the fourteen stations was about 20,000, and occupying about 2,710 hours. Hence it may be inferred, that the character of the observations taken in this voyage of scientific research are highly important and valuable, and that, with further experiments, may lead to a solution of what has hitherto been problematical. Every thing was done to render the ship fit to perform the extraordinary service on which she was to be employed. The ordinary equipment was departed from in the internal arrangements of the vessel, and as regarded the scientific department, nothing was wanting that the skill of man has provided. The Chanticleer's burden was two hundred and thirty-seven tons ; the complement of men fifty-seven, including fifteen officers and six marines.

Early in May, 1828, Captain Foster sailed from England. On the Morning of the 29th the sloop made the island of St. Antonio, one of the Cape Verds, and one of the places to be stopped at for the purpose of including it in the chain of meridian distances, and thereby getting its correct longitude. The part of the island at which they landed was uninhabited, excepting by one negro, who expressed anxiety to know the object of their visit. * They let him understand that fish and vegetables would be acceptable, and the next minute he provided himself with a cane, armed at one end with a nail, and plunged into the sea. Here he continued floating and swimming about, supporting himself in the water with one hand, while with the other he used his weapon among the finny tribe, employing each hand alternately in this manner. By such means

He, in the space of two or three hours, which were occupied by the observations, caught six fine cavalloes, weighing about nineteen pounds, besides several smaller fish. His cave was small, and ill calculated to afford shelter in any other than a tropical climate, appearing like the residence of some wild animal, rather than that of a man. A few leaves answered the purpose of a bed for this unceremonious fisherman, and some broken calabashes were his only utensils. "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long." They did not learn the reason for this hermit's conduct. He only occasionally visited the people on the opposite side of the island.

As the Chanticleer approached the coast of Rio Janeiro, a strange sail of a suspicious character bore down upon them; and although the tight little sloop carried only two guns, not being intended for fighting, the rakish-looking schooner again changed her course. Our countrymen afterwards learned that the strange craft answered to the description of a well-known pirate that had attacked some of our vessels on that coast. On one occasion her captain boarded a ship, and having bound the master, threatened to blow out his brains if he did not deliver up all his money, at the same time that his men were plundering the vessel. The master begged hard that his watch might be spared, as it was his mother's gift. "Fool," said the ruffian, "I thought you were old enough to have forgotten your mother. What will your mother's gift avail you if you lose your life?" Although he is said to have spoken English, who would not rather live as the hermit negro did, than be such a wild sea robber?

In the author's account of Rio Janeiro, he states, that a stranger is much struck at first by the number and condition of the slaves. They, in the literal extent of the phrase, are as beasts of burden to the people of Rio, and are to be seen linked together, drawing carts and sledges like the brutes that perish. Yet our author declares, that their unconcern and hilarity are remarkable, although it is not rare to see them entirely naked, exhibiting shocking proofs of ill-treatment on the back, face, and neck. In another part of his work, he mentions having seen a lady and her female slave at needle-work together, when, from some unseen cause, the former lifted her scissors and drove the points of the blades into the poor girl's head, thereby producing a shocking and dangerous wound. And yet, the day has not yet departed when men may be found in England, who would take the unconcern and the hilarity of the slaves to be a satisfactory evidence that they were happy. At Rio, two-thirds of the population are in bondage, and, therefore, it is no wonder that an armed force accompanies them. Would it be strange were the St. Domingo tragedy on some future day to be repeated in the capital of Brazil?

The mechanical arts do not seem to flourish in Monte Video.

"These primitive vehicles baffle all description, and belong to ages which have long since gone by; but nevertheless the country people re-

tain them with all the regard that their forefathers had before them, and set all improvement at defiance. The floor or bottom of the cart is formed of ponderous, misshapen pieces of timber; the carriage pole is also of equally huge and unwieldy dimensions. The sides of the cart are formed of rough stakes, lashed to the flooring by thongs of hide; and the wheels are remarkable for two good qualities, viz. large dimensions and strength, being about eight feet in height. To this vehicle are attached four, and sometimes six fine bullocks in pairs, not yoked, but fastened by a heavy transverse spar resting on the back of their necks, and bearing their heads by its enormous weight to the ground. The harness is formed of hide, and this material is also sometimes applied to covering the cart. Those carts which are intended for expeditious travelling, are furnished with mules instead of oxen, mounted by a grotesque-looking rider. An equipage of this description, attended by the country people in their strange habiliments, presents a scene which is calculated to excite pity at the state of ignorance which it displays. Mules are used for light draught, and carrying packages, and horses also, for the people make no scruple of fastening a load to their tails. Such a thing seems almost incredible, but my own observation warrants my stating the fact."—vol. i. pp. 78—80.

Of the various uses to which the hides of bullocks are applied in Monte Video, that of making them instruments of punishment is not the least novel. They sew their prisoners, it is related of them, in a wet hide, leaving out the head and neck only; and, in this condition, lay them on the ground, in the sun, to dry. The powerful sun soon contracts the material—the increase of pressure causes the most excruciating pains; but if night arrives before the victim dies, the hide relaxes with the moisture of the air, to prolong his suffering till a second day, which is generally his last.

The people of Monte Video are great riders; they do almost every thing on horseback. The gaucho or peasant, for instance, seems to be nobody without his horse. If any thing is wanted from the most trifling distance, he mounts. He sows his grain on horseback; beggars have been known to follow their calling in the same state. Another singular purpose, to which some kinds of animals have been turned in those parts, is that of fuel. The author heard of sheep having been sold to heat a brick-kiln.

He gives some amusing and interesting accounts of the Fuegian people, as the natives of Tierra del Fuego are called; with whom, whilst at Cape Horn, he had some intercourse. They are an inoffensive race, but destitute of the comforts which most other uncivilized tribes possess. They have not even habitations calculated to protect them from the inclemency of the weather at all to be compared with the African negro's clay-built hut. A few green boughs of trees is all that the Fuegian makes use of in the construction of his dwelling.

"This miserable habitation boasts not the meanest or most common utensil, and the bare ground forms its floor. Here they sit, with occasionally a seal-skin covering thrown over their shoulders, and sometimes an apron of some animal's skin tied round their middle; but neither of these appear by any means to be indispensable articles of dress, and many

are in a state of nudity; all suffering alike from the effects of smoke on their eyes. The dog, the faithful companion of man in every clime, lives on terms of the most intimate friendship with them, sharing alike their bed and board. The Fuegian dog is an animal of a good size, and of a better appearance than might be expected from the nature of his food. The animal bears a considerable resemblance to a fox in his general appearance; he is very ferocious, and not unlike an Esquimaux dog.

"In one of my visits to their wigwags, with the view of instructing them how to be useful to themselves and to each other, a red pocket-handkerchief attracted their attention. This I presented to the youngest female in the company, which consisted of five persons. The girl, to my great surprize, deliberately tore it into ribands, and began to ornament her hair with it; she also tied some pieces round her wrist, having previously offered me some dried fish in return for my present. We had given them fish-hooks, lines, knives, needles and thread, scissors, &c., and I endeavoured to instruct them how to use the latter articles, so essential to the economy and manufacture of dress among ourselves. The Fuegians are decidedly a tractable and docile people, fully capable of receiving instruction: and I took no small pains in teaching one of the women the art of using a needle and thread to the best of my humble abilities in that line. I thought I should have succeeded by the attention which was paid to me by my pupil; for, although my performance was none of the best, it was still sufficient to 'teach the young idea.' But, alas, it was all to no purpose. I might have spared my trouble; for the woman on whom my pains had been bestowed, deliberately made a hole with the needle and then drew the thread out of it, and proceeded quietly to insert it into the hole the needle had made. This was the more provoking, because, in spite of all my instruction, she still persisted in doing it."—vol. i. pp. 177—179.

When at the Cape of Good Hope, the author partook of the kindness of the Dutch farmers, and warmly acknowledges their hospitality. He says, that though inns or taverns be scarce on the roads, they amply compensate for the deficiency. In the house of the Dutch farmer, every traveller, be he who he may, finds a welcome; and is the most favourite guest at the table. Let him discard all ceremony, and take his seat without reference to any one,—let him help himself to what he most likes,—let him eat heartily, and drink freely; and let him smoke his pipe, and abuse the slaves in their turn; and, in the estimation of the farmer, he is the right sort of a companion. The most genuine, but at the same time the most unpolished kindness, marks the character of the Dutchman at the Cape. The farmer lives in a lonely sequestered vale, rich in flocks and herds, and abundantly blessed with the means of good living. He sits at the head of his table with his hat on, his pipe generally stuck in it, by way of ornament. No one can stay too long at his house, nor can he ever wear out his blunt hospitality.

"When you talk of leaving, the boor is distressed, and immediately asks with the utmost simplicity, 'An't I nice?—An't wife nice?—An't slaves good?'—If business be advanced as the excuse to go, he urges you to stay with 'Never mind the business now, do it another time.' If you

still persist, he is sorry; concern and regret are expressed by the whole family; and his slaves are drawn up to witness your departure. He expects no other acknowledgment for his attention than a pinch of snuff to each of the slaves, who, when they get it, immediately commence rubbing their teeth with it.

"The Dutch at the Cape appear to agree with the Spanish proverb that 'haste comes from the devil,' for they are most dilatory persons in transacting business. If a Dutchman calls on a person there, and you ask him about the health of his wife, give him some refreshment and plenty of conversation, the probability is that he will go away without transacting the business he came upon. He departs highly satisfied with you, and calls you 'a nice man,' and even 'a Christian man.'

"The composure of these people under accidents and annoyances is very remarkable; they are certainly the most resigned and patient class of beings under the sun. If their waggon should stick fast in a kloof, as the morass is called in the colony, or in the sand, the Dutchman betrays no impatience; he quietly takes off his oxen, and lets it remain with the utmost composure for as many days as may elapse until another waggon or a team of oxen comes to his assistance, and extricates him from his difficulty. The Dutch women are generally lively and affable, and own as good-natured faces as ever were moulded,"—vol. i. pp. 261, 262.

The Hottentots, the rightful owners of the soil by primogeniture, are a small race of people, not of the handsomest features, but excellent herdsmen and guides over the deserts. Their visionary powers the author asserts are extraordinary; their taste for music is good, but still they are not far removed from the lowest state of uncivilized man. And here we are glad to find such a testimony as the following in behalf of a class of philanthropists, that is much belied by vulgar or darkened minds, but who as a body are the most chivalrously adventurous and disinterested of any the world ever knew:—

"By the exertions of the despised missionaries new fields of discovery have been opened to the philosopher. They have penetrated into regions which other travellers never reached, and have explored parts before unknown. They have presented man under circumstances the most peculiar and interesting in which he can be contemplated; they have added new facts to his natural history and new features to his physical character; they have added fresh languages to the list of those already known; they have opened new places of refuge for our fleets and new channels for our commerce; and they have multiplied the friends of their country.

"Apart from Christianity, the labours of these men must be interesting to the philosopher, the politician, and the philologist; and to hold such men up to scorn is no less a violation of good taste than of proper feeling and principle. By them the kraal of the Hottentot has been supplanted by the well-built village; and the missionaries at Theophilus (an inland establishment) have instructed the natives in the Christian faith, and have pretty well succeeded in making a useful class of labourers and citizens.

"They have collected the dispersed wanderers, have procured land for them, and have taught them to cultivate it. Surely there is a conquest over the human mind that conciliates all it subdues, and improves all that it conciliates.

“ A French ship was wrecked while we were at the Cape on the coast of Caffraria. Five only of her crew reached the shore, and they were moreover plundered and ill-treated by the savages; in fact they were made slaves. A missionary in the interior hearing of the event, immediately hastened to their succour; he succeeded in liberating them from the natives, and took them under his protection; he gave them every assistance in his power, and passed them across the desert from one missionary's house to another in safety, till at length they reached Cape Town. And this was a journey of a thousand miles across a barren desert country, in the midst of rude and lawless tribes; but these tribes paid more respect to the voice of the missionary than they probably would to the sword. Here was a triumph!

“ To succour the distressed, to relieve the afflicted, and to turn the unruly wills and affections of sinful men to ‘the wisdom of the just,’ is the missionaries’ grateful task. Their houses in this colony are as beacons in the desert and watch-towers for the shipwrecked mariner, the asylums of the distressed and the abodes of peace. These holy men are the first to extend and the last to withdraw the boon of charity and the right-hand of fellowship.”—vol. i. pp. 286, 289.

At St. Helena the author of course has a good deal to say of the departed Great. Strangers on landing always first inquire, “How far is it to Napoleon's Grave?” Of the weeping willows that are there growing every one has heard, about which, of course, it is impossible to add anything new. The remains of the warrior he says are secure enough. His coffin is doubly cased, and fixed by iron fastenings to the brick work of the vault which contains it. There is nothing new in what follows.

“ Longwood, once the celebrated residence of the Emperor, was in a very dilapidated condition at the time of the Chanticleer's visit to St. Helena, and afforded in itself a good lesson of the mutability of all human affairs. The rooms which he occupied, which were once the state apartments of the fallen Emperor, were then filled by cowherds; and the whole suite of them were converted into barns and stables! Longwood, once so celebrated, bears no vestige of its former splendour, and has sunk into complete neglect. On the walls may be seen numerous hieroglyphics, the sentimental effusions of its quondam visitors. Whether they are intended to do honour to their authors, or to laud the memory of its former occupant, I know not; but sportive vanity may possibly derive some gratification in associating its name with his, by scrawling a humble tribute of admiration on a wall. The new house at Longwood is a respectable but useless structure, and this is even hastening to decay. But the vale of Longwood affords some fishing and shooting to amateur sportsmen, and it boasts, besides, some show in agriculture.”—vol. i. pp. 361, 362.

We fancy that were even the coast round St. Helena calculated for sea-bathing, the gentry spoken of in the next extract would be rather rough customers to mingle with:—

“ The sea in the vicinity of St. Helena is celebrated as being infested with sharks. The whole family of sharks are found here; the blue shark, the dog shark, the hammer-headed shark, the cooper-headed shark, and the mackerel shark, all herd together, hungry for prey. They are awfully

voracious, and may be justly considered as the wolf or tiger of the deep.

“The stomach of this fish commences not far from the mouth, and extends nearly throughout his whole length; it is in fact an immense bag, and by its loose integuments admits of immense distension. The reader will probably consider this as a necessary prelude to his being informed that an instance of the voracity of this fish has been known here in the fact of an artilleryman, entire, and with his clothes on, being found in the belly of a large shark. Frequent instances of their attacks are known; only a few days before we arrived, a Newfoundland dog, that had jumped overboard to reach the shore, was bitten fairly into two parts by a shark, which having gulped down one half of the poor animal, in a few moments came and seized the other. A fisherman's boat was once obliged to take refuge alongside the *Chanticleer* to escape from the repeated attacks of a huge shark, which neither the blows they gave it with a spar, nor anything they did, could intimidate. The fact was, that there were some fish in the boat, which it was supposed had enticed him, as they were successively hauled out of the water by their lines.—vol. i. pp. 376, 377.

The next place which the *Chanticleer* touched at was Ascension, an island about twenty miles in circumference. Its situation with respect to the African coast renders it a most desirable place for the ships on that station to refit at, instead of Sierra Leone. No one, says the author, that reflects on the dreadful mortality of the African clime, can do otherwise than sincerely wish that this purpose for Ascension may be fully verified. Whilst the *Chanticleer* was at St. Helena, the *Hecla* arrived from the Coast of Africa, having lost her Captain, and so many of her officers and crew, that she was almost unmanned; she was literally a floating sepulchre, from the effects of the clime she had left. But unless as a port to refit in, Ascension is described as a most dreary and uninviting place, one of the most abject dependencies on the bounty and resources of Great Britain. It is, however, a singularly healthy spot, which is enough to confer a character of rare excellence in those distant parts as regards the estimation of the British. It is in the heart of the south east trade wind, in the midst of the ocean, with the driest soil in the world, and the total exclusive of anything like swamp or marsh, whilst the absence of all vegetation frees it from any taint or impurity. The average fall of rain throughout the year, although the seasons are extremely variable, is very limited, which adds greatly to the natural disadvantages of the island; still, according to the author's statement it has its beauties, and blessings, as the following warm and poetic effusion describes:—

“The weather at Ascension may be considered as too fine; it is far too hot for the enjoyment of any exercise during the day, which is passed by many there in listless idleness. The day-break, as is always the case in equatorial regions, is short, the sun bursts forth suddenly in unclouded splendour; his heat becomes oppressive in the early part of the morning, when there is generally but little wind to counteract his rays; his force throughout the day keeps the thermometer from 84 to 90 deg. in the

shade; and the walk over the heated and rugged surface of the island, where not a solitary flower blooms to waft 'its sweetness o'er the desert air,' and few or no traces of the most diminutive plants can be discerned; where not a rill of water is to be seen, and where no shady groves invite the wandering step: all this is far from enticing. But let us give Ascension its due. Although the heat at times comes with puffs as hot as the sirocco, it is tempered by a delightful sea-breeze. Towards the evening, when the sun's heat is endurable, a person may ramble out, and catch a view of his beauties as he departs—one of my most delightful occupations while the Chanticleer was at Ascension. It is impossible to describe fully all the beauties of the setting sun; and to come at all near it would require greater powers of imagery than mine.

"A bank of clouds generally increases the effect, their tints and hues varying as the sun descends beyond them, while they frequently resemble distant mountains lit up with his ruby beams. If the horizon is clear, he sets in all his splendour; and, as he dips beneath the distant horizon, the whole western skies glow with the radiance of his golden beams. Suddenly, he disappears; twilight quickly fades away as he sinks, and darkness hastens on apace. But night comes with peculiar charms: where the day has no beauties to display in the land, the darkness veils its nakedness: all is serenity, save the murmur of the distant waves, or the twittering shriek of some wandering sea-fowl. Not a cloud is seen to stain the purity of the firmament above, which, as a glassy sea of azure, is studded with its glorious host of clustering stars, shining with peculiar lustre. The night at Ascension is the most delightful time of the whole twenty-four hours. It is in the still serene hour of night at Ascension, where neither dew nor chilly vapour falls to check the full enjoyment of it, that groups of its inhabitants are seated in social converse beneath the canopy of heaven, or dwelling on the thought of friends far away; of England, home and love, whose magic spell still holds the captive heart, although on a distant foreign strand. Each is eloquent in his cause, while some relate heroic tales of honours dearly won, or ill-requited service."—vol. ii. pp. 4—6.

Fernando Noronha, which consists of three and distinct principal islands, one of which takes the distinguishing name assigned to the whole, the others being considered mere appendages, was the place next resorted to by Captain Foster. Our author's enthusiasm finds occasion here again for utterance, which with other symptoms and evidence impresses us strongly with the idea, that he is an amiable, kind, yea even a soft hearted man, though anything but a genius. He must, without doubt, be a drawing-room favourite, and known by the name of the good Mr. Webster.

"On arriving at Fernando Noronha, after tarrying so long at Ascension, we were enchanted by the beautiful scenery it presented. The shore is scooped out by divers inlets, and embossed by green promontories, which are connected by circling branches, where the rippling waves chase each other over the silvery sands, and bathe the flowrets of the skirting woods. A fresh, luxuriant verdure crowns the summits of the hills, blending its soft hue with the general contour of the island. A richness and variety of vegetation is seen everywhere, excepting on a colossal pyramid of naked rock, which, rising from the bosom of a grove, stands erect in barren rug-

gedness, towering majestically over the smiling and fruitful scenes around. It is a gigantic block, the summit being eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is an excellent mark for seamen; and when traversing the woody dales of the island, may be seen through the breaks or above the summits of the trees, presenting a monument of grandeur and sublimity on which the eye might rest without satiety.

"The scenery of Fernando Noronha throughout is all fertility and beauty. There are no romantic hills and dales, but everything is on a moderate scale and pleasing to the eye. The vegetation is that of a thickly wooded grove rather than that of the dense forest, for it admits of a walk even through its most shaded parts. There is an inland lake in the island, and one or two trifling brooks, but no permanent streams of any importance. In the wet seasons the island is one continued swamp and bog; while in the summer it is dry and arid, and occasionally altogether deficient of water. The soil is a fine rich loam of a considerable depth, and has a reddish tinge. There is upland pasture for sheep and rich plains for cultivation, besides little fairy vales, blooming in all the beauty of verdure. The sandy beaches in the tranquil bays are sweetly picturesque, especially at evening's sober hours; the sand is as smooth as a well-rolled path, and the gentle ripple of the waves scarcely disturbs the tranquillity which reigns around."—vol. ii. pp. 15—17.

The distinguishing feature in the vegetation is the abundance of climbing plants which block up the woods, and form a thicket, in many parts, of impenetrable brush-wood. These parasites repay the aid they borrow by conferring a temporary elegance, first encumbering the trees and finally destroying them. "What a beautiful simile," says the gentle author, "does this afford to man, when he blindly yields himself to the dazzling but dangerous pleasures of life, which although they afford a temporary enjoyment, please but to lead to premature age, and finally bring him to an untimely end!" Such is in the author's most vigorous and characteristic vein, by which it may be learned that he is a safe, amiable, and simple writer, dealing in any thing but what we should suppose would be the observations of an original, powerful, and speculative man, who had new and strange materials to work upon. The inhabitants of Fernando Noronha, though descendants of the Portuguese of the fifteenth century, are strangers to improvements, one art alone appearing to be well understood by them, and that is the rearing of capons, which strut about often with a large brood of chickens under their care, hatched by them.

Maranham, in South America, was next repaired to by the Chanticleer, being the St. Louis de Maranham of the French, and the St. Louis, by which name we generally call it. On the customs of the people, their whims and oddities, the author is entertaining and liberal. There is much formality and finery amongst them in manners and dress. To be styled "Your Worship," in ordinary conversation, is an insignificant title, and any person of decent reputation receives the salutation of "Your Excellency" or "Your Highness."

"The state of society in Maranham was such as to impress me with no high idea of their comfort; there was a total absence of the little comforts and conveniences of life. At all parties and feasts, or more especially private dinners, the dessert alone is considered as being under the lady's particular superintendence. On this account they are often splendid, the lady displaying her taste in the most beautiful manner. I remember seeing a dessert at a gentleman's table at Maranham superior to anything I have ever heard or read of. There is no education among the people; a total want of police, a flagrant disregard of justice, Maranham being the place of all others where the foulest murders pass unnoticed; and yet there is great integrity among the commercial classes, and perhaps better qualities among them than a superficial acquaintance can discern."—vol. ii. pp. 41, 42.

Our author visited a convent in Maranham, with all the anticipatory ideas of a novice. He found the Lady Superior a most benign and cheerful looking personage, without that moroseness which might be expected of one of her class. But of the inmates generally, let him speak at length—

"Being desirous of seeing as much of the establishment as was permitted, we were conducted by our female monk to the inner room, in which were several inmates of the convent. I had pictured to myself a great deal, and expected a treat in contemplating the beautiful features and fairy forms of nuns, whose lovely and beauteous persons have been exalted into those of angels by many a lovesick swain; but, alas! I had no sooner entered the room than all my poetic visions vanished in an instant. The first specimen of a nun that my eyes met was no Madonna, whose placid and lovely countenance would inspire one with homage and respect for her calling, nor yet a perfect Venus, attired in the habit of one; but a great fat, unwieldy female, on the advance of forty, a woman of a gross habit and still grosser manners, one on whom retirement had produced no beneficial effect in the shape of refinement, humility, or modesty of deportment. She was lounging and swinging in a hammock, and seemed not to heed our entrance, although her position might have been improved on the score of decency. What was still worse, she squinted, and her large blue eyes were wandering after each other at a respectable distance about the room; while, to complete the picture, she appeared to be labouring under a temporary paralysis of the muscles of the face, by which it was distorted so as by no means to contribute to her beauty. Many of her companions were sickly-looking creatures, with pale and wan cheeks, and lustre-lacking eyes; others, however, were more gay and lively; and the sounds of a distant lute and voices, like those of persons dancing, raised my hopes that I had as yet only seen the dark side of the picture, and that all I had expected might yet be realized within the convent. But vain is the hope of man—I saw no beauties—I could meet with no Venuses as we were saluted by the frolicsome damsels; no overpowering charms, no Heloise, and nothing more than a group of ordinary faces, some young and others old. But I had seen enough to convince me that mirth and gaiety are not banished from a convent, nor is all silent sorrow within the precincts of walls that are guarded by bolts and bars.

"The convent contained altogether about one hundred and twenty persons, of whom the young were there for the purpose of being educated, and the old had resorted to it as an asylum for retirement and support. Married ladies are admitted into it in the absence of their lords, and sometimes placed there for security; but the restraints are not very great nor are the barriers impassable, for here, as elsewhere, 'love laughs at locksmiths.' I observed a great number of black slaves as attendants, and was pleased to find that their outward condition appeared better than in most other places. As I left the place, I could not help thinking that it appears a mockery of common sense to suppose that religion can only be immured within the walls of a convent, or that virtue can only grow up in the shades of retirement. To withdraw from the world is a voluntary confession of weakness, a want of courage to withstand its allurements, and at once to resign the conflict at the expense of liberty. At best I thought it but a squeamish and sentimental love of the abstract principle of virtue. The establishment I had seen supported itself, and is therefore open to no objection from the economists. Needle-work is taken in there, and artificial flowers, lace, and preserves, are made by the nuns."—vol. ii. pp. 46—49.

The church and the clergy at Maranham have fallen into great disrepute. The author, one evening, saw an afterpiece at the theatre, that met with great applause, called the "Horrors of the Inquisition." But the downfall of priestly power has not induced any thing like true religion. The slave-trade flourishes here in all its horrid vigour. We like to hear the author bearing testimony to the frantic cheer and the shout of triumph that burst from the hold of a slaver, when, after an obstinate resistance, she is captured by a British cruiser. But here is a particular circumstance connected with slavery in Maranham, that cannot be without its evil fruits.

"In every house which I visited in Maranham (and I had an extensive acquaintance), I was shocked at the indecent exposure of their persons; the little pot-bellied urchins were running about naked, and the shameless nudity of the adults mingling intimately with the sons and daughters of the household, must inevitably impair that delicacy of sentiment which is the chief ornament of the female sex. But the general tendency of slavery in the negro is to harden the heart, to extinguish all sense of justice, and to encourage the most unbounded licentiousness."—vol. ii. pp. 57, 58.

The slave-trade, says the writer, though abolished by treaty, is continued by stratagem, and it is argued in the Brazils, that it is absolutely necessary to import a fresh cargo of physical strength, to counteract and keep down the incorporated mass, that might be disposed to rise and act a dangerous part; for of the population of Maranham, estimated at seventeen thousand, the greater proportion consists of African slaves; then, what a condition of fear must the free be in! and must not every addition to the number of the enslaved aggravate the danger?

The city of Para which stands on the right bank of the river Amarson, as described by the author, does not afford much worthy

of notice. Its public institutions for the advancement of education are lamentably few. It does not boast one bookseller's shop. The females especially are extremely ignorant, those of the most respectable rank being often unable to read. We are carried on by the author to the island of Trinidad and the town of Port Spain, and are pleased to find him returning whenever occasion offers to denounce slavery, even under its most favourable forms.

“ I was repeatedly requested to notice the happy condition of the slaves, and was repeatedly asked, where is their wretchedness? But I saw no such happy state realized; on the contrary, the temper in which the services of the slaves were commanded by the masters, fully convinced me that happiness was not their lot. ‘Why, our slaves issue their invitations on embossed cards,’ we were repeatedly told with exultation. ‘It is thus that they give notice of their balls and parties; what better proof could you have even of their refinement in happiness?’ But this is a fallacious argument, and one that may be turned against those who offer it. For my part, I look on it in its real light, that those slaves are the more capable of receiving civilization; that they are not so destitute of a sense of propriety as supposed by some, and are desirous of imitating the superior forms of civilized life, which they see practised by Europeans; in fact, that they thus evince a natural sense of manners and customs, to which their own are so far inferior, and a desire to follow them. Such a mode of proceeding I augur well from, and instead of accepting it as a reason that their slavery should be perpetuated, in my opinion it bespeaks them to be more worthy of their liberty. Such arguments betray the weakness of the cause equally as much as those which adduce the revelry of cyprians and libertines as the proofs of happiness. But what else can we expect from slave-holders against emancipation, whose judgments are biassed by self-interest, and debased by the ill-effects of habitual cruelty?”—vol. ii. pp. 100, 101.

The colony of Port Spain is greatly indebted, according to our author's information, to the late Sir Ralph Woodford, for its present improved condition. But he was, as governor, sometimes arbitrary and abrupt.

“ It is said of him that he once gave an instance of this which has never been forgotten, and I am not surprised at it, for it broke through a very ridiculous custom. It was the general practice for the ladies after childbirth to be churched in their maiden names. On one of these occasions, whether accidentally or purposely I do not know, Sir Ralph was present. The clergyman in the usual course of the service, said, ‘Miss Mary Ann Colton begs to return thanks for her safe deliverance in childbirth.’ ‘What's that?’ said Sir Ralph, rising before the whole congregation. The clergyman repeated the sentence. ‘Pooh, Pooh!’ said the governor, ‘let us have no more of that nonsense.’ The hint was taken, and the custom of churching the ladies as misses in their maiden names was dropped for their more homely ones as matrons; but I am not certain whether the officiating clergyman was not the greatest loser by the change, for to ensure the delightful sounds of the maiden name being pronounced in the ears of the congregation a *douceur* of a doubloon was the usual reward.”—vol. ii. p. 105.

Porto Bello, another place at which the Chanticleer sailed to, consists of a few miserable-looking huts. The harbour is quiet and rural. The boughs, bending beneath their foliage, overhang the very rocks on the shore of the harbour, affording a shade which is taken advantage of by groups of pelicans. Not a vessel, not even a coasting schooner, nor a solitary boat was to be seen. So mean and insignificant is now the once famous and celebrated Porto Bello! The desolation that reigns amongst the once respectable buildings is described as most complete. The noble flights of stairs found in some of the ruins were propped up with stakes, the spacious rooms were unsafe to tread, the walls were moss-grown, and the large bell of the castle lay rusting in neglect. The churches were hastening to ruin, and the streets were the resort of frogs and toads. There is still a governor in this desolate place. He was ill, and visited by the author, who never, in all his practice, found more abject poverty and wretchedness than in this functionary's abode and person. So much for the republic of Columbia! There is an affecting moral to be deduced from the following statement.

"Filthy and indolent as the people of Porto Bello are in their habits, and notwithstanding all the poverty and distress we have mentioned, the remains of departed wealth may be seen among them, for in the dress of the poorest there is a mixture of rags and tinsel. Flounced gowns and gold chains are associated with the meanest habiliments, and, with the assistance of a superb tortoise-shell comb, only served to render them more conspicuous.

"In their miserable dwellings, here and there may be seen a silver cup or a rich china goblet, and the former generally so dirty as to lead any one, not knowing the contrary, to suppose that it was pewter. It is not, however, likely that they should pay more attention to this part of their household furniture, and it must not therefore be supposed as exempt from their antipathy to cleanliness.

"I believe the Spaniards of this part of the world hold us in derision for taking the pains we do to keep our silver articles clean by washing and rubbing, asserting that they would not think of wasting theirs in such a manner. It may be good economy, but it is at the expense of all decency and comfort, and I strongly suspect that such reasoning is a mere cloak for their idleness."—vol. ii. pp. 133—135.

These poor but vain people have balls. The author was present at one of them, and found that he had underrated them with respect to their dresses, and perhaps in point of cleanliness. He found himself surrounded by white flounced garments, white satin shoes, and silk stockings, as also a variety of trinkets. The little money they possess is, according to the author, derived from turtle-catching.

"This employment commences on the coast in January, and is continued through February, March, and April, from which they obtain great quantities of tortoise-shell. Each turtle yields two or three pounds of shell, which is sold at eight dollars per pound. A canoe, with only two or three men in it, is considered to have made a good season's work, if they bring home eighteen or twenty turtles, from which they realize sixty

or seventy pounds sterling. Herein, then, lies their riches, the source of all their wealth, for they have nothing else to dispose of excepting some old silver relic saved from the wreck of former grandeur. But their necessities are amply supplied by nature. The calabash is invariably their bowl, and smaller parts of it are very ingeniously fashioned into spoons and drinking cups; the sea-fan serves them for a sieve; the cloth-like leaf of the palm makes a good strainer for liquids, as well as a good net in which to boil their vegetables; the cocoanut is their substitute for milk and butter, and the strong prickly stem of a tree serves to grate this principal article of their food; and the woods supply strong fibrous creepers wherewith to form the cables for their canoes. And because all this is found them, and the productions of the ground are spontaneous and require no labour, they must needs pass their time in gambling and cock-fighting—the two chief amusements of Porto Bello! O, man, thou art indeed fallen! But they all seemed very happy; and I doubt whether an amelioration of their present condition would tend to improve their happiness. This commodity appears sometimes to be formed of very simple ingredients; at others it is a complicated system of refinement, eluding our grasp in proportion as the number of its component parts are more or less numerous. What a magnificent proof have we here of the wise and beneficent intentions of Providence! How little completes the measure of happiness to some; to others how hopeless to attempt such an undertaking! Some can reap all they require in a scanty field; others cannot find sufficient in any one, be it ever so extensive—ever so full of gifts—something more is always wanted.”—*vol. ii. pp. 139, 140.*

Yet Porto-Bello in former times was the spot, as Robertson says, where the wealth of America was exchanged for the manufactures of Europe. It was once the treasury of the old and new world, and, in the words of the author, bars of silver and ingots of gold were piled in the streets, without fear or anxiety for their safety. The most pleasant circumstance related by him of the place now, is, that the diffusion of education is so considerable that the children of all the negroes can read and generally write. The object which Captain Foster had particularly in view, in visiting Porto Bello, was, if possible, to measure the difference of longitude across the isthmus of Darien, by means of rockets. We do not follow the author in his account of what was done in this particular enterprise, which was on a magnificent scale, and calculated, if once correctly concluded, to enable any one hereafter to connect the two oceans, by knowing exactly the meridian distance between two points on either shore. We hasten on merely to notice one or two circumstances narrated, and then must close the work. They are of a melancholy nature.

Captain Foster, in order to forward the operations, determined on crossing the isthmus, as some previous exertions had failed in the attempts made by the firing of rockets: for they had not been seen by the Chanticleer at the station she had chosen for watching

them. By placing parties at different points, he hoped to accomplish his purpose. He was cheerful and gay; but gave the author his keys, with some other instructions, saying, "It is right to make preparations like these." The observations went on prosperously; Captain Foster returned across the isthmus again, and was descending the river Chagres to gain his vessel, which was ordered to be under sail.

"The party embarked about nine in the morning, and proceeded down the river; their thoughts and conversation, as they passed the different reaches, enjoying the scenery around them, being turned principally on the speedy termination of their voyage, and on returning soon to those friends they had left at home. Such was the pleasing occupation of their minds as the canoe glided down the river, Captain Forster having, besides, the additional satisfaction of knowing that he had secured the object of his visit.

"About five in the afternoon, the canoe having just passed a rapid, Captain Foster suddenly rose up from the party, saying he would go and see what the man abaft was about. They were reclining beneath the awning of the canoe, in conversation, as Captain Foster crept out at the after part of it. Being outside of it, with his feet resting on the gunwale, he incautiously seated himself on the awning, which had no sooner received his weight than it gave way, and he was precipitated into the river. The noise of his fall was heard, and Mr. Fox and his coxswain, Peter Veitch, instantly plunged after him. But their noble efforts were of no avail. The current swept the canoe rapidly away from the spot where the accident had occurred, and before she could be turned round to regain it, Captain Foster was seen sinking with uplifted hands, to rise no more! Thus perished our unfortunate commander."—vol. i. pp. 190, 191.

"Having paid the last duties to her late commander, the *Chanticleer* sailed from Chagres on the 11th of February for Porto Bello, for the purpose of getting observations for the chronometers. From this place she finally sailed on the 13th following, and after getting the same observations off the east end of Jamaica, Cuba, Crooked Island, Bermuda, and St. Michaels, arrived at Falmouth on the 17th of May, 1631, and was paid off at Sheerness on the 9th of June following.

"A voyage of more than three years was thus completed with no other loss than that just related. After having traversed the most boisterous seas, and sojourned in every clime from the equator to the pole, some the most deleterious on the face of the globe, without losing a man by sickness, it behoves me to reflect with grateful feelings on the event, and to record my gratitude to a Divine Providence for so many and great mercies."—vol. ii. p. 208.

As we have before stated, the results of the *Chanticleer's* voyage has been given in the appendix, taken from the reports of scientific men upon Captain Foster's observations. But of this part we only repeat, that these observations have enlarged the data, and no doubt, will finally be considerable helps to the establishment of most important scientific facts. Still the author of the narrative we have been extracting abundantly, had no hand in the matter of the

appendix, and, therefore, we view his work separately. And here we must speak more strongly and sweepingly than at the first glance of these volumes seemed necessary. We must declare, that though the work be written in a pleasant style, and with an amiable spirit, we never met with a more striking specimen of filling up by thread-bare accounts, and spinning out of slender and limited ideas, facts, or topics. It is curious how very differently men of different powers will handle the same things. Nay, it is wonderful that over such a field as that traversed by the author, no new thing could be seen or found by him. We are sure that our extracts are among the best parts of the work, and who can detect in them anything more novel or valuable than what the most ordinary observer among travellers could string together for an unlimited time. At the rate which these volumes exhibit, the marvel is, not how the writer managed to fill them, but that he did not trouble the printer and binder with thrice as many. Truly the amiable surgeon is the lightest ballasted voyager we have ever met.

ART. XI.—*Tynley Hall*. By THOMAS HOOD. 3 vols. London: A. H. Baily and Co., 1834.

WHAT does it take to make a good novel? We pretend not to answer the question; if we could, it would require much more time and space than we can afford. But were it put thus—"When do you call a novel good?" the shortest and best reply would be—"When from the first page to the last our interest is not only kept up, but even increasing, till its intensity is such, that we feel ourselves identified with the characters, and so absorbed in the story, that its denouement finds us weeping or exulting with them." To accomplish all this, great artifice is required, though there are many whose talent at story-telling is so simple, yet excursive, that art and labour are invisible; and though romantic and marvellous incidents be introduced, this is done with such judgment, that the excited imagination naturally accepts of them as probable, descriptive, and helping forward with the progress of the plot. How very few do we meet with in society who can even engage our interest for a short space, when they take upon themselves to rivet an audience with some affecting or laughable anecdote! Some greatly fail by beginning at a wrong point; probably by advertising the listeners that they are to hear the strangest, the saddest, or the funniest thing that ever happened. Others, after a good beginning, want strength to carry on, or reach higher, and drop away like a knotless thread. And yet no one can well say where the failure commenced, or what it consists in. Others are notable at short sayings and brilliant hits, that cannot so join them as to exhibit a continuous effort of any merit.

It is well known that the author whose novel is now before us, is endowed with a rare talent. His short and sparkling pieces

have made the world laugh, whilst many of them carried a moral of tender or noble point. In every chapter, nay, every page of Tylney Hall, something of the same order is to be found. The work in that respect contains as many good things as might flavour a score of novels. There are other beauties and pearls scattered throughout the whole. There are noble sentiments, there are splendid passages, in so far as regards writing; there are frequently the most touching and virtuous lessons taught by a ludicrous incident or reckless speaker. In some parts we have felt the home-thrust of a sentiment that was borne by what seemed an unconscious pun. Yet, in our estimation, Tylney Hall is a poor novel. At least one thing is certain, that we have been fatigued, and never beguiled during our perusal of it. At any one part of the three volumes it cost no effort or reluctance to lay the tale aside; which, according to our theory, destroys the character of the work at once as a novel. If such an effort engage not the deep interest of the reader, what is it good for? Nothing else can make a fiction passable or valuable. The moment we yawn over it, or are careless about it, the employment to us is worse than wasting time by doing no good: it is positively evil conduct; for we are thereby deadening the sensibilities and conning what has lost to us all dramatic truth, only presenting a field of palpable falsehoods. We hold that fiction is only useful in so far as it engages the mind by seeming a representation of the truth.

Now, Tylney Hall has never once virtuously *thus deceived* us. We venture to say it is not calculated to beguile any one. There may be minds, fashioned like that of Mr. Hood, capable of only seeing objects in an unusual attitude or light. We have known persons that only detected something most ludicrous when we saw nothing but what was lachrimose. But we venture to predict, that the majority of mankind do not look as the author does; otherwise, how is it that the tales and romances that have been hitherto most popular, are of such a different construction to this?

We profess our incapacity to tell all that is necessary in the composition of a good novel; but still it is not difficult to point out much that is faulty in Tylney Hall. For instance, Mr. Hood seems unequal to the management of an intricate or extended plot. All his most effective passages and ideas are isolated; we never feel that they hang together, or help one another forward. They sparkle, but are dead before we see the next flash. Again, his peculiar talent at punning upon words, associating ideas or events ludicrously, and playing continually at the work of the Comic Annual, mars the fancy of the reader, cools him as fast as he warms; it may be, throws him into a laugh where it is necessary that some other sympathy should be uppermost, thus destroying the whole illusion of the tale, or the power of the moral principally contemplated. A few specimens may here be given; we need not travel far for them. The first is the description of a country inn.

"Over a side-door, leading to a diminutive yard, appeared a notification of good entertainment for man and horse, with a hint of a neat post-chaise, whose post was almost a sinecure: for though Jonas kept a pair of horses for hire, they were seldom let out, except to grass. By way of sign, three Chinese pigs, with long ears, would have puzzled a zoologist, but for the superscription of "the Rabbits;" while a writing underneath informed the reader that there was an ordinary every day at one, although historically such a circumstance was extraordinary; and an addendum expressed, that this establishment was kept by—for it did not keep—one Jonas Hanway, late coachman to Sir Theodore Bowles. Honest Jonas had lived so steadily and soberly all his life, that he could afford to keep up the trade of making others unsteady and unsober; however, in obedience to his natural bent, he took the most retired public house he could find; and instead of 'a fine stroke of business in a desirable low hard-drinking neighbourhood,' according to advertisement, was the proprietor of the snug genteel concern of the Rabbits, doing no butts a week."—vol. i. pp. 2, 3.

"Mrs. Hanway, on the contrary, as an Irishman would say, seemed born a landlady, and the very worst of her faults, when tried at the bar, appeared of advantage to her character. Technically speaking, her temper was a little *pricked*, but its tartness proved of essential service to a mistress who had commonly to control a termagant cook and an obstreperous pot-boy. Besides, the temper of her husband, which was really drawn a little too mild, acted admirably as a counterpoise, or, as he used to express it himself, they made excellent 'half and half.'"—vol. i. p. 5.

Here is part of a dialogue, and part of a description of a scene between an angry mistress and an insolent maid-servant. There has been, but a few minutes before, a death in the house. "Can I believe my ears," said the mistress to her domestic. "Can I believe my own senses! To dare to rejoice over a fellow-creature's departure, and the corpse in the very house. I wonder, hussey, your own latter end did not fly in your face!" After a deal more in the same style, we have a most Hood-like play of wit. The maid lets fall some well-filled dishes, which roused the landlady, for she was not a woman to bear with wanton breakage. "In fact the Tartar, as of old, began to rise on the ruin of China."

Improbability and extravagance characterise the incidents and descriptions throughout. The truth is, the whole appears a caricature, instead of a happy picture of life. This is the fault and the talent prominent in the novel. Take the following as an example: we might quote passages in abundance more to our purpose, but this one suits on account of its brevity. The speakers have been alarmed at the sight of a black servant, whom they supposed was the devil. Their screams bring their master and others to the scene of fear.

"'I'll take my gospel oath on it,' asseverated the laundress, 'on my own bended knees—with two horns and a tail—and as soot-black as the chimbley back. One thing I'm sure on,' she added sobbing, 'he's none o' my raising. God forgive me for sayin so, but I don't know my prayers well enough to say 'em back'ards. As for sin and wickedness, except lookin in on a cousin or so on Sundays, instead of going to church, or may

be the vally of a pint of strong ale, or being a little charitable with the torn linen, or on a chance time lending the master's shirts to be dirtied out by the footman—'

" ' Or obliging a poor man's pig with a little skim milk,' whimpered Peggy, ' or a lone widow's hen with a sitting o' eggs—the Lord be near us if we're to go to the pit for such as that! '

" ' I'm sure I don't know why he should come to *hau*,' blubbered the laundress, ' any more nor the cook and butler. ' "—vol. i. pp. 110, 111.

How very likely and descriptive is all this!

There never was a Scotchwoman who talked in anywise resembling Mr. Hood's Tibbie. The passage below is meant to illustrate how much she is scandalized by the wastefulness of an English baronet's household, and thus she is made to express herself.

" ' And for my part,' answered Tibbie, ' I'll no neglect ony thing to haud the gear thegither. As for the In-whupper, I'm thinking I'll mak him as gleg's a gled to sup crowdy; wi' a taste o' a sown cog at an owa time! But, O mem; would it not be a Providential thing, and I'm sure it's my daily peteetion til the Throne of Grace, that He wad send down they hydrophoby amang they wastfu' tykes, and gar ilk ane devoor his neebour, by way o' sunkets? But the dowgs are naething! There's thretty naigs for the tod-hunting, for I countit them mysel—mair bi' token, I never saw sae mony horses thegither but ance, when the cavalry were pitting down the meal-mob at Dundee. I'm tauld butcher, meat is at tenpence the pund—but, O mem, what maun be the price o' tod's-flesh, grantin it never cam intil an ashet, het or cauld? "—vol. i. pp. 195, 196.

This leads us to notice, without urging a single remonstrance respecting the flagrant breach of decency, to say no more of it, the frequency with which certain sacred words and subjects are introduced in this fabulous improbable tale. There is something shocking in the following alliance and play of phraseology.

" ' In the name of God, wench,' said the Baronet, seizing the dairy-maid by the arm, ' what game's afoot to raise such a view hallo? ' but before she could compose a sentence, fear distributed it all into pie, as a printer would say, by shaking every word and syllable from each other.

" ' In the name of the devil,' cried Twigg, carefully imitating the Baronet's movements, by seizing the arm of the laundress, ' what's the meaning of this rumpus? ' "—vol. i. p. 109.

We have not discovered anything like an original character in the noval, unless Joe Spiller and the asthmatic Mrs. Deborah, whose singularity alone belongs to the manner in which she makes havoc of the parts of a sentence, or rather of all punctuation. To us this is very tiresome, and if original not worth copying. We do not intend saying much more about Tydney Hall, the idea of reading through the three volumes again, so as to furnish our reader with an outline of the story would be an infliction of real pain. As we dislike unfair dealing, particularly with sensitive men, such as authors are, and as we would rather cull beauties than blemishes,

our two longest extracts shall be what we think good; nor could there be any difficulty in greatly increasing their number. The first is part of the *preachment* of a warm-hearted old fox-hunting English baronet, to a youth who has just beheld his father breathe the last breath of mortal life.

“ ‘Come now,’ he said, ‘take heart a little, and consider what must be must. Your poor father is dead and gone, and now you must look up to me; if his run hasn’t been as long as some, he has, may be, been saved a deal of distress and struggling on his last legs, and which is better than seeing him wearing out by inches, and death having him in view all the time. For my own part it comforts me to think I have shook his last hands and closed his last eyes, and shall be able to see him go to earth as a Christian ought, in the old family vault, with his own kith and kin. It seems hard no doubt, to part company with those that are so dear to us, but it’s so with one and all, whatever their pedigrees; for if death didn’t draft off now and then out of all our breeds, the world would be overstocked: that’s the order of nature. Such being the case, we should meet our misfortunes like men, instead of taking on and being noisy and babbling in our griefs, as if that would head him back again, and which is quite impossible. To be always trying back with repinings after what is lost and gone, is nothing but running counter in the sight of the Almighty, and likely to bring punishment on our backs for such a course. To be sure, when my own sire died, I gave tongue just as you do, and said I could not live over it; and yet here I am, rising fifty-four if I’m a day, and able to ride up to any hounds in the kingdom. As I said before, we must all die some day or other, and in consequence either we must all lose our fathers or our fathers must lose us, and Providence has wisely ordained that they should generally go first.’ ”—vol. i. pp. 65, 66.

Our next extract is a delineation of a father and a daughter; the first part and the last two sentences, are extravagant, but the lady is fine, although highly finished, exhibiting proofs that the artist is a great labourer.

“ In figure he was very thin, very tall, and very erect, so that with his forbidding countenance at top, he might be aptly compared to a ‘take notice’ board, promising prosecution and persecution according to law to all trespassers on the wide domains of the statutes at large. On the Bench, indeed, he held himself so stiffly upright in person, and so staunchly inflexible in feeling that, as a waggish London attorney once remarked, ‘he seemed actually to have swallowed the sword of Justice.’

“ By the side of this portentous personage stood the fairly-like Grace, the sunshine transmuting her auburn locks into gold, and glistening in her gentle eyes, deeply blue and liquid, as violets bathed in dew. But rocks have their flowers, and deserts their fountains: and from the hard arid nature of the parent sprang a beautiful plant, so instinct with a gushing sympathy for human sorrow, as to resemble that weeping tree which refreshes the parched inhabitants of earth with the moisture it has collected from heaven. Too seldom was she allowed to intercede between justice and its victims; but when she did, she was like the angel in Sterne, who dropped a tear on the indictment, and blotted it out for ever. As the sole child of a widower, her voice had a charm, like the

music of Orpheus, to soften the rock and bend the rugged oak of her parent's nature, who now and then relented, like Pluto, and allowed a poor soul who had fallen into his Tartarus, to revisit the light and air. Many blessings were consequently showered on the beautiful head of Grace Rivers; and in particular, the fervent petition of a grateful Irishman who had been reprieved through her influence, became quite a popular form of prayer. 'Oh the darlint of the world. A joyful long life to her, and many of 'em. And plaze God to send his Honour another lady, and a dozen more only daughters!'"—vol. i. pp. 152—154.

We are sorry that Mr. Hood's sparkling, and, there is no doubt, long cogitated pages, should be so unsatisfactory: in short, such a complete failure, as we believe every impartial reader will declare them to be. He has done much to gain the world's favour heretofore, and in these volumes has expended, uselessly we think, a vast deal of talent. He has even laboured to insure that his readers should fully perceive the excellence of his effort, by striving, in an ingenious introduction, to put them into a proper train. But all will not do; people will vulgarly judge for themselves, and say, Tylney Hall is not good.

ART. XII.—*The Angler in Ireland; or, an Englishman's Ramble through Connaught and Munster, during the Summer of 1833.* 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley, 1834.

WE have not been sparing of our notices of works on the gentle art, in our journal of late; partly because angling is our own favourite pastime, and partly because its lovers are ever of that reflective character that they make their sport the handle and ground-work of general observation and discussion. It is on account of this more important feature that we enter upon a review of the present work; nor do we intend paying particular attention at all to its piscatory character. Indeed, were it not that, in this number of our periodical, we have been engaged on Mr. Inglis' Journey through many parts of the same country to which the volumes before us refer, it is more than probable that they never would have been perused by us. But we were curious to see how two writers might treat subjects that must often be alike or the same, especially as they have written at pretty nearly the same date of time, and wherein one may be a check upon the other; for two men to one subject presents just as valuable a scene and topic of contemplation, as two subjects to one man. We must say, however, that Mr. Inglis' work, of which we spoke highly, is seen to still greater advantage than we at first viewed it, when compared with the angler's, now about to be reviewed. For the former was the result of close and anxious inquiry; and although Ireland be such a problem, that no sojourner or stranger can, in a limited period, fathom and compass all its genius and erratic character, yet the impartiality of the au-

thor of the Journey, his diligence, his former habits, and the matter he has set down, furnish incontestible evidence that he has gone a considerable way towards the root of the matters that distract that unhappy country. But the Angler is as superficial, light, and skimming as the average of tourists; nor do we see that his work can be of farther use or interest than as a pleasant guide-book to certain quarters and scenes, and in some though not in any considerable degree as a treatise on fly-fishing. We like him, however, because he is, if not a skilful hand at the rod, an enthusiastic disciple, and therefore of the right sort of fellows. We now commence with him in the city of Dublin, in May, 1833, which he leaves without dwelling upon its oft described appearances and character, or striving to dip deeper, the great object of his visit to Ireland, as he says, being to explore its western coast, particularly Cunnemarra, and the county of Kerry, both of which he wished to examine thoroughly and leisurely. Circumstances, however, induced him to proceed first to Clonmel, which is about eighty miles distant from Dublin.

In the early part of the author's progress, he remarks, that the Irish peasantry look like a race of ready-made soldiers. He did not think them so broad-shouldered as the English, neither have they the usual stoop of our agricultural labourers. But they are taller in person, particularly well made in their lower limbs, and hold themselves up remarkably well. That they have not the English labourer's stoop may be accounted for, we presume, from one or both of two causes, the want of work or a disinclination to work. For the Angler says, that the men will not mend their cars or their harness, or any thing that belongs to them, till absolutely compelled. The roof and walls of their cabins are suffered to go to ruin, until their state forces them to patch their fabrics. We may add, that it has been sometimes averred, an Irishman will work better for others than for himself. The author continues, and maintains that Ireland is indeed a country of *expedients*: that the people seem never to think of putting proper things to their proper uses, at proper times; but then, when there is a necessity for it, their ingenuity in discovering an expedient, and remedying an evil from a most unlikely quarter, is incomparable. All this reads very well, the theory having been suggested by the Irishman's practice of making an old hat or petticoat, or it may be straw, do the duty of glass. Perhaps the number of stirring children, the small capacity of the cabins, and the scarcity of money, may each and all have a share in causing so many windows to exhibit deformity. "With all their privations and sufferings, however," he asks, "where shall we find so light-hearted, good-humoured, and kindly a race as the sons of green Erin, except only where agitating demagogues and priests have infused the poison of party politics and religious animosity into their too facile minds, and too open hearts." Such is a fair specimen of the author's pith. Our readers can judge of his

originality, and probably may be convinced with us, that the chief benefit to be derived from such pointless statements, is a conviction that he will, though willing, be unable to mislead any one on any point. With this guide to the Angler's discernment, we go forward with him on his tour, just observing, that so early, as well as frequently afterwards, he had occasion to hear the Coercion Bill almost universally spoken of as a most salutary measure.

The chief trade of Clonmel is in corn, we are here informed, the mills and many other public works there, as also in the counties of Waterford and Tipperary, being almost entirely in the hands of Quakers, who are a wealthy body in those parts; a proof that money may be acquired by industry and integrity even in Ireland. When arrived at Limerick, the Angler could not be excused, if he had neglected to say something of the celebrated hooks of O'Shaughnessy. But he is not such a soul-less patron of the "gentle art."

"After laying in a considerable stock of fishing implements and lore at this shop, I paid a visit to a person of the name of Glover, who now employs the identical O'Shaughnessy mentioned by Sir H. Davy; he is son to the old man above-mentioned, who has been dead fourteen or fifteen years. I had a long conversation with him, which was interesting, inasmuch as he may be considered a sort of piscatory classical character; but I was grieved to find that, with his father's skill in his business, he has also inherited the paternal fondness for whisky. He is, in fact, the best, or rather the worst, living example of a confirmed dram-drinker that I ever saw. Mind and memory seem almost entirely gone; although there are, at times, gleams of better things, which hint how far he has fallen below the character he ought to have maintained: indeed, as Mrs. Glover said, 'if he had had only common prudence, he might have kept his carriage!' He mixes the colours, &c., extremely well, and his hooks may be depended on for strength; but he does not, in general, now tie so neatly as he used. However, I frequently in my tour found his salmon flies much the most killing.

"The Limerick flies are almost always very gaudy, and have silk bodies; whereas those tied in Dublin are usually of mohair or fur, and much more sober in their colours, though still infinitely more showy than the Scotch salmon flies."—vol. i., pp. 35, 36.

We find the author, in the true spirit of his art, more than once frankly testifying that a large share of the delights experienced in his piscatory excursions in the sister kingdom, arose from the insight obtained of the people among whom he enjoyed himself, in all their unsophisticated nature. He declares, that he met not only with the utmost kindness, but that the strength of the country people's intelligence and goodness of heart was singular; whilst as companions they could not be surpassed. We must blame him, however, for the frequent use of a very *ugly* word which he applies to the Emerald Isle. For instance, he says, in passing through Clare to Carrofin, the country is particularly *ugly*. This is not like a brother of the rod and line; it is not like a correct English

scholar. But let that pass. In travelling this part of the country, his companions were very kind in pointing out the various objects of interest on the route. Thus—"Pray, whose house is that to our left?" "Oh, that is Mr. Synge's, whose servant was murdered, and himself so often shot at, two or three years ago." "Oh! and pray, whose is that, a mile or two further?" "Why, that is Mr. Blood's, who was so dreadfully murdered about the same time." "Oh! thank you!" rejoined our simple Angler; no doubt completely silenced. And we should like to know what Englishman's ear would not have been tingled at such information. The short dialogue conveys a frightful sermon.

"I soon, indeed, discovered that I was in the centre of the disturbed district. Within a mile on one side was the house of Mr. Blood, who was so barbarously murdered, chiefly through the means of his own servant; about the same distance on the other side lived the identical Terry Alts, who has given these midnight legislators the name by which they were usually distinguished. He was a quiet, inoffensive man; and the reason why he has supplied a lawless set of marauders so opposite to himself with their distinctive appellation is, that they used, more out of fun than malice, when executing any of their outrages, to cry out, 'Well done, Terry! well done, Terry Alts!'"—vol. i. pp. 65, 66.

At Galway, our angler encounters some severe trials of patience and temper, all belonging to his disappointments as a sportsman, which he describes at length. It is a good method for filling a volume, but by no means so happy as respects the fame of the writer, either as a man of the pen, or the rod and line. Here we must also take an opportunity of telling him that he injures much the progress of his details by the constant and unnecessary introduction of the pronoun *I*. Almost every other paragraph commences with this lank character, and so unceasingly does the mouth gape upon it, in reading, that for days to come we shall keep mute whenever forewarned that it is in our way, introducing in its place some other sign. At Galway, he says,—"*I* found four or five anglers on the wall before me, and was forced to imitate their example, by persisting to flog the few feet of water *I* had secured to myself, in the hope that some fresh-run fish might be induced to look at the well-dressed deceipts *I* kept playing in the stream as engagingly as *I* could. *I* rose one fish;" and so on from the beginning of the first volume to the end of the second. Not that we think the author a vain man; quite the reverse; he is as modest, simple, sensible and shallow as we ever met on fresh water; but it is a manner with him always to be *I*-ing, to prove his fidelity and accuracy of testimony, not at all called for either on the principles of truth or of the language he speaks.

Our angler is shockingly annoyed by a numerous supper party who met in an apartment only divided from his by a thin partition. He was fatigued, and had gone early to bed, to have a long and delightful sleep. He was just dropping into the arms of Morpheus.

“ And now the artillery of corks, and toasts, and fun, and wit, pealed louder and louder. I question not that the whole process of a drunken supper-party may be very edifying to those concerned therein: but, somehow or other, to an indifferent observer, who is perfectly sober, it does not appear to be altogether the noblest employment of rational beings. Neither does the wit elicited on these occasions seem to such involuntary listener entirely to deserve the excessive admiration with which it is received. Moreover, when this same sober listener has been up at three o'clock that morning, and been kept feverishly awake for several successive hours by this ‘wit,’ his imagination may very possibly suggest many places where he could wish his *entertainers* very comfortably quartered; and none of those places within a hundred miles of the spot they have chosen for their carousals.”—vol. i. pp. 77, 78.

The harmony of the party at length nearly issued in a duel, at which the author most praiseworthily levels a few reproofing sarcasms, but after all it was made up.

“ And of course the conclusion of peace could not be ratified without further libations, mixed with the most extravagant expressions of goodwill and good wishes, which sounded strangely at variance with what those same lips had so lately vented! This brought the *evening* on to near six o'clock in the morning; when fortunately some of the party were obliged to start by coach. They accordingly separated: and I soon after, for the first time, sank into a quiet doze, with the conviction, ‘Well, now I see I have at last really got into Ireland!’”—vol. i. pp. 79, 80.

We could venture an unequal wager that the author is a slender, white-faced, gentle young man, of exemplary piety and harmlessness, excepting in the one department of hooking and tormenting fresh water fish. Yet these are all seemly qualities for an angler, and descriptive of the character. The only other class of line and rod sportsmen, are of Kit North's stamp—ruddy-faced, brawny fellows, who drink hard, laugh loud, do whatever they are about with all their might, wade up to the armpits for hours together in lake or stream, if occasion call, in their favourite pastime; in each and every thing testifying the reckless freedom and splendour of triumphant genius; glorious even in their waywardness, more illustrious still in the discharge of public and private duties. Still we like our author well, and not the less, certainly, because he reveres the Sabbath. We are dissenters.

“ The morning after the scene I have described, being the Sabbath, I attended divine service at the cathedral, which is the only place of Protestant worship in this populous city: but seemingly it affords ample verge and room enough for all the inhabitants of that faith. It is a large building, kept in extremely bad repair, both internally and externally: and the very small congregation therein assembled appeared as nothing in the middle of its spacious but gloomy aisles. I thought the singing good, but was not fortunate in the minister whose turn it was to preach.

“ On walking through the streets afterwards, I was much grieved to see here, as elsewhere throughout the south and west of Ireland, how completely Sunday is made a day of merchandize: the streets were full of

country-people offering their vegetables, eggs, &c. for sale. As for the public-houses, one need not unfortunately go to Ireland to witness that profanation of the Sabbath."—vol. i. pp. 80, 81.

Our readers now may estimate pretty justly the capacity, the opinions, and tastes of our angler, and therefore we proceed at a more rapid rate with his tour. But ere going far, let us have a slight touch of his enthusiasm in the gentle art, which is true to the life. It had just been announced to him, as he reached the banks of the Costello river, which is at no great distance from Galway, that it was stocked with an abundance of white and sea-trout.

" 'Bravo!' thought I, as I screwed in my first joint the more rapidly 'And of what size are these white trout?'

" 'Och! maybe four pound, and five pound, and six pound; and some may be as much as seven pound.'

" 'Bravo, again!' and I screwed away faster and tighter, and ran my line like lightning through the rings. 'And now for flies—will these do?'

" 'Och! sure then your honour's got a power of fine flies! Them 'll all do. But I'm thinking if your honour had only got a grouse hackle and a jay. Ah! them two's as pretty a pair as could be fished with in this water. And what an illigant rod your honour has got! Is it from England she is? Och, sure then she's a fine rod, *God bless her!*'—an expression which I have on many other occasions heard most whimsically used.'—vol. i. p. 85.

On visiting the Caves of Cong, the well-known resort of "the white trout" of Irish legend, which has been veritably described by Crofton Croker, the author could receive no satisfactory account from the country people, whether such a fish does in reality exist there or not: and he remarks as follows:—

" Indeed, the great difficulty of obtaining any accurate information in Ireland, upon subjects of much greater importance than this; must have been experienced by every traveller. Where the Milesian has the slightest reason to imagine it may be for his interest to withhold the information sought, his ingenuity in warding off every inquiry is incomparable. But even where no such suspicion can possibly exist, and where the subject is completely within his observation and knowledge, it is too frequently next to impossible to gain precise and accurate information upon it, unless by a tedious process of cross-questioning and a comparison of the testimony of several informants. A ready, intelligent-sounding, and apparently satisfactory answer, you will most probably receive: but, if you depend upon it and act upon it, you will nine times out of ten find it erroneous. This I can only attribute to a general want of accuracy and clearness of perception in the Irish character. Indeed, poor Pat seems not only *not* to possess the organ of accuracy, (by whatever name Dr. Spurzheim distinguishes it,) but to have no wish of acquiring it, no regard for it either in himself or others; a disposition which, I fear, must tend equally to prevent an individual from succeeding in this work-a-day world, as well as a people from rising to the political importance and national greatness that they ought to enjoy."—vol. i. pp. 106, 107.

We are told in these volumes, that there are few objects that more forcibly strike a stranger in the interior of Ireland, than the ancient

burial places which are often met with in the wildest and most secluded spots, without the least remains of any religious edifice adjoining, and usually without the slightest fence to protect the graves from the incursions of cattle, &c., and yet that these simple cemeteries are still preferred by the Catholics to more modern places of sepulture. We think there is nothing in this but what is most consistent with many sympathies of humanity. The associations are different, but they are more simple, natural, and intense, when of the order he refers to, than if of that class connected with architectural antiquities, or all the pageantry, and artificial splendour that gold or human fancy can bestow. But here is something of the author's creed, religion, and politics.—

“ On Sunday I attended divine service at the cathedral church at Tuam. It is small, and devoid of any external pretension, except a fine old Saxon arch at the entrance, of the usual red sand-stone. But internally it is fitted up in a very neat, chaste manner; and it possesses a good organ. The Archbishop was present, a fine-looking old man; who, from his excellent character, his extensive charities, and zealous endeavours for the spiritual and temporal welfare of all around him, could not but be adored in any country but Ireland, where the poison of party enters even into religion.

“ We had a very long sermon of fifty-four minutes; as usual, *Ex tempore*: and alas! also, as usual, very evangelical. The same clergyman likewise read the service, which is seldom the case in Ireland; and, in doing so, totally omitted the prayers for the Lord Lieutenant, for the Parliament, and for the Queen; and also would not call his Majesty *our glorious or gracious*.

“ These omissions, I am sorry to say, I have often observed among the evangelical clergy of Ireland; but, thus to mutilate the appointed liturgy of the Church, of which he was a public minister, in the presence of his diocesan, was, I thought *un peu trop fort*.

“ As a most ardent, though most humble member of the Church of England, and sincerely convinced, not without much examination, that what are usually called the orthodox opinions, in opposition to Evangelical or Calvinistic tenets, are the real doctrines of that church, as well as the most consonant to Holy Scripture, it has given me great pain to remark, in those parts of Ireland where I have been, that a considerable majority of the most talented and most zealous young clergymen lean very perceptibly to Evangelicism, if not to Calvinism.”—vol. i. pp. 118, 114.

We fear the young gentleman is neither a deep theologian, nor a liberal politician: he is no doubt a thorough Conservative in church and state. He goes on to mention, that in his opinion Calvinism has retarded the spread of Protestantism in that country. It would have been satisfactory to a Calvinist had he deigned to explain either what the creed impugned amounts to, or differs from the thirty-nine articles. Calvinism, in all its strength and peculiarity, may be founded on those articles, and if the author wishes for evidence of this, supposing as we do, that he is incapable of fully understanding the subject for himself, we can and are willing to direct him to able writers and ornaments in his own church, who have

maintained and proved the matter to be as now stated by us. As to Ireland, Calvinism, not such as Bishop Tomlins or the angler may characterise the creed, has done more for the Protestant religion, if we count the numbers of professors, twice over, than the milk and water Christianity of the Armenian, fox-hunting, loose-living Churchmen of the Establishment: nay, what is far better, whoever is acquainted with Ireland, Scotland, and England, knows that the professors of a strict, or, if you will, of the Calvinistic creed, are as a body the best livers, the most charitable Christians, of any in society. Yet we are not what the angler may denominate Calvinists. We dislike such distinctive titles: it is illiberal, it is vulgar, for an elegant or tasteful angler to use them. It is a wonder he did not throw out some common-places about Methodism too. The truth is, that the downy doctors, or the moral essayists of the English Church have thrown a dullness or dryness over all the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, that leads one to think that our Saviour was only of value, as an example for the imitation of meek, well-meaning men. There have been, however, very many truly noble exceptions to this general character of English churchmen, and we believe they are on the increase. We might follow our angler in his narrow uninformed opinion about extempore preaching. Peremptory and universal rules on the subject are absurd. His views are contrary to what history eulogises, nay, to what a healthy, vigorous, and enlivened taste demands. Then his sneering at the Catholic Relief Bill, and the Catholic prelates, are so much of a piece with his silly angling feats, that for his own credit, he should never travel beyond his calling, unless it be to tell whose house is this, and what cathedral is that, as he saunters from stream to stream.

Our Angler theorises most unsatisfactorily about the motives of salmon in taking the artificial fly, and supposes that curiosity prompts them. We ask, does curiosity also tempt them to take bait, with which we ourselves have most successfully taken goodly fellows? But he is superficial in every thing, and really writes like a boarding-school miss. The most manly thing we have observed him to offer, is a correction of Christopher North's idea of a salmon-rod being top-jointed. But oh! if he saw the author of the Isle of Palms, up to the waist in the river Tweed, or by some caldron pool, like a monarch of the flood, at times casting the gossamer line with such a mastery of gentleness, that it falls as softly as a sigh, or lending it such a giant's *wap* as to throw the gorgeous fly across a river's breadth, and within a hand's breadth of the intended spot; he would not dare to measure line or language with the Scot.

At Galway our Angler experienced another bad night's rest; which, with other annoyances of a similar description, are recounted according to the most effeminate fretfulness. He had also some difficulty in getting a bank post-bill changed; and from this cir-

cumstance the delicate gentleman draws a sweeping commercial doctrine.

"It is not very pleasant to be kept for above half an hour, as I have been, kicking your heels at the banker's counter, with the character of a suspected swindler attached to you ; and to be subjected to the sort of cross-examination that takes place at the Old Bailey, before you can get your own money. But, infinitely beyond any personal annoyance, was I grieved with this specimen of the manner in which commercial transactions are embarrassed in this country. Nine-tenths of these transactions necessarily require more trust than was at all demanded in my case ; and until more confidence be shown between man and man, it is impossible that Ireland should become a great commercial nation."—vol. i. pp. 278, 279.

The introduction of a system of poor laws into Ireland, is at some length urged. We agree with the author as to the necessity of the measure, but see much difficulty as to its mode of application. Ireland is too much a problem for any superficial knowledge to fathom. Still, what we now extract is in the Angler's best manner.

"The more I reflect, and the better I become informed upon the subject, the more deeply am I convinced that the speedy introduction of some system of Poor Laws into Ireland is demanded by natural justice and humanity, as well as by national policy. I should lay it down as a fundamental axiom, that, in every country which has reached the degree of civilization we have, all classes, in return for their obedience to the laws, have a right to know that, *by law*, none who are willing to labour *can* starve, as long as there is a superfluity of food for the whole. This, I think all the members of a civilized community have a right to expect.

"But, the more I see of Ireland, the stronger is my conviction that this system of relief must not be a *parochial* one, as in England ; but either national, or county, or, at least, baronial. There is not the machinery requisite for its efficient administration in half the parishes in Ireland ; in very many of which the persons who should carry it into effect would be occasionally requiring relief from the parish-rates themselves, or would at least have near relatives in that situation. Or, if all such persons were excluded, the whole management of the funds would in many instances fall into the hands of one or two individuals—of an agent, for example. Any one acquainted with Ireland will readily understand to what a system of fraud, and favouritism, and jobbing, either of these alternatives would necessarily lead.

"Again, by adopting the baronial or county plan, the greater evil which attaches to the English system, namely the law of settlement and its consequent expenses, would at any rate be greatly diminished."—vol. i. pp. 285—287.

The author had an interview with O'Connell. We shall string together, out of a lengthened account of the Agitator, a few separate passages.

"From the concordant testimony of all whom I heard speak upon the subject, O'Connell is not only much looked up to, but also much beloved, in his own immediate neighbourhood ; but, in the rest of the country, and among the educated classes, he is regarded in the same

light that he is by at least four-fifths of *his own countrymen in the upper and middle ranks*, and by nearly all well-informed Englishmen and Scotchmen who are unbiassed by party. I think, from the opportunities of observation I have had, that the upper ranks of Catholics, and even a majority of the priests, have no real love for O'Connell, although they find it convenient and useful to act with him and to second him. There is, however, no doubt that the lower order of Catholics, almost to a man, esteem him as the guardian angel of their country and their religion; as identified, in fact, with Catholic Ireland.

"If, after the Catholic claims had been fully conceded, O'Connell had chosen to co-operate with the Government, and the well-disposed of all parties, in allaying animosities, and endeavouring to tranquillize the country, Ireland would at this time be the most improving portion of the British dominions. It has immense resources and capabilities, which only want capital to develop them. At the time I speak of, there was a redundancy of capital in England, which would have flowed into Ireland instead of into foreign lands, provided there had been a rational prospect of tranquillity in that distracted island."—vol. ii. pp. 116—118.

The name of Dan's house is Derrinane, though he himself calls it now Derrinane Abbey.

"It is an extensive pile, a most singular jumble of incongruous additions, part of it weather-slated, part of it aping the castellated style. I believe, though, that its accommodation within is much superior to its appearance without. There is some attempt at gardens and grounds immediately around it, but neither Nature nor western breezes have favoured the Liberator's improvements. In front is a boggy meadow; and beyond that a ridge of sand, which extends to the shore of the little bay. The situation is wild and secluded, and therefore strikingly in contrast with the busy scenes in which Mr. O'Connell is usually occupied.

"I rode round the house as near as I could without intruding, and while thus engaged was much surprised to see 'the great O' coming out to meet me. I must do him the justice to say that he accosted me with the politeness of a gentleman, and the hospitality of an Irishman, inviting me, in the kindest manner, as a stranger, to dine and sleep at his house. This invitation, however, I was reluctantly compelled to decline, partly from feeling my time to be very limited, but chiefly from the arrangements I had made respecting my car and baggage, which were waiting for me at Sneem. He repeated the invitation more than once, in a manner that both shewed he wished me to accept it, and also that he was not accustomed to be refused: but I obstinately withstood all his solicitations, much to my after regret; and thus lost an opportunity of seeing one of the most remarkable men of his time, under peculiarly favourable circumstances.

"I however gladly accepted his offer of refreshments, and accompanied him into the house. The drawing room, into which I was shewn, is a new and spacious apartment: the furniture was neat, but nothing more. There were on the walls a few moderate engravings; some that appeared to be Austrian: one of General Devereux; another of Healy Hutchinson; another of the Princess Charlotte. But the two to which he chiefly directed my attention were a pair of engravings, representing the principal Founders of the Catholic Association; in the centre of the one stands

himself, in the centre of the other, his only rival at these famous meetings, Richard Lalor Shillibee."—vol. ii. pp. 122—123.

The conversation, we are next told, here took a turn towards the different characters of each individual there portrayed, the portraits of himself, &c., during which, he referred with much self-complacency to the part he had played on the world's stage; but more as a matter of history than of politics.

"I thought it was his evident wish to make a favourable impression on the Saxon stranger; and in that he certainly succeeded to some extent. Kindness and attention, I trust, I shall always appreciate, from whatever quarter they may come; but, when received from a man like Mr. O'Connell, without the slightest claim to his notice, they naturally dispose the heart to feel more kindly towards him who shows them. My impression of his private character was therefore somewhat softened by this glimpse of his domestic manners; corroborated as it was, by the favourable accounts given me of him by his immediate neighbours of all ranks. But my opinion of his public conduct, of course, remained exactly the same as before our interview; or, if any thing, was only confirmed and strengthened.

"O'Connell has been called ambitious. He doubtless is, in some degree, *ambitious*; but I should say that he is infinitely more vain. Vanity, as far as I can judge, is the leading characteristic of his disposition; and self, in some shape or other, his great end and aim. I sincerely believe, that what most gratified him on obtaining the Catholic Relief Bill was not the relief it would afford Ireland, which he was much too shrewd not to know was one of words only for the great mass of his countrymen; but to be able to say, '*I did it.*' And I am equally convinced that much the same motive influences him in his present martyrdom of '*Repeal.*' He is infinitely too sagacious not to foresee that any such measure would inevitably cause the downfall of both countries. But its agitation at least serves to keep him in the public eye and mouth; which long habits of vanity have rendered necessary to his happiness; as likewise to supply a popular theme for the *Rent-box*, which appears the second object of his thoughts."—vol. ii. pp. 126—128.

There is no lack of confidence in all this, nor is there much of grateful feeling, when we reflect on Dan's hospitality to our Angler. On account of the magnitude of the themes, not the value of the cradities here thrown out, we extract a little more, on subjects closely connected with O'Connell's name.

"The Repeal of the Union, if effected at all, must be effected by the Democracy; and the first measure, after establishing a democratical native legislature in Dublin, would be the seizure of all church property, and the transferring more or less of it to the Roman Catholic priesthood; the second would be the confiscation of all estates belonging to Absentees, accompanied or followed by the resumption of all the forfeited lands.

"It is impossible not to see that a large portion of the Protestants of Ireland consider themselves unjustly treated by the British Government; and very many of them seem to look forward to times of tribulation and persecution, if not martyrdom, for their religion, such as would recall the memory of the earliest days of the Church. I hope, nay, fully believe, that they are mistaken in these gloomy anticipations; but what will come

the time that religious differences shall no longer set one class of Irish against their brethren, and Ireland against the rest of our common country? I trust that that glorious time will certainly arrive; but it cannot be conjured up by any legerdemain of legislation; it must follow the gradual education and enlightenment of the people."—vol. ii. pp. 131, 132.

The author's account of something like an adventure, leads to a sentiment which we have often heard, in reference to the safety of strangers travelling in the Green Isle. He encounters a man galloping at an alarmed rate after sunset, and asks what is the matter.

"The matter? is it the matter, your Honour?—Och, sure he had like to have been murdered entirely, by some bad boys up the road there, who were fighting together, and had kilt him with stones—and he kindly promised me the same fate, if I persisted in going on my way.

"I had, however, been too long in Ireland to have any such fears for myself, provided they knew that I was a stranger: I accordingly pursued my road very quietly, and soon came to the spot, where some twenty or thirty fellows were quarrelling and fighting, more with words than with blows. There were three or four mounted on horseback; who seemed to be the most respectable of the party: and, wishing at once to invest myself with the safeguard that, in Ireland, always attaches to the character of a stranger—for which I knew I had but to open my mouth), I at once rode up to one of them, and good humouredly asked him what all the noise was about.

"At the foreign tones of my voice, Irish curiosity neutralized Irish pugnacity, and they all crowded round me, and answered, 'it was only two or three of the boys that had had a quarrel among themselves; but that it was nothing at all, at all.'"—vol. ii. pp. 157, 158.

In these volumes we seldom find any thing said of a great man, that does not run in that general strain of eulogy, which conveys nothing distinct, and only seems as if the writer had got it from some dependant of the person spoken of; who probably was not questioned for more than ten minutes. It is an easy way of forming opinions. Tourists, such as the author, travel generally with every comfort at their command, sunny days, or pleasant weather are chosen by them, when lions are to be visited, and an uncommon degree of complacency and compliment attaches to their spirits and tongues, when they talk of the many fine things that were behold. We do not say, that the following character of the Duke of Devonshire's agent, who resides at Lismore Castle, is not just, when it informs us, that he appears to take excellent care of the property; but what we mean is, that there is no dependence or value in such vague and feeble assertions.

"The reader must understand that the agents employed upon the large properties belonging to absentee landlords in Ireland are a very superior class to the generality of those who are so called in England. From the peculiar circumstances in which these estates are placed, they necessarily exercise most of the rights, and enjoy much of the consideration, of proprietorship. They are usually magistrates, and being often well connected,

in addition to the influence attached to them as the efficient representatives of large landowners and the administrators of extensive properties, possess great weight in their respective neighbourhoods. The salaries are also generally liberal, so that it is no wonder these situations should be frequently filled by gentlemen of the highest respectability.

"Not to mention the striking example of this fact, in the very place I am now describing, I will only quote a single instance from the County of Wicklow, where the resident agent of a much respected nobleman is a person of excellent family, long known in St. Stephen's as the representative of one of the first cities in the empire, and universally regarded by those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance as a model of the English country gentleman. Where such agents are selected, the great evil of absenteeism is considerably counteracted; and those duties of protection, indulgence, example, which a resident proprietor ought to discharge towards his tenantry, are in a great measure supplied."—vol. ii. pp. 224—226.

Absenteeism is, therefore, according to the Angler, not such a bad thing after all. Going to church is a sacred duty, and that regularly too; but are we not led to suppose, that he has either been so unaccustomed to it previous to his tour in Ireland, as to note it amongst the extraordinary events in his experience there, or that he is apt to make a great profession, in so far as words go. He seems never to have spent a Sabbath at church, whilst on his angling excursion, without telling us of it. He is still at Lismore.

"The next day being the Sabbath, I attended divine service at the Cathedral. The approach to it is handsome, but the exterior has little except its spire to merit notice. The nave is spacious, but appears scarcely finished. At its western end is a very flattering and feeling inscription, to the memory of the late Dean Scott, who, from all the accounts I heard of him, seems to have been one of those thoroughly good and delightful men so seldom met with in real life. His reward is doubtless with him!"—vol. ii. p. 229.

Real life!—where are men met in, but there? But the dean was a dignitary, and, doubtless, his reward is with him! How does the Angler know? If this is not cant, it is as bad as Calvinism, and not half so nervous and instructive as those of that creed show themselves to be as writers. With profound reverence and silence let us ever think on the state of the departed. We follow up the last extract by quoting the paragraphs that immediately follow.

"The choir is neat, and even elegant; the congregation was numerous, and of the most respectable appearance and demeanour; the organ bad and badly played; but the service on the whole well performed, although my previously recorded objections to extempore preaching were anything but removed by this day's experience.

"The afternoon was again so very rainy that I not only saw I must give up all idea of fishing, but was afraid I should be prevented seeing the lower part of the river, which had been described to me as extremely picturesque. However, the next morning appeared beautifully clear, and was succeeded by a remarkably fine autumnal day, of which I gladly

availed myself, to pay a promised visit to a gentleman, who has lately erected a splendid mansion on the banks of the Blackwater, about six or seven miles below Lismore."—vol. ii. pp. 229, 230.

If we understand these passages correctly, the author meant to have fished on the afternoon of the Sabbath he discovered that Dean Scott had been rewarded for having been a "thoroughly good and delightful man." If so, we should not wonder but that the deceased may have recommended his memory to the author, by practising the gentle art, on a Sunday afternoon also. We can now pretty nicely measure the Angler's piety; he is one of our rational christians; no wonder he dislikes evangelical religion, which he so often steps out of his way to smear with cold milk and water. But this is a topic we seldom touch, and, therefore, we once again just call the reader's attention to the importance of the information in the last quoted paragraph. The afternoon was wet—I was prevented seeing the lower part of the river—However, the next morning was beautifully clear—I gladly paid a promised visit to a gentleman, who had erected a splendid mansion (of course.) Such kind reader, is the sort of mighty information that fills more than half of these volumes.

Of the Waterford family our Angler is very laudatory:—

"He seems to have retired in disgust from the unsatisfactory arena of Irish politics, which, under the guiding hand of Mr. O'Connell and the Priests, are believed to have occasioned his father's death. I heard this young nobleman universally spoken of in the highest and warmest terms; and I therefore trust that, in better and not far distant days, he will regain that confidence and influence among his neighbours, to which surely a high-minded gentleman and a kind-hearted landlord is more entitled than an alien and mischievous demagogue."—vol. ii. pp. 251, 252.

We recommend the Angler, as well as our readers, to look back to what we have extracted from Mr. Inglis' work regarding the noble family represented by the present marquis, or rather to resort to the entire work itself. We conclude, after one extract more; every man that travels in Ireland, at least every talkative, forward man, has his nostrum for curing all the evils peculiar to the country. Hear our author; and, reader, observe, all the *musts*, and then suppose they are as easily fulfilled as uttered.

"In forming any schemes for the benefit of Ireland, it is evident that first of all this system of agitation must be put down, or capital and employment will not be introduced into the country, neither will the people have any habitual respect for or recourse to the constitutional channels of relief. Next, the authority of the Law must be indisputably established, and confidence in the purity of its administration universally confirmed.

"In connexion with these valuable objects, the peasantry who are willing to labour must be insured against the possibility of destitution or starvation. And lastly, but principally; before Ireland can really assume and retain her proper rank as a great nation, the religious knowledge of the vast majority of the lower orders must be enlightened and reformed.

"These are the main points in which Ireland at present most requires

improvement, and I would hope that in all of them, considerable advances towards a better state of things have been made.—vol. ii. pp. 268, 269.

We have little more to add. Our opinion of these volumes has been fully expressed: and the extracts pretty correctly speak for the whole. The Angler in Ireland, is a slender author; an amiable, but somewhat bigotted man. We are satisfied that his failings lean to virtue's side; but still he is quite unequal to the handling of great matters, or doing more than tell us the tritest things. In the gentle art he is but a meioecre professor.

NOTICES.

ART. XIII.—*Evidences of Christianity; or, Uncle Philip's Conversations with the Children about the Truth of the Christian Religion.* 18mo. pp. 208. London: O. Rich.

THIS is one of a series of little American works written for the benefit of children; and when we say, that on the all-important subject treated in it, we have found not only the simplest forms of language used, the utmost regard to facts, and certainly the most artless appearance of arrangement, it is advancing a great deal more than generally can be done of such books. But we add, that besides all these qualities, we, who are not of the tender age supposed to be addressed, were so interested by this unpretending and prettily got up volume, as to be carried on from one chapter to another, not only satisfied with the reasoning but delighted by the narratives, which are not broken into disjointed portions by the dialogue form that has been adopted. A more laboured recommendation could not, therefore, better convey our sentiments of the work, than when we say, that parents and children may be equally and simultaneously benefitted by a perusal of it.

ART. XIV.—*Archery and Archness.* By ROBIN HOOD. 12mo. pp. 204. London: T. Hurst. 1834.

WE are too grave to have much liking for squibs, quizzings, and puns, especially when sought after and laboured by dullest study, and reduced into a handsomely printed shape, to be read months after they have been manufactured. Cleverness cannot get over these circumstances entirely, at least with us, and therefore the author of "Archery and Archness" must excuse us if we confess our prepossessions were against him before we had read the half of his red-lettered preface. At the same time, our hostile feelings somewhat lowered their tone as we proceeded; and to those who have a taste for such matters as are here to be found, we say that all the pieces, and they are very miscellaneous, are good natured and harmless; and that some of them carry a moral worthy of admiration. There are many persons who will enjoy the little volume, and laugh heartily to the bargain, on its perusal. We were particularly pleased with the prose articles, especially the "Lesson in Reviewing (The Task, by W. Cowper, Esq.)," and "The Critical and Philosophical Dictionary."

**ART. XV.—*Pindar's Landscapes*
*Illustrations of the Bible. Part VI.***

WE cannot have any thing new to say of these beautiful illustrations, beyond that which we have before expressed, until they fall back from their former character, an occurrence that may be considered as most improbable, from the talent employed upon them. The first in this number represents the River Kishon; "The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river," says Deborah, in her triumphant song. Part of Mount Carmel is shown prominently, the foot of which the Kishon reaches. The second illustration is of No-Amon or Thebes, representing particularly the portico of the Great Temple at Karnak, and giving an impressive comment on these words of Ezekiel—"No, shall be rent asunder." The third is the Wilderness of Engedi; and the Convent of Santa Saba, which contrasts strikingly with the last view, viz. that of Mount Lebanon and the Ruins of Balbec. For the gay or for the grave nothing can be, in the way of modern pictorial illustrations, more delightful than the series to which the part before us belongs.

ART. XVI.—*Memorials of Oxford, Historical and Descriptive Accounts of the Colleges, Halls, Churches, &c. No. 20.*

THIS, when completed, will be a rich and valuable work. The historical matter is the fruit of much research, the typography of the most beautiful order, and the engravings to be prized for their architectural precision. The present number is devoted to Iffley Church and Parish, in which the church, and several of its most interesting

parts are delineated, with the rectory, &c.

Iffley church is known to all who visit the immediate vicinity of Oxford to be an interesting specimen of ancient architecture. The south porch, as here represented, is one of surpassing massive beauty, and seems as perfect as when newly erected. But we cannot do more than recommend to the lovers of the picturesque, of antiquarian lore, and architectural knowledge, these memorials of England's imposing seat of learning. Oxford furnishes an august subject for pen and pencil.

ART. XVII.—*History of England.*

By HUME and SMOLLETT, with a Continuation by the Rev. T. S. HUGHES, B.D. Vol. X. London: A. J. Valpy, M.A. 1834.

THE present volume of this history continues Queen Anne's reign, by Smollett, from 1703 down to the fifth year of George II., in 1732. The beauty of the type, and the clearness, as well as delicacy, of the illustrations, which this edition of the standard History of England presents, are already widely and deservedly known. There is, indeed, nothing left for us to tell regarding it, unless our notice may be supposed to meet the eye of some one who is still a stranger to the edition. To such a one we only say, if he ever thinks of purchasing a copy of such a history, either for a pocket companion, or for convenient fire-side handling, none other than Valpy's edition can be recommended. The size, cheapness, and perfect beauty of each volume, unite to establish the character we give of the whole.

ART. XVIII.—*Remains of the late James Fox Longmire, with a Memoir of his Life.* By DANIEL LONGMIRE, B.A. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1834.

THESE Remains consist of poems and prose essays, written by a young scholar of Worcester College, Oxford, and before he was twenty-two years of age. He was an amiable and religious youth, giving great promise of future eminence, but death took him early away. The volume is edited by a brother, who has prefixed a life of the lamented scholar, in which fraternal feelings of affection and regret are very prominent. Many of the pieces were never intended by the writer for publication, others were prize poems, and only in the event of success in attaining their immediate object, were to have seen the light; and therefore the editor has looked for a favourable reception of the whole, in a considerable measure, from the partiality of the friends of the deceased, and the circumstances in which the pieces were composed. The severity of criticism is thus deprecated. At the same time it is but just to say of them, without any reference to the circumstances of the writer, that the poems are very sweet and beautiful. They no doubt at once appear to be juvenile performances; but this is a recommendation in one sense, since therefore they are the more natural. At the same time, they show what better things might have been expected of such a genius had the world been blessed by possessing him during a maturer age.

The Memoir, however, which at first glance may be thought quite disproportioned to the amount of the Remains, inasmuch as it nearly occupies the half of the volume, constitutes, when taken in connexion with those Remains, a highly interesting and instructive work. We

cannot better or in so short a space describe the whole than by saying that the deceased belonged to the school of Henry Kirke White, in many particulars. As an attractive and truly valuable memoir, in the highest sense of the words, we heartily recommend its perusal to youths of accomplished and educated minds, whilst the poems can only properly be appreciated by a knowledge of the author's history.

ART. XIX.—*The Metropolitan Ecclesiastical Directory, &c. &c.* pp. 196. London: Hurst. 1834.

WE learn from the preface of this neat little volume, which is embellished by pretty wood-cut engravings of some of the most celebrated churches in London, that it was compiled at the suggestion of a reverend gentleman who occasionally visits the metropolis. It is evidently a work fitted to be of essential service to persons anxious for an easy guide to the various and most popular places of worship in London—we may add, to every place of Christian and Jewish worship of the least note, which is no small matter. It gives the churches and chapels of the establishment, where they are situated, who officiates in them, and at what times and in what manner. Nay, not only does the author of the compilation describe the manner, but the matter to be expected from the different preachers. This is no doubt a delicate part of the performance before us; but, in so far as we have had an opportunity of judging, it is done with particular discrimination and discretion. The same method is followed, though not always so minutely, with other denominations, Independents, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Quakers, &c. The volume is really entertaining, and calculated to be highly useful.

ART. XX.—*The Omnipresence of the Deity*. A Poem. By ROBT. MONTGOMERY, B. A. Author of "The Messiah," "Satan," "Death," &c. Thirteenth edition, revised and enlarged. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1834.

THIS is not an opportunity in which we could enter into a consideration of Robert Montgomery's power, as a poet. Indeed, it would be too late on any occasion now to discuss what may be his rank in that character; for the world has declared it by purchasing copies in thousands upon thousands of his works. So that, however much reviewers may have differed in opinion, or critics contradicted one another on the subject, the public, both at home and abroad, have taken it into their own hands, heedless of what we or any of our tribe may say. At the same time, such a general testimony in behalf of the author may safely be considered the best, as, we believe, every poet and writer really feels.

There are one or two statements in the preface to this revised and corrected edition, which are worthy of notice. The author declares "that he has duly regarded the suggestions of critics, both hostile and friendly; that whatever the sceptic in an author's modesty may imagine, of the varied imperfections crowded in his pages, no one has been more conscious than he who had the greatest reason to regret them; and that in the new editions of his poems, which are about successively to appear, the revision they have each undergone will manifest the sincerity of this avowal." We must say that these are statements as honourable to the poet as they are nobly severe upon those who levelled unmeasured severity against his works, as they at first appeared. He also intimates that it may be

many years before he again intrudes upon public attention. We doubt not he does well for his own sake to husband his popularity for a time; but we also perceive in the resolution a high respect for public estimation, which many authors should imitate; and we add the expression of our hope that this farewell may be but temporary.

ART. XXI.—*The Anatomy of the Seasons, Weather-Guide, and Perpetual Companion to the Almanac*. By P. MURPHY, Esq. London: 1834.

A PRETTY accurate estimate may be formed of a book, without reading a page of its principal contents, provided the author, through politeness or vanity, favour the reader with certain preliminary matter, such as Mr. Murphy has so formally done. For instance, there is (not to speak of a title page, which tells us a great deal about the author's former performances), a dedication; and to no less a personage than his Most Excellent Majesty, in which it is said, that the King's royal predecessors bestowed distinctions on a Newton and a Herschel; and therefore that the author is encouraged to seek such protection and notice. Then comes a *preface* and an *address* to the reader, and an *introduction*, where presumption and bad English are chiefly conspicuous. We pass over the body of the work, and pounce upon the appendix, in which we learn that Mr. Murphy applied to the Secretary of the Royal Society of London, that he might be appointed to write one of the Bridgewater Treatises, but that the ill-mannered secretary neglected to acknowledge the applicant's letter; nay, that the Rev. William Whewell was selected to execute the work in question, who as our author declares, knows nothing of the subject, viz., "Astro-

nomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology." Poor Mr. Murphy has therefore nothing left in the way of recourse, but to publish the present work, to show the world how much better fitted he was than either William Whewell or any one else can be, for the performance of such a work, and to let it be known how ill used he has been. We shall only farther state, that we have counted the repetition of certain words to be found in one page, and find their occurrence somewhat more frequent than elegance, nay, sense will admit. The monosyllable *as*, we observe, figures ten times in one sentence of the appendix.

ART. XXII.—*Letters to a Member of Parliament on the Present State of Things; the Land, the Church, Dissent, Church Reform, Liberalism, &c., in reference to Scripture Truth.*

A most outrageous conservative pamphlet, purporting to be written by a minister of the established church, though, were any one paid to bring the establishment into disrepute, he could not write a more illiberal or even false rhapsody. Of argument it is destitute, with assertion it abounds; but its folly and feebleness might be pardoned, were it not for the constant profanation of the Almighty name, and perversion of scriptural passages therein found: we shall quote two sentences

from these precious letters to a member of parliament, and then throw them aside. The author is declaring his fear for the church, and thus attacks the members of the present government especially. "When I see their law-head, the keeper of the king's conscience, as he is called, and the most influential man, perhaps among them, giving vent at every opportunity to the enmity of his mind against God; and when I remember the ostentatious insult he offered the Lord Jesus Christ, and the church that confesses him, soon after his elevation, by placing by his side, on his judgment-seat, a minister of Socinian blasphemy from Liverpool," &c. As to the grievances of the Dissenters: "It would be a manifest violation of my liberty of conscience, as a minister of the Church of England, and of my rights as the incumbent of the edifice which stands in the church-yard, which is my freehold, and also of the rights of the church people, to which they both belong, for their sacred and religious uses:"—to do what, reader? to yield, "to their demand of burial in our church-yard by their own ministers. This cannot be granted upon any principles, religious, or civil. It involves the sanction of a hundred or a thousand faiths, if the folly and wildness of unconverted men could invent so many." Truly, reverend Sir, if your Church have no other props but such as you, it cannot long stand, and the sooner it falls the better.

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